

# THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

BOLENIUS



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# THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

## FIFTH READER

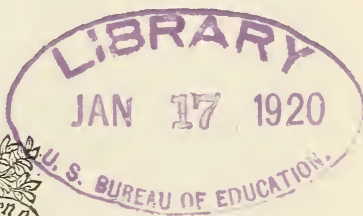
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EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

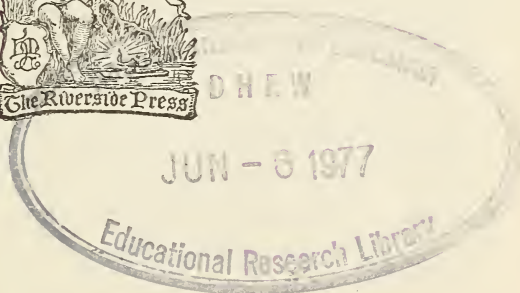
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MABEL BETSY HILL

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## TO THE TEACHER

**T**HIS series of Readers is prepared for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, because these are now recognized as the crucial years in gaining technique in silent reading. The object in these Readers is to direct silent reading, to motivate oral reading, to develop the reading habit, and to broaden the child's outlook on life. In their preparation the editor has been guided by her study of the most authoritative and up-to-date reports, investigations, courses of study, and surveys. In the Teachers' Manual which accompanies the series, she has worked out a methodology for silent reading.

Special features of these Readers are:

1. The **careful organization of the contents** (see pages v-ix). This covers the range of the child's interests and presents biographical material in a new and vital way.

2. The **material arranged as a course to suit the school year**, is given on page ix. (This order is followed in the Manual.)

3. The **richness of authorship**, the **variety of appeal**, and the **freshness of material** are noteworthy. Many of the selections have never been used before in school readers.

4. The **full study equipment** aims to make children think, to lead them to read from their own initiative, and to create centers of interest. It includes introductions with thought-provoking questions to motivate the reading; word lists and glossary; and questions and suggestions that correlate various activities with reading and are prepared with both city and rural communities in mind. Teachers can therefore select material to suit their needs.

5. The **Manual presents methods and devices in detail** so that inexperienced teachers can get results. It gives a practical pedagogy of the reading problem, and at the same time aims to give inspiration to the teacher.

6. The **working out of interesting projects**, the arranging of **programs**, and the **dramatization for entertainment purposes** furnish live motives for effort. The Manual gives full programs in which material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses the child's interest and leads to **motivated review**.

7. The **vocabulary work is made vital**. Helpful word lists and glossary, idioms, correlated language work, footnotes (placed so as not to distract), and charts for pronunciation and derivation (inside the back cover) are provided. The child is thus gradually inducted into intelligent use of the dictionary.

8. **Typographical aids** — such as throwing into relief sentence and clause thoughts or dialogue by increased spacing, keeping phrases intact as much as possible, and placing reference numbers at logical points — make reading easier for the pupil.

9. **Pictures** that sympathetically illustrate the text are introduced **for their teaching value** and appeal. Questions upon the illustrations are introduced to develop powers of observation.

10. **Speed and content tests for diagnostic purposes** are adapted to classroom use and made the basis for effective drill.

11. **Practical everyday reading of various kinds** is stressed. Rapid, reference, and sight reading are made a part of the training, as well as intensive and interpretative reading. A start is made towards proper reading of newspapers.

12. **How to study is given special attention**, for silent reading is now recognized as part of all textbook work. Supervised study has been developed in an entirely new way by means of italicized directions which guide the child in his thinking.

These Readers are designed for basal use. The study equipment and the Manual make the books valuable as a basal series for schools that require training in silent reading. The fresh and vital material make them equally desirable as a basal series for oral reading. This fullness of material and careful preparation of equipment enable the books to fill a distinct need in the schools, since they help to solve the present problem of silent reading.

Without Houghton Mifflin Company's wealth of copyrighted material it would have been impossible to construct this series. The editor feels deeply grateful not only to them but to other publishers for permission to use copyrighted material. She also wishes to thank most sincerely the many teachers who by their encouragement and helpful suggestions have aided in the preparation of these Readers.

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## SELECTIONS FOR DIFFERENT HOLIDAYS

(Full programs for the holidays are given in the Manual. Material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses interest and leads to motivated review.)

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\* The Confederate Memorial Day is celebrated in some States on April 26 and in others on May 10.

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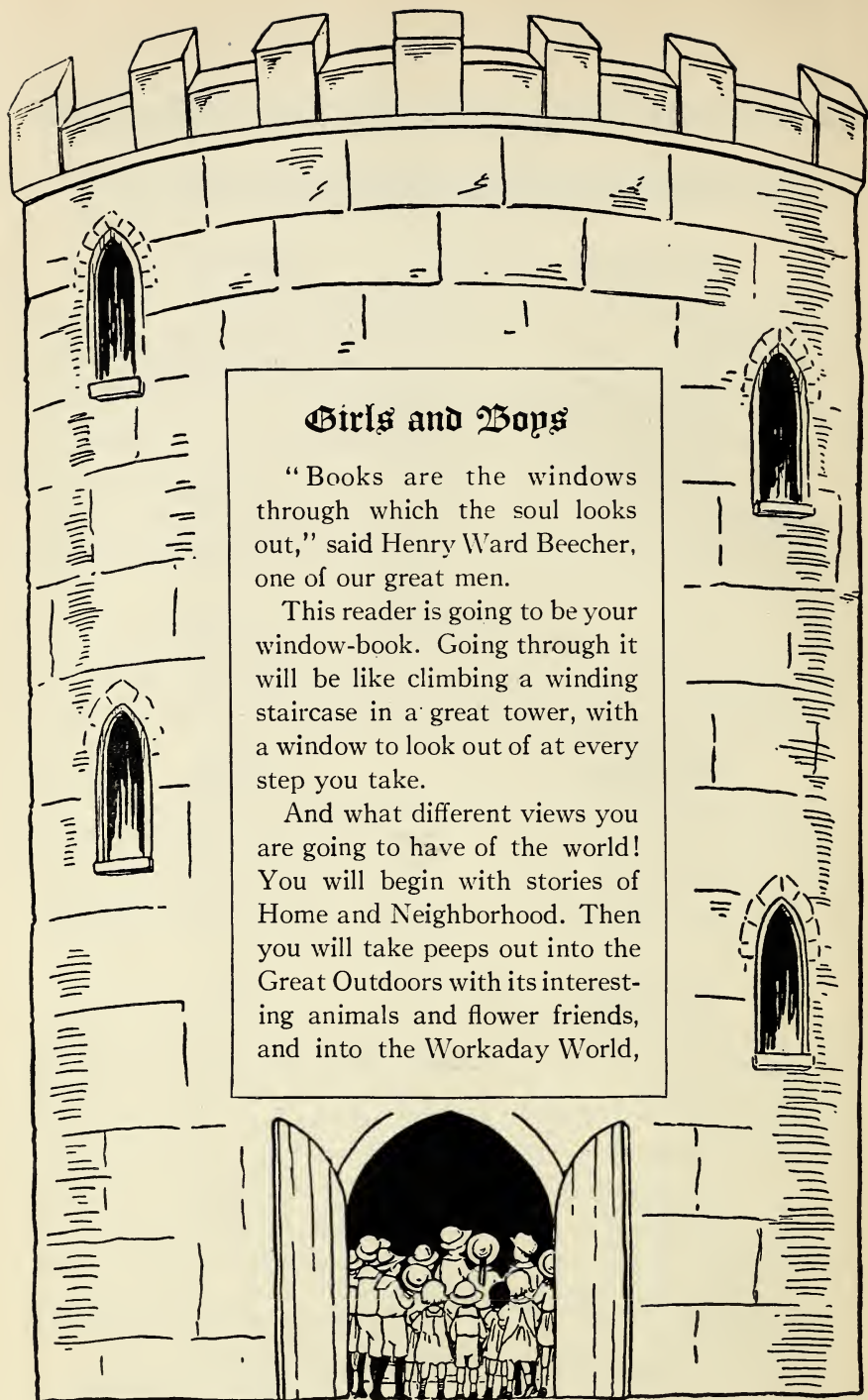
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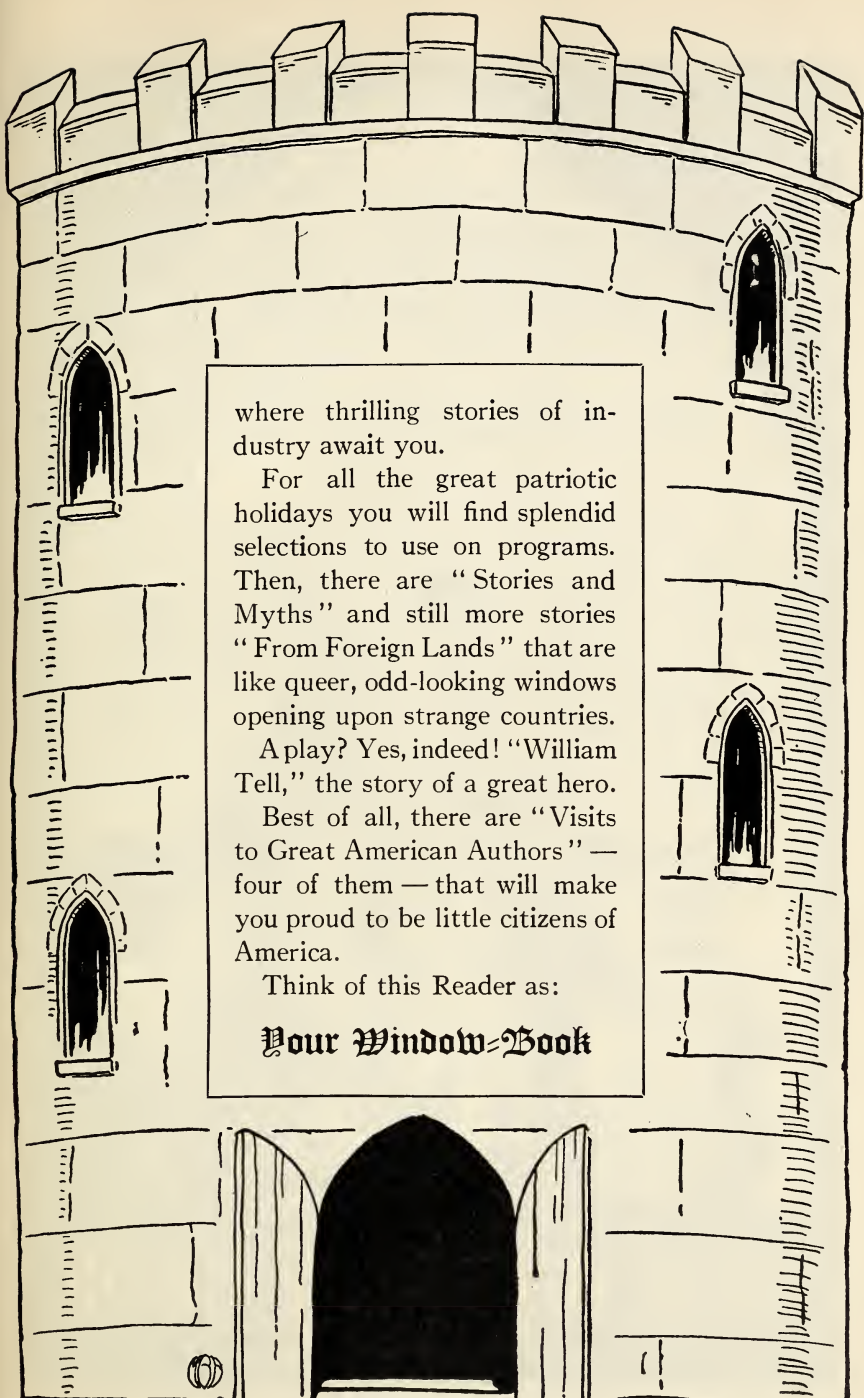
## Girls and Boys

"Books are the windows through which the soul looks out," said Henry Ward Beecher, one of our great men.

This reader is going to be your window-book. Going through it will be like climbing a winding staircase in a great tower, with a window to look out of at every step you take.

And what different views you are going to have of the world! You will begin with stories of Home and Neighborhood. Then you will take peeps out into the Great Outdoors with its interesting animals and flower friends, and into the Workaday World,





where thrilling stories of industry await you.

For all the great patriotic holidays you will find splendid selections to use on programs. Then, there are "Stories and Myths" and still more stories "From Foreign Lands" that are like queer, odd-looking windows opening upon strange countries.

A play? Yes, indeed! "William Tell," the story of a great hero.

Best of all, there are "Visits to Great American Authors" — four of them — that will make you proud to be little citizens of America.

Think of this Reader as:

**Your Window-Book**



# HOME·AND·NEIGHBORHOOD

## THE TURNIP-HOEING MATCH

RALPH CONNOR

To-day the City has pushed out into the country, and the Farm with its big family of vegetables has come to town. Wise people have dug gardens in their back yards and, when summer comes, they have their own fresh vegetables for the dinner-table. Every boy or girl who has worked a home or school garden knows that success depends largely upon good use of the hoe.

Here is the story of a turnip-hoeing contest in Canada, in which a boy wins the victory from a grown-up farm-hand. In it are some fine suggestions that will help you to win in playing any kind of game. See if you can find them.

Read silently:

### I. THE RIVALS.

<sup>1</sup> THERE are turnip-hoers and turnip-hoers, just as there are painters and painters. It was Tim Haley's ambition to be the first turnip-hoer of his district, and toward this end he had striven both last season and this with a devotion that deserved, if it did not achieve, success. Quietly he had been patterning himself on that master farm-hand, Perkins, who for some years had easily held the championship for the district.

Tim had been observing Perkins' excellencies and also his defects. Secretly he had been developing a style of his own, and all unnoted he had tested his speed by that of Perkins by adopting the method of lazily loafing along and then catching up by a few minutes of whirlwind work. Tim felt in his soul the day of battle could not be delayed past this season, — indeed, it might come any day.

<sup>2</sup> To the turnip field went Haley's men, Perkins and Webster leading the way, Tim and Cameron bringing up the rear.

"You promised to show me how to do it, Tim," said Cameron. "Remember I shall be very slow."

"Oh, shucks!" replied Tim, "turnip-hoeing is as easy as rolling off a log if you know how to do it."

<sup>3</sup> "Exactly!" cried Cameron. "But that is what I don't. You might give me some pointers."

"Well, you must be able to hit what you aim at."

"Ah! that means a good eye and a steady hand," said Cameron. "Well, I can do billiards some and golf. What else?"

<sup>4</sup> "Well, you must n't be too careful but slash right in and don't give a rip."

"Ah! nerve, eh!" said Cameron. "Well, I have done some foot-ball in my day — I know something of that. What else? This sounds good."

<sup>5</sup> "Then you've got to leave only one turnip in one place and not a weed, and you must n't leave any blanks. Dad gets hot over that."

"Indeed, one turnip in each place, and not a weed," echoed Cameron. "Say! this business grows interesting. No blanks! Anything else?" he demanded.

<sup>6</sup> "No, I guess not, only if you ever get into a race you've got to keep going after you're clear tuckered



out and never let on. You see the other chap may be feeling worse than you."

<sup>7</sup> "By Jove, Tim! you're a born general!" exclaimed Cameron. "You will go some distance if you keep on in that line. Now as to racing let me venture a word, for I have done a little in my time. Don't spurt too soon."

"Eh?" said Tim, all eagerness.

"Don't get into your racing stride too early in the day, especially if you are up against a stronger man. Wait till you know you can stay till the end and then put your best licks in at the finish."

"By Jiminy! you're right," he cried, a glad light in his eye and a touch of color in his pale cheek, and Cameron knew he was studying war.

<sup>8</sup> The turnip field is laid out in a series<sup>o</sup> of drills, a drill being a long ridge of earth some six inches in height, some eight inches broad on the top and twelve at the base. Upon each drill the seed has been sown in one continuous<sup>o</sup> line from end to end of the field. When this seed has grown, each drill will show a line of delicate green, this line being nothing less than a compact<sup>o</sup> growth of young turnip plants with weeds more or less thickly interspersed.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The operation of hoeing consists in the elimination<sup>o</sup> of the weeds and the superfluous<sup>o</sup> turnip plants, in order that single plants free from weeds may be left some eight inches apart, in an unbroken line extending the whole length of the drill. The artistic hoer, however, is not content with this. His artistic soul demands not only that single plants should stand in an

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<sup>o</sup> Words marked in this way are defined after the selections; other difficult words are given in the glossary, or little dictionary, at the end of the book. You will find a guide to diacritical marks inside the back cover. Learn to look up words quickly.



unbroken row from end to end along the top of the drill, but that the drill itself should be pared down on each side to the likeness of a house roof with a perfectly even ridge.

<sup>10</sup> "Ever hoe turnips?" inquired Perkins.

"Never," said Cameron. "And I am afraid I won't make much of a fist at it."

"Well, you've come to a good place to learn, eh, Tim! We'll show him, won't we?"

Tim made no reply, but simply handed Cameron a hoe and picked up his own.

<sup>11</sup> "Now, show me, Tim," said Cameron in a low voice, as Perkins and Webster stepped off.

"This is how you do it," replied Tim. "Click-click," forward and back went Tim's sharp shining instrument, leaving a single plant standing shyly alone where had boldly bunched a score or more a moment before. "Click-click-click," and the flat-topped drill stood free of weeds and superfluous° turnip plants and trimmed to its proper roof-like appearance.

<sup>12</sup> "I say!" exclaimed Cameron, "this is high art. I shall never reach your class, though, Tim."

"Oh, shucks!" said Tim, "slash in, don't be afraid." Cameron slashed in. "Click-click," "Click-click-click," when lo! a long blank space of drill looked up reproachfully at him.

"Oh, Tim! look at this mess," he said in disgust.

<sup>13</sup> "Never mind!" said Tim, "let her rip. Better stick one in though. Blanks look bad at the *end* of the drill." So saying, he made a hole in Cameron's drill and then with his hoe dug up a bunch of plants from another drill and planted them firmly in the hole. Weeding out the unnecessary plants, he left a single turnip in its proper place.

"Oh, come, that is n't so bad," said Cameron.  
"We can always fill up the blanks."

"Yes, but it takes time," replied the boy.

<sup>14</sup> Patiently Tim schooled his pupil throughout the forenoon, and before the dinner hour had come Cameron was making what to Tim appeared satisfactory progress. It was greatly in Cameron's favor that he possessed a trained and true eye and a steady hand, and that he was quick in all his movements.

"You're doing splendidly," cried Tim, full of admiration.

<sup>15</sup> "I say, Scotty!" said Perkins, coming up and casting a critical eye along Cameron's last drill, "you're going to make a turnip-hoer all right."

"I've got a good teacher, you see," cried Cameron.

"You bet you have," said Perkins. "I taught Tim myself, and in two or three years he'll be almost as good as I am. Eh, Tim!"

<sup>16</sup> "Huh!" grunted Tim, contemptuously, but let it go at that.

"Perhaps you think you're that now, eh, Tim?" said Perkins, seizing the boy by the back of the neck and rubbing his hand over his hair in a manner perfectly maddening. "Don't you get too perky, young feller, or I'll hang your shirt on the fence before the day is done."

Tim wriggled out of his grasp and kept silent. He was not yet ready with his challenge.

<sup>17</sup> All through the afternoon he stayed behind with Cameron, allowing the other two to help them out at the end of each drill. As the day wore on there was less and less need of assistance for Cameron, for he was making rapid progress with his work, and Tim was able to do not only his own drill, but almost half

of Cameron's as well. By supper-time Cameron was thoroughly done out. Never had a day seemed so long, never had he known that he possessed so many muscles in his back. The continuous<sup>o</sup> stooping and the steady click-click of the hoe, together with the unceasing strain of hand and eye — and all this under the hot burning rays of the sun — so exhausted him that when the cow bell rang for supper it seemed a sound more delightful than the strains of an orchestra.

<b>compact</b> <sup>8</sup> (kǒm pǎkt'), dense, many together	<b>interspersed</b> <sup>8</sup> (in' tēr spêrs'd'), scattered
<b>continuous</b> <sup>8</sup> (kǒn tîn' ũ ũs), without a break	<b>series</b> <sup>8</sup> (sē' rēz), a number of things in order
<b>elimination</b> <sup>9</sup> (ê lîm' ĩ nā' shŭn), getting rid of	<b>superfluous</b> <sup>9</sup> (sŭ pŭr' flōō ũs), not wanted, useless

1. How does a turnip field differ from a lawn or a meadow? 2. What four "pointers" does Tim give Cameron about turnip-hoeing? Let two pupils read aloud the dialogue that gives these. 3. What have partly prepared Cameron for turnip-hoeing? Why is he more tired than Tim? 4. In explaining turnip-hoeing how could Tim use the above words?

5. Whom do you like the best — Tim, Perkins, or Cameron? Why? 6. If Tim wanted a job in the United States what recommendation could you give him? Write it on the blackboard. 7. Apply Cameron's advice to a game.

## II. THE RACE

<sup>18</sup> **O**N the way back to the field after supper Cameron observed that Tim was in a state of suppressed<sup>o</sup> excitement, and it dawned upon him that the hour of his challenge of Perkins' supremacy as a turnip-hoer was at hand.

<sup>19</sup> "I say, Tim, boy!" he said earnestly, "listen to me. You are going to get after Perkins this evening, eh?"

"How did you know?" said Tim, in surprise.

"Never mind! Now listen to me. I have raced myself a bit and I have trained men to race. Are you not too tired with your day's work?"

"Tired! Not a bit," said the boy scornfully.

<sup>20</sup> "Well, all right. It's nice and cool and you can't hurt yourself much. Now, how many drills do you do after supper as a rule?"

"Down and up twice," said Tim.

"How many drills can you do at your top speed, your very top speed, remember?"

"About two drills, I guess," replied Tim, after a moment's thought.

<sup>21</sup> "Now, listen to me!" said Cameron impressively. "Go quietly for two and a half drills, then let yourself out and go your best. And, listen! I have been watching you this afternoon. You have easily done once and a half what Perkins has done and you are going to lick him out of his boots."

Tim gulped a moment or two, looked at his friend with glistening eyes, but said not a word.

<sup>22</sup> For the first two and a half drills Cameron exerted to the highest degree his conversational powers, with the two-fold purpose of holding back Perkins and Webster and also of occupying Tim's mind so that he might forget for a time the approaching conflict, the strain of waiting for which he knew would be exhausting for the lad. But when the middle of the second last drill had been reached, Tim began unconsciously to quicken his speed.

<sup>23</sup> "I say, Tim," called Cameron, "come here! Am I getting these spaces too wide?" Tim came over to his side. "Now, Tim," said Cameron, in a low voice, "wait a little longer. You can't wear him out. Your only chance is speed. Wait till the last drill."



But Tim was not to be held back. Back he went to his place and with a rush brought his drill up even with Webster. Then he passed him, and in a few moments like a whirlwind passed Perkins and took the lead.

<sup>24</sup> "Hello, Timmy! Where are you going?" asked Perkins in surprise.

"Home," said Tim proudly. "And I'll tell them you're coming."

"All right, Timmy, my son!" replied Perkins with a laugh. "Tell them you won't need a hot bath. I'm after you!"

<sup>25</sup> "Click-click!" "Click-click-click!" was Tim's only answer. It was a distinct challenge, and, while not openly breaking into racing speed, Perkins accepted it.

For some minutes Webster quickened his pace in an attempt to follow the leaders, but soon gave it up and fell back to help Cameron up with his drill, remarking. "I'm no blamed fool. I'm not going to wear myself out for any man."

<sup>26</sup> "Will Tim win?" inquired Cameron.

"Naw! Not this year! Why, Perkins is the best man in the whole country at turnips. He took the Agricultural Society's prize two years ago."

<sup>27</sup> "I believe Tim will beat him," said Cameron confidently,<sup>o</sup> with his eyes upon the two in front.

"Beat nothing!" said Webster. "You just wait a bit, — Perkins is n't letting himself out yet."

<sup>28</sup> In a short time Tim finished his drill some distance ahead, and then, though it was quitting time, without a pause he swung into the next.

"Hello, Timmy!" cried Perkins good-naturedly, "going to work all night, eh? Well, I'll just take

a whirl out of you," and for the first time he frankly threw himself into his racing gait.

<sup>29</sup> "Good boy, Tim!" called out Cameron, as Tim bore down upon them, still in the lead and going like a small steam engine. "You're all right and going easy. Don't worry!"

But Perkins, putting on a great spurt, drew up within a hoe-handle length of Tim and there held his place.

<sup>30</sup> "All right, Tim, my boy, you can hold him," cried Cameron, as the racers came down upon him.

"He can, eh?" replied Perkins. "I'll show him and you," and with an accession<sup>o</sup> of speed he drew up on a level with Tim.

"Ah ha! Timmy, my boy! we've got you where we want you, I guess!" he exulted, and, with a whoop and still increasing his speed, he drew past the boy.

<sup>31</sup> But Cameron, who was narrowly observing the combatants<sup>o</sup> and their work, called out again:

"Don't worry, Tim, you're doing nice clean work and doing it easily."

The inference was obvious,<sup>o</sup> and Perkins, who had been slashing wildly and leaving many blanks and weeds behind him where neither blanks nor weeds should be, steadied down somewhat, and taking more pains with his work, began to lose ground, while Tim, whose work was without flaw,<sup>o</sup> moved again to the front place.

<sup>32</sup> There remained half a drill to be done and the issue<sup>o</sup> was still uncertain. With half the length of a hoe handle between them the two clicked along at a furious pace. Tim's hat had fallen off. His face showed white and his breath was coming fast, but there was no slackening of speed. The cleanness and ease

with which he was doing his work showed that there was still some reserve<sup>o</sup> in him. They were approaching the last quarter when, with a yell, Perkins threw himself again with a wild recklessness into his work, and again he gained upon Tim and passed him.

<sup>33</sup> "Steady, Tim!" cried Cameron, who with Webster had given up their own work, — it being, as the latter remarked, "quitting time any way," — and were following up the racers. "Don't spoil your work, Tim!" continued Cameron, "don't worry."

His words caught the boy at a critical<sup>o</sup> moment, for Perkins' yell and his fresh exhibition of speed had shaken the lad's nerve. But Cameron's voice steadied him, and quickly responding Tim settled down again into his old style, while Perkins was still in the lead, but slashing wildly.

<sup>34</sup> "Fine work, Tim," said Cameron quietly, "and you can do better yet." For a few paces he walked behind the boy, steadying him now and then with a quiet word. Then, recognizing that the crisis<sup>o</sup> of the struggle was at hand, and believing that the boy had still some reserve<sup>o</sup> of speed and strength he began to call upon him.

"Come on, Tim! Quicker, quicker; come on, boy, you can do better!"

<sup>35</sup> His words, and his tone more than his words, were like a spur to the boy. From some secret source of supply he called up an unsuspected reserve<sup>o</sup> of strength and speed, and, still keeping up his clean cutting finished style, foot by foot he drew away from Perkins, who followed in the rear, slashing more wildly than ever. The race was practically won. Tim was well in the lead, and apparently gaining speed with every click of his hoe.

<sup>36</sup> "Here, you fellows, what are you hashing those turnips for?"

It was Haley's voice, who, unperceived, had come into the field. Tim's reply was a letting out of his last ounce of strength in a perfect fury of endeavor.

"There's—no—hashing—on—this—drill—Dad!" he panted.

<sup>37</sup> The sudden demand for careful work, however, at once lowered Perkins' rate of speed. He fell rapidly behind and, after a few moments of further struggle, threw down his hoe with a whoop and called out, "Quitting time, I guess," and, striding after Tim, he caught him by the arms and swung him round clear off the ground.

"Here, let me go!" gasped the boy, kicking, squirming, and trying to strike his antagonist<sup>o</sup> with his hoe.

<sup>38</sup> "Let the boy go!" said Cameron. The tone in his voice arrested Perkins' attention.

"What's your business?" he cried, dropping the boy and turning fiercely upon Cameron.

"Oh, nothing very much, except that Tim's my candidate in this race and he must n't be interfered with," replied Cameron in a voice still quiet and with a pleasant smile.

<sup>39</sup> Perkins was white and panting. In a moment more he would have hurled himself at the man who stood smiling quietly in his face. At this critical moment Haley interposed.<sup>o</sup>

"What's the row, boys?" he inquired, recognizing that something serious was on.

"We have been having a little excitement, Sir, in the form of a race," replied Cameron, "and I've been backing Tim."



<b>accession</b> <sup>30</sup> (ăk sěsh' ŭn), increase	<b>flaw</b> <sup>31</sup> (flô), fault
<b>antagonist</b> <sup>37</sup> (ăn tăg' ô nĭst), a foe	<b>interposed</b> <sup>39</sup> (ĭn' těr pōzd'), interfered
<b>combatant</b> <sup>31</sup> (kôm' băt ănt), one in a contest	<b>issue</b> <sup>32</sup> (ĭsh' ŭ), something to be decided
<b>confidently</b> <sup>27</sup> (kôn' fĭ dĕnt lĭ), boldly	<b>obvious</b> <sup>31</sup> (ôb' vĭ ŭs), plain
<b>crisis</b> <sup>34</sup> (krĭ' sĭs), a deciding moment	<b>reserve</b> <sup>32</sup> (rĕ zûrv'), extra supply
<b>critical</b> <sup>33</sup> (krĭt' ĭ kăl), important	<b>suppressed</b> <sup>18</sup> (sŭ prĕst'), hidden

8. Would Tim have won if Cameron had not been there? Why? Let two pupils read aloud the dialogue in which Cameron coaches Tim. 9. Why does Webster think that Tim has no chance to win? 10. Find three places in which Cameron influences the racers.

11. Make up in class what Cameron told Mrs. Haley about the race, the teacher writing on the board the sentences chosen as best. Use six of the words in the list. (Manual.)

12. Who has more education, Webster or Cameron? What tells you? 13. Is Perkins a good loser? Why? Read aloud the parts that describe his behavior before and after the race.

14. Read aloud "The Boy who recommended himself" (Riverside Reader V<sup>+</sup>). 15. Talk over in class: Reasons for and against living in the country. 16. Divide the class into two groups and debate the question. (Manual.)

## MOVING DAY AT THE PETERKINS

LUCRETIA P. HALE

Did you ever move from one house to another? What did you like about it? What did n't you like?

This Peterkin family had some funny times in moving. There were Father and Mother Peterkin, Agamemnon, Elizabeth Eliza, and Solomon John Peterkin, who thought that they were quite grown up, and the three little boys who were not grown up at all and were glad of it.

The Lady from Philadelphia kept a kindly eye on them all, and after you have read this story see if you can tell why they needed some one to look after them.

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<sup>+</sup> It is an excellent plan to keep these readers in a special place where pupils can easily find the additional reading matter themselves.



## I. PLANS FOR THE MOVING

<sup>1</sup> AGAMEMNON had long felt it an impropriety to live in a house that was called a "semi-detached" house, when there was no other "semi" to it. It had always remained wholly detached, as the owner had never built the other half. Mrs. Peterkin felt this was not a sufficient reason for undertaking the terrible process of a move to another house, when they were fully satisfied with the one they were in.

But a more powerful reason forced them to go. The track of a new railroad had to be carried directly through the place, and a station was to be built on that very spot.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Peterkin so much dreaded moving that she questioned whether they could not continue to live in the upper part of the house and give up the lower part to the station. They could then dine at the restaurant, and it would be very convenient about traveling, as there would be no danger of missing the train, if one were sure of the direction.

But when the track was actually laid by the side of the house, and the steam-engine of the construction train puffed and screamed under the dining-room windows, and the engineer calmly looked in to see what the family had for dinner, she felt, indeed, that they must move.

<sup>3</sup> But where should they go? It was difficult to find a house that satisfied the whole family. One was too far off, and looked into a tan-pit;<sup>o</sup> another was too much

in the middle of the town, next door to a machine-shop. Elizabeth Eliza wanted a porch covered with vines, that should face the sunset; while Mr. Peterkin thought it would not be convenient to sit there looking towards the west in the late afternoon (which was his only leisure time), for the sun would shine in his face. The little boys wanted a house with a great many doors, so that they could go in and out often. But Mr. Peterkin did not like so much slamming and felt there was more danger of burglars with so many doors. Agamemnon wanted an observatory,<sup>o</sup> and Solomon John a shed for a workshop. If he could have carpenters' tools he could build an observatory,<sup>o</sup> if it were wanted.

<sup>4</sup> But it was necessary to decide upon something, for they must leave their house directly. So they were obliged to take Mr. Finch's, at the Corners. It satisfied none of the family. The piazza<sup>o</sup> was opposite a barn. There were three other doors, — too many to please Mr. Peterkin, and not enough for the little boys. There was no observatory,<sup>o</sup> and nothing to observe if there were one, as the house was too low, and some high trees shut out any view. Elizabeth Eliza had hoped for a view; but Mr. Peterkin consoled her by deciding it was more healthy to have to walk for a view, and Mrs. Peterkin agreed that they might get tired of the same every day.

<sup>5</sup> But everybody was glad a selection was made, and the little boys carried their india-rubber boots over the very first afternoon.

Elizabeth Eliza wanted to have some system in the moving, and spent the evening in drawing up a plan. It would be easy to arrange everything beforehand, so that there should not be the confusion that her mother dreaded, and the discomfort<sup>o</sup> they had in their last

move. Mrs. Peterkin shook her head, for she did not think it possible to move with any comfort. Agamemnon said a great deal could be done with a list and a program.

<sup>6</sup> Elizabeth Eliza declared if all were well arranged a program would make it perfectly easy. They were to have new parlor carpets, which could be put down in the new house the first thing. Then the parlor furniture could be moved in, and there would be two comfortable rooms, in which Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin could sit while the rest of the move went on. Then the old parlor carpets could be taken up for the new dining-room and the downstairs bedroom, and the family could meanwhile dine at the old house. Mr. Peterkin did not object to this, though the distance was considerable, as he felt exercise would be good for them all. Elizabeth Eliza's program then arranged that the dining-room furniture should be moved the third day, by which time one of the old parlor carpets would be down in the new dining-room, and they could still sleep in the old house.

<sup>7</sup> Thus there would always be a quiet, comfortable place in one house or the other. Each night, when Mr. Peterkin came home, he would find some place for quiet thought and rest, and each day there should be moved only the furniture needed for a certain room. Great confusion would be avoided and nothing misplaced.<sup>o</sup> Elizabeth Eliza wrote these last words at the head of her program, — "Misplace<sup>o</sup> nothing." And Agamemnon made a copy of the program for each member of the family.

<sup>8</sup> The first thing to be done was to buy the parlor carpets. Elizabeth Eliza had already looked at some in Boston, and the next morning she went, by an early



train, with her father, Agamemnon, and Solomon John, to decide upon them.

<sup>9</sup> They got home about eleven o'clock, and when they reached the house were dismayed to find two furniture wagons in front of the gate, already partly filled! Mrs. Peterkin was walking in and out of the open door, a large book in one hand, and a duster in the other, and she came to meet them in an agony of anxiety. What should they do? The furniture carts had appeared soon after the rest had left for Boston, and the men had insisted upon beginning to move the things. In vain had she shown Elizabeth Eliza's program. In vain had she insisted they must take only the parlor furniture. They had declared they must put the heavy pieces in the bottom of the cart and the lighter furniture on top. So she had seen them go into every room in the house, and select one piece of furniture after another, without even looking at Elizabeth Eliza's program. She doubted if they could have read it.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Peterkin had ordered the teamsters to come; but he had no idea they would come so early, and supposed it would take them a long time to fill the carts. But they had taken the dining-room sideboard first, — a heavy piece of furniture, — and all its contents were now on the dining-room tables. Then, indeed, they selected the parlor bookcase, but had set every book on the floor. The men had told Mrs. Peterkin they would put the books in the bottom of the cart, very much in the order they were taken from the shelves. But by this time Mrs. Peterkin was considering the teamsters as natural enemies, and dared not trust them; besides, the books ought all to be dusted. So she was now holding one of the volumes of Agamemnon's Encyclopædia, with difficulty, in one hand, while

she was dusting it with the other. Elizabeth Eliza was in dismay. At this moment four men were bringing down a large chest of drawers from her father's room, and they called to her to stand out of the way.

<sup>11</sup> The parlors were a scene of confusion. In dusting the books Mrs. Peterkin neglected to restore them to the careful rows in which they were left by the men, and they lay in hopeless masses in different parts of the room. Elizabeth Eliza sank in despair upon the sofa.

"It would have been better to buy the red and blue carpet," said Solomon John.

"Is not the carpet bought?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. And then they were obliged to confess they had been unable to decide upon one, and had come back to consult Mrs. Peterkin.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza rose from the sofa and went to the door, saying, "I shall be back in a moment."

<sup>12</sup> Agamemnon slowly passed round the room, collecting the scattered volumes of his Encyclopædia. Mr. Peterkin offered a helping hand to a man lifting a wardrobe.

Elizabeth Eliza soon returned. "I did not like to go and ask the Lady from Philadelphia, but I felt that I must in such an emergency. I explained to her the whole matter, and she thinks we should take the carpet at Makillan's."

"Makillan's" was a store in the village, and the carpet was the only one all the family had liked without any doubt; but they had supposed they might prefer one from Boston.

<sup>13</sup> The moment was a critical one. Solomon John was sent directly to Makillan's to order the carpet to be put down that very day. But where should they

dine? where should they have their supper? and where was Mr. Peterkin's "quiet hour"? Elizabeth Eliza was frantic; the dining-room floor and table were covered with things.

It was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin should dine at the Bromwicks, who had been most neighborly in their offers, and the rest should get something to eat at the baker's.

<sup>14</sup> Then Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza hastened away to be ready to receive the carts at the other house, and direct the men in placing the furniture. After all there was something exhilarating in this opening of the new house, and in deciding where things should go.

**discomfort** <sup>5</sup> (dīs kūm' fērt), want of comfort

**frantic** <sup>13</sup> (frăn' tik), excited

**misplace** <sup>7</sup> (mīs plās'), to put in the wrong place

**observatory** <sup>3</sup> (ōb zûr' vâ tō rī), a

building with a telescope to observe the stars

**piazza** <sup>4</sup> (pī āz' ā), a porch with columns

**tan-pit**, <sup>3</sup> a vat, or large tub in which hides are prepared for tanning

1. Give two reasons why the Peterkins moved. 2. What did each member of the family want in the new house? What made it hard to choose? 3. Describe Elizabeth Eliza's plan. Tell how it failed. Find paragraphs described in the picture on page 13.

4. Make up sentences in which you apply the above words to the moving. Write the best on the board.

## II. THE LOST KEYS

<sup>15</sup> **G**AYLY Elizabeth Eliza stepped down the front garden of the new home and across the piazza, and to the door. But it was locked, and she had no keys!

"Agamemnon, did you bring the keys?" she exclaimed.

No, he had not seen them since the morning, — when — ah! — yes, the little boys were allowed to go to the house for their india-rubber boots, as there was

a threatening of rain. Perhaps they had left some door unfastened — perhaps they had put the keys under the door-mat. No, each door, each window, was solidly closed, and there was no mat!

<sup>16</sup> “I shall have to go to the school to see if they took the keys with them,” said Agamemnon, “or else go home to see if they left them there.” The school was in a different direction from the house, and far at the other end of the town; for Mr. Peterkin had not yet changed the boys’ school, as he proposed to do after their move.

“That will be the only way,” said Elizabeth Eliza; for it had been arranged that the little boys should take their lunch to school, and not come home at noon.

<sup>17</sup> She sat down on the steps to wait, but only for a moment, for the carts soon appeared, turning the corner. What should be done with the furniture? Of course the teamsters must wait for the keys, as she would need their help to set the furniture up in the right places. But they could not stop for this. They put it down upon the piazza, on the steps, in the garden, and Elizabeth Eliza saw how incongruous<sup>o</sup> it was! There was something from every room in the house! Even the large family chest, which had proved too heavy for them to travel with, had come down from the attic and stood against the front door.

<sup>18</sup> Then Solomon John appeared with the carpet woman, and a boy with a wheelbarrow, bringing the new carpet. And all stood and waited. Some opposite neighbors appeared to offer advice and look on, and Elizabeth Eliza groaned inwardly that only their shabbiest furniture appeared to be standing full in view.

It seemed ages before Agamemnon returned, and no wonder; for he had been to the house, then to the school,



then back to the house, for one of the little boys had left the keys at home, in the pocket of his clothes. Meanwhile the carpet woman had waited, and the boy with the wheelbarrow had waited, and when they got in they found the parlor must be swept and cleaned. So the carpet woman went off in dudgeon,<sup>o</sup> for she was sure there was not time enough to do anything.

<sup>19</sup> Then one of the carts came again, and in their hurry the men set the furniture down anywhere. Elizabeth Eliza was hoping to make a little place in the dining-room, where they might have their supper, and go home to sleep. But she looked out, and there were the teamsters bringing in the bedsteads, and proceeding to carry them upstairs.

<sup>20</sup> In despair Elizabeth Eliza went back to the old house. If she had been there she might have prevented this. She found Mrs. Peterkin in an agony about the entry oil-cloth. It had been made in the house, and how could it be taken out of the house? Agamemnon made measurements; it certainly could not go out of the front door! He suggested it might be left till the house was pulled down, when it could easily be moved out of one side. But Elizabeth Eliza reminded him that the whole house was to be moved without being taken apart. Perhaps it could be cut in strips narrow enough to go out. One of the men loading the remaining cart disposed of the question by coming in and rolling up the oil-cloth and carrying it off on his wagon.

<sup>21</sup> Elizabeth Eliza felt she must hurry back to the new house. But what should they do? — no beds here, no carpets there! The dining-room table and sideboard were at the other house, the plates, and forks, and spoons here. In vain she looked at her program. It was all reversed;<sup>o</sup> everything was misplaced.

<sup>22</sup> Meanwhile the man with the first cart had returned. So they fell to packing the dining-room china. They were up in the attic, they were down in the cellar. Somebody even suggested taking the tacks out of the parlor carpets, as they should want to take them next. Mrs. Peterkin sank upon a kitchen chair.

"Oh, I wish we had decided to stay!" she said.

<sup>23</sup> Solomon John urged his mother to go to the new house, for Mr. Peterkin would be there for his "quiet hour." And when the teamsters at last appeared, carrying the parlor carpets on their shoulders, she meekly consented to be led away.

<sup>24</sup> They reached the new house to find Mr. Peterkin sitting calmly in a rocking-chair on the piazza, watching the oxen coming into the opposite barn. He was waiting for the keys, which Solomon John had taken back with him. The little boys were in a horse-chestnut tree, at the side of the house.

<sup>25</sup> Agamemnon opened the door. The passages were crowded with furniture; the floors were strewn with books; the bureau was upstairs that was to stand in a lower bedroom; there was not a place to lay a table, — there was nothing to lay upon it; for the knives and plates and spoons had not come, and although the tables were there they were covered with chairs and boxes.

<sup>26</sup> At this moment came a covered basket from the Lady from Philadelphia. It contained a choice supper, and forks and spoons. At the same moment appeared a pot of hot tea from an opposite neighbor. They placed all this on the back of a bookcase lying upset, and sat around it. Solomon John came rushing in.

"The last load is coming! We are all moved!" he exclaimed. The little boys joined in a chorus, "We are moved! We are moved!"

<sup>27</sup> Mrs. Peterkin looked sadly around. The kitchen utensils<sup>o</sup> were lying on the parlor sofa, and an old family gun lay on Elizabeth Eliza's hat-box. The parlor clock stood on a barrel, some coal-scuttles<sup>o</sup> had been placed on the parlor table, a bust<sup>o</sup> of Washington stood in the doorway, and the looking-glasses leaned against the pillars of the piazza.

But they were moved! Mrs. Peterkin felt, indeed, that they were very much moved.

<b>bust</b> <sup>27</sup> (bŭst), head and shoulders made in stone or bronze	<b>reversed</b> <sup>21</sup> (rê vŭrst'), turned backward
<b>dudgeon</b> <sup>18</sup> (dŭj' ŭn), bad humor	<b>scuttle</b> <sup>27</sup> (skŭt' 'l), a bucket for coal
<b>incongruous</b> <sup>17</sup> (in kŏŋ' grŏō ŭs), not suited	<b>utensil</b> <sup>27</sup> (ŭ tĕn' sĭl), a vessel used in the kitchen

5. What did the Peterkins think of the teamsters? Why? 6. What did the teamsters think of the Peterkins? Why? 7. Did the Carpet Woman and the Lady from Philadelphia feel the same way about them? Why? 8. Who got the most fun out of the moving, and who the most work? Why?

9. Which of these words describe the Peterkins — *good-natured, self-reliant, rude, careless, impractical, happy-go-lucky, hard-hearted*? Prove your point from the story. 10. Which Peterkin do you like the best? Why?

11. Appoint several pupils to read aloud another adventure of the Peterkins (Riverside Reader V). 12. Conversation and discussion: (a) The Funniest Thing in the Story; (b) The Best Way to Move.

## A COMMUNITY PLEDGE

A community is just like a home on a big scale. Most boys and girls feel that they would gladly fight "to keep the home fires burning," but, after all, the real test of service is in the way everybody behaves, every day. Are *you* helping to make your neighborhood safe, pleasant, and beautiful?

This idea is not new. In Athens of ancient Greece young people were trained to take the best care of their wonderful city. As you read the sacred promise which each young Athenian made, see what parts you can apply to our own American life:



<sup>1</sup> **W**E will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty<sup>°</sup> or cowardice,<sup>°</sup> nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

<sup>2</sup> We will fight for the ideals<sup>°</sup> and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many.

<sup>3</sup> We will revere<sup>°</sup> and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite<sup>°</sup> a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone<sup>°</sup> to annul<sup>°</sup> and set them at naught.<sup>°</sup>

<sup>4</sup> We will strive unceasingly<sup>°</sup> to quicken the public's sense of civic duty,

<sup>5</sup> That, thus, in all these ways, we may transmit<sup>°</sup> this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

**annul**<sup>3</sup> (ă nŭl'), do away with  
**cowardice**<sup>1</sup> (kou' ēr dīs), fear  
**dishonesty**<sup>1</sup> (dīs ōn' ěs tī), want of  
 honesty, as cheating, stealing  
**ideal**<sup>2</sup> (ī dē' āl), a standard, some-  
 thing to live up to  
**incite**<sup>3</sup> (in sīt'), stir up, urge on

**naught**<sup>3</sup> (nôt), nothing  
**prone**<sup>3</sup> (prōn), inclined, disposed  
**revere**<sup>3</sup> (rē vēr'), respect greatly  
**transmit**<sup>5</sup> (trăns mīt'), pass on to  
 another  
**unceasingly**<sup>4</sup> (ŭn sēs' ĩng lī), with-  
 out stopping

1. Write the promises on the blackboard. 2. Which part tells the reason for the pledge? To what does "all these ways"<sup>5</sup> refer?

3. What acts would show that a boy was dishonest or cowardly?

4. For what ideal did we enter the Great War? 5. Which is harder, to fight for an ideal "alone" or "with many"?<sup>2</sup> Why?

6. What might be called the "sacred things"<sup>2</sup> of a city? 7. Which words tell how a good citizen would try to make his community?

8. Find out what some of your "city's laws"<sup>3</sup> are. Explain the curfew, truancy, and child labor laws. 9. What would "civic duty"<sup>4</sup> say about spitting on sidewalks, trespassing, writing on buildings, meddling with fire alarms, and throwing things into wells? Why? Tell other things that a good citizen would not do.

10. In what three ways has your city grown during the last ten years? 11. How are people trying to make it more beautiful?

12. Learn the pledge. 13. Conversation and discussion: How we can improve our school and neighborhood. 14. Print the best suggestions for the classroom wall.





## THE QUEST

A

*Thanksgiving*

*Poem*

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD



Were you ever very eager to go away from home and then very glad to get back again? That is what happened to the boy in this poem.

Close your book and listen as the teacher reads it aloud. Be ready to tell what pictures you see.

1     **T**HERE once was a restless boy  
       Who dwelt in a home by the sea,  
       Where the water danced for joy  
       And the wind was glad and free:  
But he said,    "Good mother, oh! let me go;  
For the dullest place in the world, I know,  
       Is this little brown house,  
       This old brown house,  
       Under the apple-tree.

2     "I will travel east and west;  
       The loveliest homes I'll see;  
       And when I have found the best,  
       Dear mother, I'll come for thee.  
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,  
And joyfully then we'll haste away  
       From this little brown house,  
       This old brown house,  
       Under the apple-tree."

3

So he traveled here and there,  
 But never content was he,  
 Though he saw in lands most fair  
 The costliest homes there be.  
 He something missed from the sea or sky,  
 Till he turned again with a wistful<sup>o</sup> sigh  
 To the little brown house,  
 The old brown house,  
 Under the apple-tree.

4

Then the mother saw and smiled,  
 While her heart grew glad and free,  
 "Hast thou chosen a home, my child?  
 Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth<sup>o</sup> she.  
 And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,  
 The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,  
 Is a little brown house,  
 An old brown house,  
 Under an apple-tree."

quest (kwěst), a search for something<sup>1</sup> quoth<sup>4</sup> (kwōth), said  
 wistful<sup>3</sup> (wīst' fōol), longing

1. How does the boy speak of his home (a) when he leaves it, and (b) when he comes back? Explain the change. 2. What different things would you miss in leaving home? 3. How can boys and girls help to make their homes happy, no matter how poor they may be?

4. Which lines are repeated in each stanza? These are called a *refrain*. Read the stanzas aloud to bring out the boy's feelings. 5. Read aloud John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" which he wrote when homesick in a far country.

6. Write a dialogue: (a) Copy in prose the boy's speech when he went away. Make up the mother's reply. (b) Copy in prose the mother's speech when he came back. Finish the boy's speech by telling why he liked the "little brown house" best. 7. Act out the best dialogue for a Thanksgiving program. (Manual.)



## THE EMPTY STOCKING

ELBERT HUBBARD<sup>+</sup>

When a flood or a great fire makes many hundreds of families homeless, the community steps in and helps them. In the spring of 1906 news of a terrible happening shocked the whole country. Over the telegraph wires came word that an earthquake had wrecked San Francisco, and most of the city was in flames. The horror of the scene will never be forgotten by those who lived through it — the falling buildings, the fire pursuing those who fled to safety. Families were separated, never to meet again.

As you read this story, try to put yourself in the little girl's place and see what she saw.

<sup>1</sup> **H**ER name is Reddy Ringlets. At least she says so, and no one, so far, has ever been found to say otherwise. When asked her name, she answered:

"Why, don't you know? My name is Reddy Ringlets!"

<sup>2</sup> She must have been four years old. She was only half-dressed. She wore stockings and one shoe.

<sup>3</sup> When they found her there in Golden Gate Park,<sup>o</sup> the third day of the fire, she was carrying an old wax doll with a broken nose. She walked around, looking, and looking, and looking.

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<sup>+</sup> Used by permission of The Roycrofters.

<sup>4</sup> A soldier asked her, "Whom are you trying to find, little girl?"

"I'm looking for my Daddy and my Precious. And this is my Dolly Dimple. She's awful hungry. Have you seen my Daddy and my Precious?"

<sup>5</sup> And the soldier, busy with other things, had n't seen them.

When asked her Daddy's other name, she answered, "Just Daddy."

<sup>6</sup> She spoke as plainly as a full-grown woman. Where her parents were, or where they had lived, or how she had wandered to Golden Gate Park, no one knew.

<sup>7</sup> In the park were many tents. Bedding, furniture, horses, and wagons strewed the ground. Soldiers here and there were on guard. Many of the women wore men's clothing — suits of overalls and jumpers. Some laughed and sang. Others wept and refused to be consoled. There were mothers looking for their children, and children looking for their mothers. And over to the east, over what three days before had been a glorious city, now hung a black, angry pall of smoke. It was a scene of dire confusion. The sick, the dying; the laughing, romping folks who regarded it all as a big picnic, mingled in a common camaraderie.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>8</sup> And through it all wandered little Reddy Ringlets, tearless and unafraid, looking for her Daddy and her Precious.

<sup>9</sup> A group of people at a bonfire were eating. Little Reddy Ringlets approached.

"Dolly Dimple is awful hungry," she said.

"Bless her dear heart!" said a kind woman. "You mean you are hungry."

And so the little girl was warmed and fed.



<sup>10</sup> A curious and strange old woman stood by the bonfire and watched little Reddy Ringlets as she ate and now and then offered her doll some of the crackers.

<sup>11</sup> "That's my grandchild," cried the old woman with a chuckle. "I'll take her to her mother. Come with Granny, little one, and we'll find your Ma!"

<sup>12</sup> The old woman had a sharp chin and a sharp nose. She had no teeth and her voice was high and cracked. Confidingly the little girl allowed herself to be led away.

<sup>13</sup> "That is n't her child, or any kin of hers," said the woman who was doing the cooking.

"Never mind," said her husband, as he drank coffee out of a tin cup; "never mind — what difference is it? Have n't we a few troubles of our own?"

<sup>14</sup> The earthquake and great fire were in April. The months went by as the months do. It was Christmas morning.

<sup>15</sup> Down beyond Chinatown<sup>o</sup> stood a rickety old tenement, one of the kind that fire and death had scorned to touch.

<sup>16</sup> The Italian who kept the fruit-stand on the corner was talking to the policeman on the beat.

"You had better go up and see about it — she's a lovely little girl. No one knows where that crazy old rag-picker got her. The old woman went out at daylight with her bag on her back, and she's locked the child in. It's the gable-room back, next to the roof. I'll go with you."

<sup>17</sup> They climbed the shaky stairs, up and up and up. They reached the top floor. The hall was dark. They felt for the door-latch. The door was locked. The policeman threw his shoulder against it, and it gave way. They entered.

<sup>18</sup> The room was almost bare of furniture, cold, dirty, unkempt.<sup>o</sup> To the left was a little bedroom about as big as a dry-goods box. The policeman was about to enter, when he heard a child's voice. He paused and peered in. He saw an empty stocking pinned to the wall at the foot of the bed.

<sup>19</sup> Kneeling at the bedside, in an attitude of prayer, was a little girl. The morning sun sent a luminous ray of light on her head, golden with ringlets. The policeman, big and brave, just stood there. He listened, and these were the words he heard:

<sup>20</sup> "Oh, God! You forgot me and Dolly Dimple this time, and there is n't any Santa Claus, for my stocking is empty. And I am cold and hungry. Hurry up, please, Mister God, and find my Daddy and my Precious, and I'll be a good girl and never cry any more, even when the old woman whips me!"

And as he listened, the tears began to run down the big policeman's nose.

<sup>21</sup> He wrapped little Reddy Ringlets in an old blanket and carried her gently down the stairs, and all the time she held fast to a very dirty wax doll which she called Dolly Dimple.

The old Italian down on the street gave the little girl an orange, and at the station-house<sup>o</sup> the matron<sup>o</sup> gave her a bag of candy.

<sup>22</sup> Little Reddy Ringlets never found her Daddy or her Precious. Were they caught in the fire, crushed by falling walls, or did they fall victims to some yawning crevasse? No one can say.

<sup>23</sup> But now little Reddy Ringlets has a home with a rancher<sup>o</sup> and his good wife, out beyond the hills of Sausalito.<sup>o</sup> And when Christmas comes and she hangs up her stocking, it is never empty.

**camaraderie** <sup>7</sup> (ká' má' rá' d' rē'),  
the good will of comrades  
**Chinatown**, <sup>15</sup> the Chinese quarters  
**Golden Gate Park**, <sup>3</sup> a park near San  
Francisco  
**matron** <sup>21</sup> (mā' trăn), woman in  
charge

**rancher** <sup>23</sup> (răn' chēr), one who has a  
ranch or large Western farm  
**Sausalito** <sup>23</sup> (sô' sâ lē' tō), a town-  
ship north of San Francisco  
**station-house** <sup>21</sup> (stā' shŭn), police  
station  
**unkempt** <sup>18</sup> (ŭn kĕmpt'), untidy.

1. Make up five questions to ask the class about this story. 2. How could soldiers help in such a disaster? 3. Of what troubles might the husband of the woman in the park be thinking? 4. Show that the fruit-dealer was kinder than the husband? 5. Did the policeman do right to break in the door? Why?

6. Look up *pall*, <sup>7</sup> *gable-room*, <sup>16</sup> *luminous* <sup>19</sup> in the glossary, or dictionary, at the end of the book. To what is each applied? Write sentences on the board, using the words.

7. How should pupils behave if a fire occurs in school? 8. Which is it better to be in a time of danger — disobedient, a quick thinker, lazy, self-reliant, selfish, obedient, brave, flighty, kind? Give instances.

9. Read aloud your favorite Christmas poem. 10. Conversation and discussion: (a) Some ways of "playing Santa Claus" to others; (b) The prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw. 11. Arrange a Christmas program. (Manual.)

## TOM BAILEY OF RIVERMOUTH°

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Tom Bailey in this story is Mr. Aldrich himself, and "Rivermouth" is just another name for the New England village in which the author was born. When Tom was a baby his parents moved to New Orleans, and later sent him North to school at Rivermouth, where he lived with Captain Nutter, who was his grandfather, and Miss Abigail, the Captain's sister. Tom's father sent a little pony North as a playmate for him. It is a long trip by sea from New Orleans to New England — open your geography and trace his journey.

As you read this story silently, see how Tom acted on his first day in a strange school. Do you remember your first day in the grammar school?

## I. TOM'S FIRST DAY AT THE TEMPLE SCHOOL

<sup>1</sup> THE Temple School was a two-story brick building, standing in the center of a great square piece of land and surrounded by a high picket fence.<sup>o</sup> There were three or four sickly trees, but no grass, in this enclosure, which had been worn smooth and hard by the tread of multitudinous feet. I noticed here and there small holes scooped in the ground, indicating that it was the season for marbles. A better playground for baseball could n't have been devised.

<sup>2</sup> On reaching the school-house door, the Captain inquired for Mr. Grimshaw. The boy who answered our knock ushered us into a side-room, and in a few minutes — during which my eye took in forty-two caps hung on forty-two wooden pegs — Mr. Grimshaw made his appearance. He was a slender man, with white, fragile hands, and eyes that glanced half a dozen different ways at once, — a habit probably acquired from watching the boys.

<sup>3</sup> After a brief consultation, my grandfather patted me on the head and left me in charge of this gentleman, who seated himself in front of me and proceeded to sound the depth, or, more properly speaking, the shallowness, of my attainments. I suspect my historical information rather startled him. I recollect I gave him to understand that Richard III was the last king of England.

<sup>4</sup> This ordeal<sup>o</sup> over, Mr. Grimshaw rose and bade me follow him. A door opened, and I stood in the blaze of forty-two pairs of upturned eyes. I was a cool hand for my age, but I lacked the boldness to face this battery without wincing. In a sort of dazed<sup>o</sup> way I stumbled after Mr. Grimshaw down a narrow aisle



between two rows of desks, and shyly took the seat pointed out to me.

<sup>5</sup> The faint buzz that had floated over the school-room at our entrance died away, and the interrupted lessons were resumed. By degrees I recovered my coolness, and ventured to look around me.

<sup>6</sup> The owners of the forty-two caps were seated at small green desks like the one assigned to me. The desks were arranged in six rows, with spaces between just wide enough to prevent the boys' whispering. A blackboard set into the wall extended clear across the end of the room; on a raised platform near the door stood the master's table; and directly in front of this was a recitation-bench capable of seating fifteen or twenty pupils. A pair of globes, tattooed<sup>o</sup> with dragons and winged horses, occupied a shelf between two windows, which were so high from the floor that nothing but a giraffe could have looked out of them.

<sup>7</sup> Having possessed myself of these details, I scrutinized my new acquaintances with unconcealed curiosity, instinctively selecting my friends and picking out my enemies,—and in only two cases did I mistake my man.

<sup>8</sup> A sallow boy with bright red hair, sitting in the fourth row, shook his fist at me furtively several times during the morning. I had a presentiment I should have trouble with that boy some day, — a presentiment subsequently realized.

<sup>9</sup> On my left was a chubby little fellow with a great many freckles (this was Pepper Whitcomb), who made some mysterious motions to me. I did n't understand them, but, as they were clearly of a pacific nature, I winked my eye at him. This appeared to be satisfactory, for he then went on with his studies. At recess

he gave me the core of his apple, though there were several applicants for it.

<sup>10</sup> Presently a boy in a loose olive-green jacket with two rows of brass buttons held up a folded paper behind his slate, intimating that it was intended for me. The paper was passed skillfully from desk to desk until it reached my hands. On opening the scrap, I found that it contained a small piece of molasses candy in an extremely humid state. This was certainly kind. I nodded my acknowledgments and hastily slipped the delicacy into my mouth. In a second I felt my tongue grow red-hot with cayenne° pepper.

<sup>11</sup> My face must have assumed a comical expression, for the boy in the olive-green jacket gave an hysterical laugh, for which he was instantly punished by Mr. Grimshaw. I swallowed the fiery candy, though it brought the water to my eyes, and managed to look so unconcerned that I was the only pupil in the class who escaped questioning as to the cause of Marden's misdemeanor. C. Marden was his name.

<sup>12</sup> Nothing else occurred that morning to interrupt the exercises, excepting that a boy in the reading class threw us all into convulsions by calling Absalom° *A-bol'-som*, — "Abolsom, O my son Abolsom!" I laughed as loud as any one, but I am not so sure that I should n't have pronounced it Abolsom myself.

<sup>13</sup> At recess several of the scholars came to my desk and shook hands with me, Mr. Grimshaw having previously introduced me to Phil Adams, charging him to see that I got into no trouble. My new acquaintances suggested that we should go to the playground. We were no sooner out of doors than the boy with the red hair thrust his way through the crowd and placed himself at my side.

<sup>14</sup> "I say, youngster, if you're comin' to this school you've got to toe the mark.<sup>o</sup>"

<sup>15</sup> I did n't see any mark to toe, and did n't understand what he meant; but I replied politely, that, if it was the custom of the school, I should be happy to toe the mark, if he would point it out to me.

<sup>16</sup> "I don't want any of your sarse," said the boy, scowling.

<sup>17</sup> "Look here, Conway!" cried a clear voice from the other side of the playground, "you let young Bailey alone. He's a stranger here, and might be afraid of you, and thrash you. Why do you always throw yourself in the way of getting thrashed?"

<sup>18</sup> I turned to the speaker, who by this time had reached the spot where we stood. Conway slunk off, favoring me with a parting scowl of defiance. I gave my hand to the boy who had befriended me, — his name was Jack Harris, — and thanked him.

<sup>19</sup> "I tell you what it is, Bailey," he said, returning my pressure good-naturedly, "you'll have to fight Conway before the quarter ends, or you'll have no rest. That fellow is always hankering after a licking, and of course you'll give him one by and by; but what's the use of hurrying up an unpleasant job? Let's have some base-ball. By the way, Bailey, you were a good kid not to let on to Grimshaw about the candy. Charley Marden would have caught it twice as heavy. He's sorry he played the joke on you, and told me to tell you so. Hello, Blake! where are the bats?"

<sup>20</sup> This was addressed to a handsome, frank-looking lad of about my own age, who was engaged just then in cutting his initials on the bark of a tree near the school-house. Blake shut up his penknife and went off to get the bats.

<sup>21</sup> During the game which ensued I made the acquaintance of Charley Marden, Binny Wallace, Pepper Whitcomb, Harry Blake, and Fred Langdon. These boys, none of them more than a year or two older than I (Binny Wallace was younger), were ever after my chosen comrades. Phil Adams and Jack Harris were considerably our seniors, and, though they always treated us "kids" very kindly, they generally went with another set. Of course, before long I knew all the Temple boys more or less intimately, but the five I have named were my constant companions.

<sup>22</sup> My first day at the Temple Grammar School was on the whole satisfactory. I had made several warm friends and only two permanent enemies, — Conway and his echo, Seth Rodgers; for these two always went together like a deranged<sup>o</sup> stomach and a headache.

**Absalom** <sup>12</sup> (ăb' sâ lŏm), the son of King David, who rebelled against his father

**cayenne** <sup>10</sup> (kā ěn'), red pepper

**dazed** <sup>4</sup> (dāzd), confused

**deranged** <sup>22</sup> (dĕ rānjd'), out of order

**ordeal** <sup>4</sup> (ôr' dĕ ăl), a severe trial

**Rivermouth** (măth), imaginary name for a New England city

**tattooed** <sup>6</sup> (tă tŏd'), marked with colored pictures

**picket fence** <sup>1</sup> (pĭk' ět), a fence of pointed stakes

**toe the mark**, <sup>14</sup> act according to the rule

1. Draw a ground plan of either the school and grounds or the schoolroom interior. Read aloud the descriptions and see who has made the best drawing. Put it on the board. 2. Which was harder, Tom's interview with the schoolmaster or his entrance into the schoolroom? Why? 3. Which three events did Tom remember best? Did he think they were funny? Why? 4. Describe the scene at recess.

5. Look up in the glossary *furtively*,<sup>8</sup> *humid*,<sup>10</sup> *hysterical*,<sup>11</sup> *misdemeanor*,<sup>11</sup> *presentiment*,<sup>8</sup> and *sallow*<sup>8</sup> and use them in other sentences about Conway and Marden.

6. Should Tom have told Mr. Grimshaw about the red pepper? Why? 7. When is it a boy's duty to tell on another? When should he not "tattle"? 8. Why was Tom's first day at school harder than yours? 9. Is it good to be an "echo"<sup>22</sup>? Why?



## II. THE RIVERMOUTH "CENTIPEDES"

23



BEFORE the end of the week I had my studies well in hand. I was a little ashamed at finding myself at the foot of the various classes, and secretly determined to deserve promotion. The school was an admirable one. Though a rigid° disciplinarian, Mr. Grimshaw had a keen sense of justice, and the boys respected him. There were two other teachers, — a French tutor and a writing-master, who visited the school twice a week. On Wednesdays and Saturdays we were dismissed at noon, and these half-holidays were the brightest epochs of my existence.

<sup>24</sup> Daily contact with boys who had not been brought up as gently as I worked an immediate, and, in some respects, a beneficial change in my character. I had the nonsense taken out of me, as the saying is, — some of the nonsense, at least. I became more manly and self-reliant. I discovered that the world was not created only on my account. In New Orleans I labored under the delusion that it was. Having neither brother nor sister to give up to at home, and being, moreover, the largest pupil at school there, my will had seldom been opposed. At Rivermouth matters were different, and I was not long in adapting myself to the altered circumstances. I got many severe rubs, but I had the sense to see that I was all the better for them.

<sup>25</sup> My social relations with my new schoolfellows were the pleasantest possible. There was always some exciting excursion on foot, — a ramble through the pine woods, a visit to the Devil's Pulpit, a high cliff in the neighborhood, — or a row on the river, involving an exploration of a group of tiny islands, upon one of which

we pitched a tent and played we were the Spanish sailors who got wrecked there years ago. But the endless pine forest that skirted the town was our favorite haunt. There was a great green pond hidden somewhere in its depths, inhabited by a monstrous colony of turtles. Harry Blake, who had an eccentric passion for carving his name on everything, never let a captured turtle slip through his fingers without leaving his mark engraved on its shell. He must have lettered about two thousand from first to last. We used to call them Harry Blake's sheep.

<sup>26</sup> These turtles were of a discontented and migratory<sup>o</sup> turn of mind, and we frequently encountered two or three of them on the cross-roads several miles from their ancestral mud. Unspeakable was our delight whenever we discovered one soberly walking off with Harry Blake's initials! I've no doubt there are, at this moment, fat ancient turtles wandering about that gummy woodland with "H. B." neatly cut on their backs.

<sup>27</sup> It soon became a custom among my playmates to make our barn their rendezvous.<sup>o</sup> Gypsy proved a strong attraction. Captain Nutter bought me a little two-wheeled cart, which she drew quite nicely, after kicking out the dasher and breaking the shafts once or twice. With our lunch-baskets and fishing-tackle stowed away under the seat, we used to start off early in the afternoon for the sea-shore, where there were countless marvels in the shape of shells, mosses, and kelp. Gypsy enjoyed the sport as keenly as any of us, even going so far, one day, as to trot down the beach into the sea where we were bathing. As she took the cart with her, our provisions were not much improved. I shall never forget how squash-pie tastes after being dipped in the Atlantic Ocean.

<sup>28</sup> It was about this time that I became a member of the Rivermouth Centipedes, a secret society composed of twelve of the Temple Grammar School boys. This was an honor to which I had long aspired, but, being a new boy, I was not admitted to the fraternity until my character had fully developed itself.

<sup>29</sup> It was a very select society, the object of which I never found out, though I was an active member of the body during the remainder of my residence at Rivermouth, and at one time held the onerous position of F. C., — First Centipede. Each of the elect wore a copper cent (some occult association being established between a cent apiece and a centipede!) suspended by a string round his neck. The medals were worn next the skin, and it was while bathing one day at Grave Point, with Jack Harris and Fred Langdon, that I had my curiosity roused to the highest pitch by a sight of these singular emblems. As soon as I ascertained<sup>o</sup> the existence of a boys' club, of course I was ready to die to join it. And at last I was allowed to join.

<sup>30</sup> The initiation ceremony took place in Fred Langdon's barn, where I was submitted to a series of trials not calculated to soothe the nerves of a timorous boy. Before being led to the Grotto of Enchantment, — such was the modest title given to the loft over my friend's wood-house, — my hands were securely tied, and my eyes covered with a thick silk handkerchief. At the head of the stairs I was told in an unrecognizable, husky voice, that it was not yet too late to retreat if I felt myself physically too weak to undergo the necessary tortures. I replied that I was not too weak, in a tone which I intended to be resolute, but which, in spite of me, seemed to come from the pit of my stomach.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>31</sup> "It is well!" said the husky voice.

<sup>32</sup> I did not feel so sure about that; but, having made up my mind to be a Centipede, a Centipede I was bound to be. Other boys had passed through the ordeal and lived, why should not I?

<sup>33</sup> A long silence followed this preliminary examination,<sup>o</sup> and I was wondering what would come next, when an unknown voice directed me to take ten steps forward and stop at the word halt. I took ten steps, and halted.

<sup>34</sup> "Stricken mortal," said a second husky voice, more husky, if possible, than the first, "if you had advanced another inch, you would have disappeared down an abyss three thousand feet deep!"

<sup>35</sup> I naturally shrank back at this friendly piece of information. A prick from some two-pronged instrument, evidently a pitchfork, gently checked my retreat. I was then conducted to the brink of several other precipices, and ordered to step over many dangerous chasms, where the result would have been instant death if I had committed the least mistake. I have neglected to say that my movements were accompanied by dismal groans from different parts of the grotto.

<sup>36</sup> Finally, I was led up a steep plank to what appeared to me an incalculable height. Here I stood breathless while the by-laws were read aloud. A more extraordinary code of laws never came from the brain of man. The penalties attached to the abject being who should reveal any of the secrets of the society were enough to make the blood run cold. Then the something I stood on sank with a crash beneath my feet, and I fell two miles, as nearly as I could compute it. At the same instant the handkerchief was whisked from my eyes and I found myself standing in an empty hogshead<sup>o</sup> surrounded by twelve masked figures fantastically<sup>o</sup>



dressed. One of the conspirators was really appalling<sup>o</sup> with a tin sauce-pan on his head, and a tiger-skin sleigh-robe thrown over his shoulders.

<sup>37</sup> I scarcely need say that there were no vestiges to be seen of the fearful gulfs over which I had passed so cautiously. My ascent had been to the top of the hog's-head, and my descent to the bottom thereof. Holding one another by the hand, and chanting a low dirge,<sup>o</sup> the Mystic Twelve revolved about me. This concluded the ceremony. With a merry shout the boys threw off their masks, and I was declared a regular R. M. C.

<sup>38</sup> I afterwards had a good deal of sport out of the club, for these initiations, as you may imagine, were sometimes very comical spectacles, especially when the aspirant<sup>o</sup> for centipedal honors happened to be of a timid disposition. If he showed the slightest terror, he was certain to be tricked unmercifully. One of our subsequent devices — a humble invention of my own — was to request the blindfolded candidate to put out his tongue, whereupon the First Centipede would say, in a low tone, as if not intended for the ear of the victim, "Diabolus,<sup>o</sup> fetch me the red-hot iron!" The haste with which that tongue disappeared was simply absurd.

<sup>39</sup> Our meetings were held in various barns, at no stated periods, but as circumstances suggested. Any member had a right to call a meeting. Each boy who failed to report himself was fined one cent. Whenever a member had reasons for thinking that another member would be unable to attend, he called a meeting. For instance, immediately on learning the death of Harry Blake's great-grandfather, I issued a call. By these simple and ingenious measures we kept our treasury in a flourishing condition, sometimes having on hand as much as a dollar and a quarter.

**appalling** <sup>36</sup> (ă pôl' ینگ), fearful  
**ascertained** <sup>29</sup> (ăs ēr tând'), learned  
**aspirant** <sup>38</sup> (ăs pīr' ănt), one who  
 seeks

**Diabolus** <sup>38</sup> (dī ăb' ô lă's), a devil  
**dirge** <sup>37</sup> (dûrj), a mournful song

**fantastically** <sup>36</sup> (făn tăs' tī kăl ĭ),  
 oddly

**hogshead** <sup>36</sup> (högz' hěd), large barrel

**migratory** <sup>26</sup> (mī' gră tô rī), roving  
**pit of the stomach**, <sup>30</sup> a depression  
 below the lower end of the breast-  
 bone

**preliminary examination**, <sup>33</sup> before  
 the chief examination

**rendezvous** <sup>27</sup> (răn' dē vōō), meeting  
 place

**rigid** <sup>23</sup> rīj' ĭd), firm

10. Why did the boys respect Mr. Grimshaw? 11. What things did Tom learn at the Temple School? What can girls and boys learn on the playground as well as in the schoolroom? 12. What was Harry Blake's hobby? Tell about another hobby. 13. Describe the Rivermouth "Centipedes." 14. Read aloud the part that tells about the initiation. Make the conversation "scary."

15. Let the class make up a paragraph about the initiation, using *abyss*, <sup>34</sup> *eccentric*, <sup>25</sup> *emblem*, <sup>29</sup> and *ingenious* <sup>39</sup> (glossary) together with the above words, the teacher writing the best sentences on the blackboard. 16. Which of the good times should you like best? Which of your good times would these boys enjoy?

17. Find the real place in New England for which the name Rivermouth stands. Which information in the story will guide you in playing detective? See your geography.

18. Read "Our Theatre" (Riverside Reader VI). 19. Get Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy* from the library and read the rest of the story. 20. Oral or written composition: Tell what was said about the new boy at the end of the first day, by Conway, Charley Marden, Jack Harris, or Mr. Grimshaw; or which Rivermouth boy you should like for a chum. Why?

## AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

ALICE CARY

Suppose a painter stopped you some day and said: "I'll paint for you a picture of your mother, one that you would like to have when you are grown up!"

What look should you like him to put in her face?

What scenes from your home should you like him to paint in the background of the picture?

In this poem a man is asking the painter to paint memories of his boyhood. Close your book, and as your teacher reads the poem aloud, try to see the pictures:

<sup>1</sup> OH, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never saw?  
Aye?° Well, here is an order for you.

<sup>2</sup> Woods and corn fields, a little brown, —  
The picture must not be over bright, —  
Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.  
Alway and alway, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
Lying between them, not quite sere,°  
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room  
Under their tassels,° — cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach° and sassafras,°  
With bluebirds twittering all around, —  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!) —

<sup>3</sup> These, and the house where I was born,  
Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide, —  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all ablush:  
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,  
Roses crowding the self-same way,  
Out of a wilding,° wayside bush.

4 Listen closer. When you have done  
With woods and corn fields and grazing herds,  
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:  
Oh, if I only could make you see  
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign<sup>o</sup> sweetness, the gentle grace,  
The woman's soul, and the angel's face  
That are beaming on me all the while,  
I need not speak these foolish words:  
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —  
She is my mother: you will agree  
That all the rest may be thrown away.

5 Two little urchins<sup>o</sup> at her knee  
You must paint, sir: one like me, —  
The other with a clearer brow,  
And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with boldest enterprise:<sup>o</sup>  
At ten years old he went to sea, —  
God knoweth if he be living now, —  
He sailed in the good ship Commodore,  
Nobody ever crossed her track  
To bring us news, and she never came back.

6 Ah, it is twenty long years and more  
Since that old ship went out of the bay  
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:  
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
And his face was toward me all the way.  
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's knee:  
That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea!



7 Out in the fields one summer night

We were together, half afraid

Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —  
Loitering° till after the low little light

Of the candle shone through the open door,  
And over the haystack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble and ready to drop,  
The first half-hour the great yellow star,  
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,

Had often and often watched to see  
Propped and held in its place in the skies

By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,  
Which close in the edge of our flax-field° grew, —

Dead at the top, — just one branch full

Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,  
From which it tenderly shook the dew

Over our heads, when we came to play

In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.

8 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore  
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —

The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat:

The berries we gave her she would n't eat,

But cried and cried, till we held her bill,

So slim and shining, to keep her still.

9 At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,

You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace

To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me:

I think 't was solely mine, indeed:  
 But that's no matter, — paint it so;  
 The eyes of our mother — (take good heed) —  
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs,  
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,  
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,  
 And, oh, with such injured, reproachful<sup>o</sup> surprise!  
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as  
     though  
 A sharp blade struck through it.

10

You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat  
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —  
 Woods and corn fields and mulberry tree, —  
 The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee:  
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!  
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,  
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

aye<sup>1</sup> (ī), yesenterprise<sup>5</sup> (ēn' tēr prīz), eagerness  
to do that which requires energyflax<sup>7</sup> (flāks), a plant from which  
linen is madeloiter<sup>7</sup> (loi' tēr), delay, lag behindreproachful<sup>9</sup> (rē prōch' fōōl), re-  
provingsassafras<sup>2</sup> (sās' à frās), a treesere<sup>2</sup> (sēr), witheredsovereign<sup>4</sup> (sōv' ēr in), royal, there-  
fore queenlysumach<sup>2</sup> (sū' māk or shōō' māk), a  
treetassel<sup>2</sup> (tās' 'l), tuft at end of corn  
stalkurchin<sup>5</sup> (ûr' chīn), a boywilding,<sup>3</sup> wild

1. Write ten questions to ask your classmates about the scenes in this poem. 2. Which different things did this man want painted? Read aloud the lines that show them. 3. What look did he want in each face? 4. Which things could not be painted?

5. What made the boys afraid to go home? 6. What was the lie? 7. What became of the brother? Describe him.

8. Arrange a Mother's Day program. (Manual.) 9. Conversation and discussion: (a) The look I like best in my mother's face; (b) Should we collect birds' eggs or birds' nests? Why not?

# THE·GREAT·OUTDOORS

## MORNING-GLORIES

MADISON CAWEIN (kā wīn')

Once upon a time people believed that on moonlight nights Titania, queen of the fays, or fairies, would come to the glens with these tiny folk, and all would dance. Ariel, one of the sprites, was as graceful as a dancing breeze, and so, to call something "Ariel-airy" is to say that it is very graceful.

Close your books and listen to this story:

<sup>1</sup>        **T**HEY swing from the garden-trellis°  
          In Ariel-airy ease;  
          And their aromatic° honey  
          Is sought by the earliest bees.

<sup>2</sup>        The rose, it knows their secret,  
          And the jessamine° also knows:  
          And the rose told me the story  
          That the jessamine told the rose.

<sup>3</sup>        And the jessamine said: "At midnight,  
          Ere the red cock woke and crew,  
          The fays° of Queen Titania  
          Came here to bathe in the dew.

<sup>4</sup>        And the yellow moonlight glistened  
          On braids of elfin° hair;  
          And fairy feet on the flowers  
          Fell softer than any air.

5

And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,  
 They hung up, every one,  
 On the morning-glory's tendrils,<sup>o</sup>  
 Till their moonlight bath was done.

6

But the red cock crew too early,  
 And the fairies fled in fear,  
 Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink, —  
 Like blossoms hanging there."

**aromatic**<sup>1</sup> (ă'r' ô măt' ik), spicy

**elfin**<sup>4</sup> (ël' fin), belonging to an elf

**fay**<sup>3</sup> (fā), a fairy

**jessamine**<sup>2</sup> (jës' â mîn), a flower

**tendril**<sup>5</sup> (tën' dril), the coiling stem

**trellis**<sup>1</sup> (trël' is), lattice-work

1. Read aloud all the lines that make pictures and tell which you think is the prettiest. 2. Repeat the story that the Jessamine told the Rose. Where does it begin? 3. Why are these flowers called Morning-glories? 4. Which pupils can memorize the poem first?

5. Draw and color pictures of morning-glories to show "tendrils"<sup>5</sup> and "petticoats purple and pink."<sup>6</sup> 6. Read aloud Frank Dempster Sherman's "Goldenrod" and Helen Gray Cone's "The Dandelions" (Riverside Readers IV and V), for other pretty fancies.

7. Oral or written composition: Make up a story telling how Jack in the Pulpit, Silver Fir, Spanish Moss, or Tiger Lily got its name.

## AUTUMN<sup>+</sup>

EMILY DICKINSON

THE morns are meeker than they were,  
 The nuts are getting brown;  
 The berry's cheek is plumper,  
 The rose is out of town.  
 The maple wears a gayer scarf,  
 The field a scarlet gown.  
 Lest I should be old-fashioned,  
 I'll put a trinket on.



1. Tell what each line means? 2. What is "a trinket"?

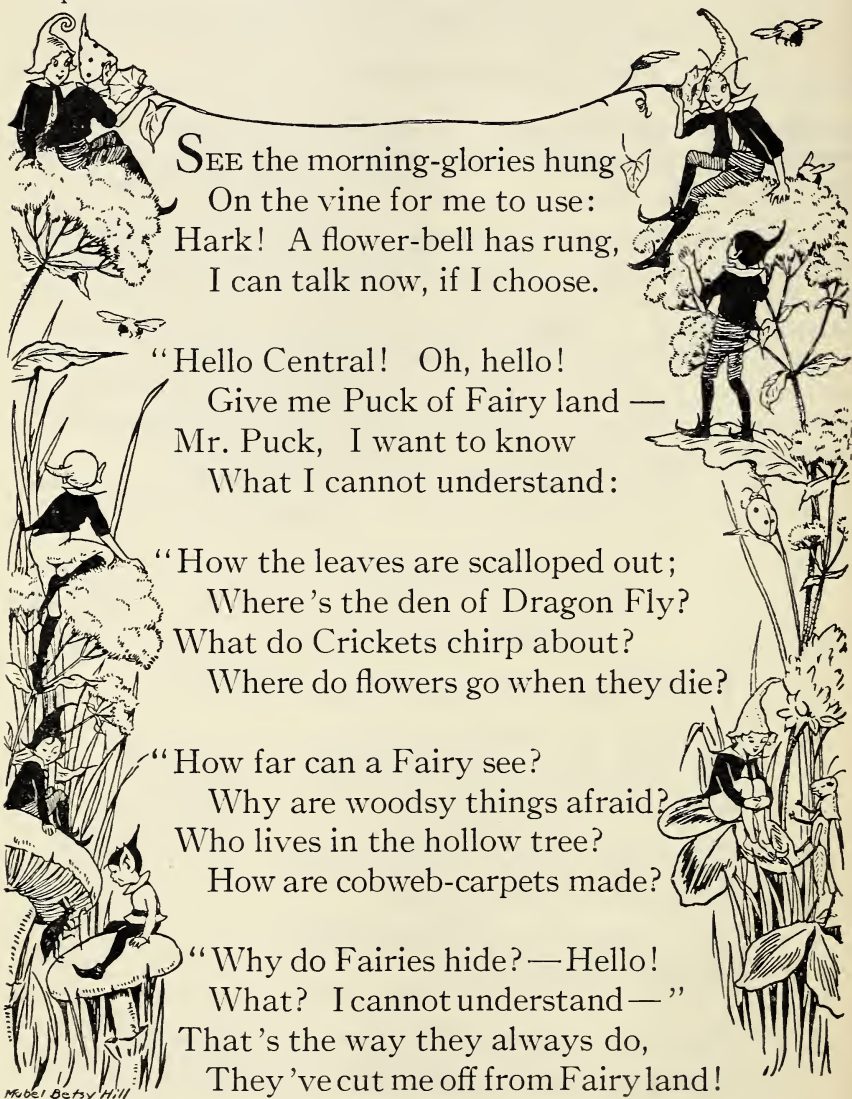
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## THE FLOWERPHONE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

After you have read Madison Cawein's poem on the morning-glories, read this. Practice it aloud at home. Then, in class see who can make it sound most like a real telephone conversation.



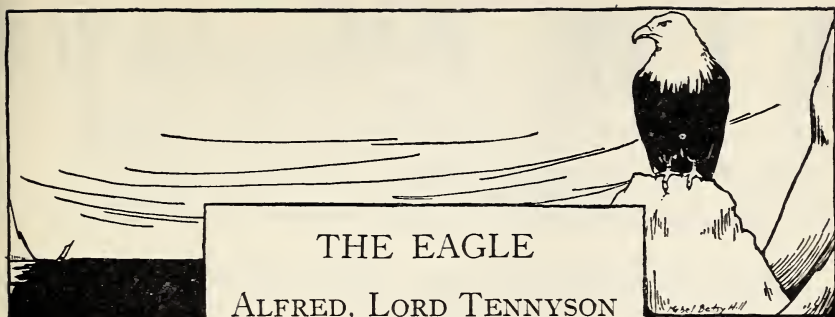
SEE the morning-glories hung  
On the vine for me to use:  
Hark! A flower-bell has rung,  
I can talk now, if I choose.

"Hello Central! Oh, hello!  
Give me Puck of Fairy land —  
Mr. Puck, I want to know  
What I cannot understand:

"How the leaves are scalloped out;  
Where's the den of Dragon Fly?  
What do Crickets chirp about?  
Where do flowers go when they die?

"How far can a Fairy see?  
Why are woodsy things afraid?  
Who lives in the hollow tree?  
How are cobweb-carpets made?

"Why do Fairies hide? — Hello!  
What? I cannot understand —"  
That's the way they always do,  
They've cut me off from Fairy land!



## THE EAGLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

It is surprising how much thought can be hidden away in a few lines of poetry. To read poetry with understanding we must get these thoughts. As you read this poem about the eagle, think about these questions:

Where is he? What is he doing? What does he see?

After you have talked about the questions that follow the poem, read it again and see how much more it means to you.

<sup>1</sup>        **H**E clasps the crag° with hooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure° world, he stands.

<sup>2</sup>        The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

azure <sup>1</sup> (ăzh' ūr), blue

| crag <sup>1</sup> (krăg), a steep, rugged rock

1. Exactly what are "hooked hands"<sup>1</sup>? 2. Why is the eagle "close to the sun"<sup>1</sup>? In "lonely lands"<sup>1</sup>? 3. What is the "azure world"<sup>1</sup>? How can he be "ring'd"<sup>1</sup> with it?

4. Why call the sea "wrinkled"<sup>2</sup>? What makes it seem to "crawl"<sup>2</sup>? 5. What word in the first stanza is the same as "mountain walls"<sup>2</sup>? 6. On what is he falling "like a thunderbolt"<sup>2</sup>? Why so fast?

7. Which ten pupils can memorize the poem first? Come to the front of the room.



## WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT A TREE?

HENRY ABBEY<sup>+</sup>

“Woodman, spare that tree!” a poet has sung. The grand old tree had sheltered his father, and his father’s father. With its cool shade and beauty it had served them long and well. In the poem that you now will hear, the poet looks beyond the mere beauty and present appearance of the tree and sees what it has done for the daily life of the people and what it has given the country.

How would this poet answer the question, “Why should we plant a tree?” Close your book and listen:

- <sup>1</sup> **W**HAT do we plant when we plant a tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.  
We plant the mast° to carry the sails;  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —  
The keel,° the keelson,° the beam,° the knee;°  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.
- <sup>2</sup> What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me.  
We plant the rafters,° the shingles,° the floors,  
We plant the studding,° the lath,° the doors,  
The beams, the siding,° all parts that be;  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

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<sup>+</sup> From *Days and Deeds*, by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

- 3 What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
 A thousand things that we daily see;  
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,<sup>o</sup>  
 We plant the staff for our country's flag,  
 We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;  
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

**beam**<sup>1</sup> (bēm), timber used in building ships and houses

**crag**<sup>3</sup> (kräg), a steep cliff

**keel**<sup>1</sup> (kēl), chief timber of a ship, running lengthwise

**keelson**<sup>1</sup> (kēl' sŭn), another timber extending the length of the ship

**knee**,<sup>1</sup> part of a ship, bent like a knee

**lath**<sup>2</sup> (lāth), narrow strips of wood nailed to rafters to make the framework of a house

**mast**<sup>1</sup> (māst), a long pole rising from the keel of a ship through the decks to hold the sails

**rafter**<sup>2</sup> (rāf' tēr), the sloping timber of a roof

**shingle**<sup>2</sup> (shŭn' g'l), a thin, small piece of wood used for covering roofs

**siding**<sup>2</sup> (sīd' ing), covering of the outside wall of a frame house

**studding**<sup>2</sup> (stūd' ing), upright timber used in building a house

1. Which line in each stanza sums up the thought?
2. Find six words that name parts of a ship; eight words that are parts of a house.
3. Read aloud the stanzas or lines which show that the tree plays an important part in the commerce, the road-making, the home life, the religion, and the patriotism of our country. Tell how.

4. How many things in your classroom have come from trees?
5. Write a list of some of the "thousand things that we daily see"<sup>3</sup> made of wood. Write on the blackboard the ten that the class decide are most valuable.

6. Show that the tree helps us to send a telephone message or a telegram; to travel; to supply us with food; to mine coal.
7. What materials are now often used to take the place of wood in building ships and houses?
8. Compare Daniel Boone's log cabin with a new house in your town.
9. Compare an Indian canoe with a motor-boat or a steam-boat.

10. Memorize the poem for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.)
11. Find or draw pictures of a ship, a house, a church spire, a flag pole, and a shade tree. Under each print lines of the poem.

12. Read aloud Bryant's "The Planting of the Apple Tree" and Larcum's "Plant a Tree" (Riverside Readers V and VII), or Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree."
13. Conversation and discussion:
  - (a) How trees are abused,
  - (b) How trees should be cared for, or
  - (c) The Tree's travels from forest to shipyard.



## LITTLE FOAMY CHOPS +

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Ernest Thompson Seton has written many tales about animals. Have you ever read his books, *Wild Animals I have Known* or *Lives of the Hunted*? In the following story he tells you about a wild pig that became tame.

As you read, notice how Foamy Chops made a good pet:

## I. LIZETTE AND THE RAZOR-BACK

<sup>1</sup> **P**oor little Foamy Chops.<sup>o</sup> He was so hungry, so forlorn, and his nose was so sore where the Bear had scratched him. He did not know that Lizette<sup>o</sup> was his friend, and he champed<sup>o</sup> his little harmless jaws at her in defiance when she put him in the box that was to take the place of all outdoors for him. She washed his wounded nose. She brought him some warm milk in a saucer, but he did not understand it that way.

<sup>2</sup> Hours went by and still he crouched in dull, motionless despair. Then Lizette's own nurse came with a feeding bottle. Foam kicked, squealed, and champed his jaws, but strong hands wrapped him up in a cloth. The bottle feeder was put to his open mouth. It was warm and sweet. He was oh! so hungry now! He could no more help sucking than any other baby could, and when the bottle was empty, he slept the long sweet sleep he so much needed.

<sup>3</sup> When you help some one it always makes you love that some one very much. So of course Lizette was

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now devoted to little Foam, but he knew her only as a big dangerous thing, and hated her. Yet not for long. He was an intelligent little Razor-back;<sup>o</sup> and before his tail had the beginning of a curl he learned that "Lizette" meant "food," so he rose each time to meet her. Next he found he could bring Lizette — that is, food — if he squealed, and thenceforth his daily practice developed a mighty voice.

<sup>4</sup> In a week his shyness was gone. He was now transferred to a stall in the stable. In a month he was tame as a cat and loved to have his back scratched, and the large wound on his nose was healed, though it left an ugly scar.

<sup>5</sup> Then two companions entered his life, a duck and a lamb, strange creatures that Foam inspected narrowly out of his white-rimmed eyes, with distrust and a little jealousy. But they proved pleasant persons to sleep with; they kept him so warm. And soon he devised means of enjoying them as playthings; for the lamb's tail was long and pullable, and the duck could be tossed over his back by a well-timed "root!"<sup>o</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The box stall was now too small, but a fenced-in yard gave ample runway. Here in the tall weeds little Foam would root and race, or tease his playmates, or hide from his foster-mother.<sup>o</sup> Yes, many a time when she came and called she had no response; then carefully, anxiously searching about she would come on the little rascal hiding behind some weeds. Knowing now that he was discovered, he would dash forth grunting hilariously<sup>o</sup> at every bound, circling about like a puppy, dodging away when she tried to touch him, but at last when tired of the flirtation he would surrender on the understanding that his back was to be scratched.

<sup>7</sup> Many a circus has shown to the wondering world a learned pig, a creature of super-animal<sup>o</sup> intelligence, and yet we say of a dull person, "He is as stupid as a pig," which proves merely that pigs vary vastly. Many are stupid, but there are great possibilities in the race; some may be in the very front rank of animal intelligence. The lowest in the scale of pigs is the fat porker<sup>o</sup> of the thoroughbred farm.<sup>o</sup> The highest is the wild Razor-back, who lives by his wits. And soon it was clear that Foam was high in his class. He was a very brainy little pig. But he developed also a sense of humor, and a real affection for Lizette.

<sup>8</sup> At the shrill whistle which her father had taught her to make with her fingers in her teeth, he would come racing across the garden — that is, he would come, unless that happened to be his funny day, when, out of sheer caprice,<sup>o</sup> he would hide and watch the search.

<sup>9</sup> One day Lizette was blacking her shoes with some wonderful French polish that dried quite shiny. It happened to be Foam's day to seek for unusual notice. He tumbled the lamb on top of the duck, ran three times around Lizette, then raised himself on his hind legs and put both front feet on the chair beside Lizette's foot, uttering meanwhile a short whining grunt which was his way of saying, "Please give me some!"

<sup>10</sup> Then Lizette responded in an unexpected way: she painted his front feet with the French blacking, which dried in a minute, and Foam's pale pinky hoofs were made a splendid shining black. The operation had been pleasantly ticklesome, and Foam blinked his eyes, but did not move until it was over. Then he gravely smelled his right foot, and his left foot, and grunted again. It was all new to him, and he did n't just know what to make of it; but he let it pass.

<sup>11</sup> It was not long before the wear and tear<sup>o</sup> of his wearing, tearsome<sup>o</sup> life spoiled all his French polish, and next time Lizette got out her brush and blacking Foam was there to sniff that queer smell and offer his hoofs again for treatment. The sensation<sup>o</sup> must have pleased him, for he gravely stood till the operation was done, and thenceforth every blackening time he came and held his feet for their morning shine.

**champ**<sup>1</sup> (chämp), bite noisily  
**chops**,<sup>1</sup> jaws of an animal  
**foster-mother**<sup>6</sup> (fös' tēr), adopted mother  
**hilariously**<sup>6</sup> (hī lā' rī ūs lī), noisily  
**Lizette**<sup>1</sup> (līz ět')  
**porker**,<sup>7</sup> a hog fattened for food  
**Razor-back**<sup>3</sup> (rā' zēr bāk'), a thin-bodied, long-legged, half-wild hog  
**root**,<sup>5</sup> dig out with the snout

**sensation**<sup>11</sup> (sěn sā' shŭn), feeling  
**sheer caprice**<sup>8</sup> (shēr' kà prēs'), mere fancy  
**super-animal**<sup>7</sup> (sū' pēr), higher than an animal  
**tearsome**<sup>11</sup> (tār' sŭm), tearing  
**thoroughbred farm**<sup>7</sup> (thŭr' ô brəd'), where they raise fine animals  
**wear and tear**,<sup>11</sup> injury from constant use

1. Why is the pig called Foamy Chops? 2. Why was he smarter than a fat porker? 3. Make up a good question for each paragraph.
4. Memorize sections 9-11 as a declamation on "French Polish for Pigs."
5. Get at the library Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animal Ways* and find out how Lizette got Foamy Chops.

## II. "THE BANDED DEATH"

<sup>12</sup> **O**CTOBER is summer still in southern Virginia; summer with just a small poetic touch of red-leaf time, and Lizette, full of romantic dreams, with little daring hopes of some adventure, too, had gone up the Kogar's Creek to a lonely place to swim in the sluggish bend. She was safe from any intrusion, so did not hesitate to strip and plunge, rejoicing in the cooling water, as only youth in perfect health can do when set in a perfect time. Then she swam to the central sandbar and dug her pink toes into the sand as she courted the searching sunbeams on her back.



<sup>13</sup> Satisfied at length, she plunged to swim across to the low point that was the only landing place, and served as a dressing-room. She was halfway over when she saw a sight that chilled her blood. There coiled on her snowy clothes with head upright, regardant,<sup>o</sup> menacing, was a Banded Rattlesnake, the terror of the mountains, at home in woods or on the water.

<sup>14</sup> It was with sinking heart and trembling limbs that Lizette swam back and landed again on the sand-bar.

<sup>15</sup> Now what? A boy would have sought for stones and pelted the reptile away, but there were no stones, and if there had been, Lizette could not throw like a boy.

<sup>16</sup> She did not dare to call for help, she did not know who might come, and she sat in growing misery and fear. An hour dragged slowly by, and the reptile kept its place. She was roasting in the sun, the torment of sunburn was setting in. She must do something. If only father would come! There was just a chance that he might hear her whistle. She put her fingers in her teeth and sent forth the blast that many a Southern woman has had to learn. At first it came out feebly, but again and again, each time louder it sounded, till the distant woods was reached, and she listened in fear and hope. If father heard he would know, and come. She strained her ears to catch some sound responding.

<sup>17</sup> The reptile did not move. Another half-hour passed. The sun was growing fiercer. Again she gave the far-reaching call; and this time, listening, heard sounds of going, of trampling, of coming; then her heart turned sick. Some one was coming. Who? If it were her father he would shout aloud. But this

came only with the swish of moving feet. What if it should be one of those half-wild negro tramps! "Oh, father, help!" She tried to hide as the sounds came nearer — hide by burying herself in sand.

<sup>18</sup> The reptile never stirred.

<sup>19</sup> The bushes swayed above the steep bank. Yes, now she saw a dark and moving form. Her first thought was a "Bear." The bushes parted, and forth came little Foam, grown somewhat, but a youngster still. Lizette's heart sank. "Oh, Foam, Foamy, if you only could help me!" and she sent a feeble whistle that was meant for her father, but the Razor-back it was that responded.

<sup>20</sup> Passing quickly along the bank, he came. There was but one way down. It led to the little sandy spit<sup>o</sup> where lay her clothes, and her deadly foe.

<sup>21</sup> Overleaping logs and low brush came the agile Razor-back. He landed on the sand, and suddenly was face to face with the rattling, buzzing banded Death.

<sup>22</sup> Both taken by surprise recoiled,<sup>o</sup> and made ready for attack. Lizette felt a heart clutch, to see her old-time playmate face his fate. The Boar's crest<sup>o</sup> arose, the battle light came in his eyes, the "chop, chop" of his weapons sounded; the age-long, deep instinctive hatred<sup>o</sup> of the reptile came surging up in his little soul, and the battle fire was kindled there with the courage that never flinches.

<sup>23</sup> Have you heard the short chopping roar that rumbles from the chest of a boar on battle bent — a war-cry that well may strike terror into foemen who know the prowess that is there to back its promise? Yes, even when it comes from the half-grown throat of a youngster, with mere thorns for tusks.

<sup>24</sup> In three short raucous coughs that war-cry came, and the Boar drew near. His golden mane stood up and gave him double size. His twinkling eyes shone like dull opals as he measured up his foe. He was a little puzzled by the white garments, but edging around for a better footing, he came between the reptile and the stream, and thus, unwittingly, he ended every chance of its escape.

<sup>25</sup> No mother but Mother Nature taught him the moves. Yet she was a perfect teacher. Nothing can elude the Rattler's strike. It baffles the eye: lightning is not swifter. Its poison is death to all small creatures when absorbed, and absorbents there are in every creature, all over its body, except on the cheeks and shoulders of a pig. Presenting these then, Foam approached. The Rattler's tail buzzed like a spinner, and his dancing tongue seemed taunting. With a clatter of his ivory knives and a few short, cough-like snorts, the Razor-back replied, and approached guardedly, tempting the snake to strike at its farthest possible range.

<sup>26</sup> Both seemed to know the game, although it must have been equally new to both. The snake knew that his life was at stake.<sup>o</sup> His coils grew tighter yet, his baleful eyes were measuring the foe. A feint,<sup>o</sup> and another, and a counter feint, and then — flash, the poison spear was thrown. To be dodged? No, no creature can dodge it.

<sup>27</sup> Foam felt it sting his cheek, the dreadful yellow spume<sup>o</sup> was splashed on the wound, but only less quick was his sharp up-jerk. His young tusks caught the reptile's throat and tossed it as he had often tossed the duckling, and ere the poison reptile could recover and recoil, the Razor-back was on him, stamping and

snorting. He ripped its belly open, he crushed its head, champing till his face and jaws were frothed, grunting small war-grunts, and rending, nor ceased till all there was left of the death-dealer was evil-smelling rags of scaly flesh ground into the polluted dust.



<sup>28</sup> "Oh, Foam, oh, Foamy, God bless you!" was all Lizette could say. She almost fainted for relief. But now the way was clear. A dozen strokes and she was on the point beside the Boar. Una<sup>o</sup> had found her Lion again.

<sup>29</sup> And Foam, she hardly knew what to think of him. He curveted around her on the sand. She almost expected to see him sicken and fall; then joyfully, thankfully she remembered what her father had told her of the terrors of snake-bite, from which the whole hog race was quite immune.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>30</sup> "I wish I knew how to reward you," she said with simple sincerity. Foam knew, and very soon he let her know: all he asked in return was this:

<sup>31</sup> "You scratch my back."

**boar's crest,**<sup>22</sup> stiff hair on the neck of the wild pig

**feint**<sup>26</sup> (fānt), a pretended attack

**immune**<sup>29</sup> (ĩ mūn'), protected against disease or poison

**instinctive hatred,**<sup>22</sup> hate born in the pig

**life was at stake,**<sup>26</sup> in great danger

**recoil**<sup>22</sup> (rê koil'), spring back

**regardant**<sup>13</sup> (rê gār' dānt), watching

**spit,**<sup>20</sup> a small point of land

**spume**<sup>27</sup> (spūm), froth

**Una**<sup>28</sup> (ũ' nā), a lady in a certain story, always rescued by a lion

6. What different things did Lizette enjoy at Kogar's Creek?  
7. When did her enjoyment stop? Why? 8. Was Lizette prepared to take care of herself? What did she do?

9. Read aloud the sections that describe the fight. 10. What does each word refer to in "rattling, buzzing, banded Death"<sup>21</sup>?  
11. Explain "clatter of ivory knives."<sup>25</sup> 12. Why did the pig not die from the snake-bite? Tell the class the best pig or snake story you have ever heard or read.



13. Class composition: The Autobiography of a Pig. Compose in class the story of Foamy Chops, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. Use ten of the words defined. 14. Read "Rikki-tiki-tavi" in Kipling's *First Jungle Book*. Get the book at the library. 15. Conversation and discussion: (a) How to raise pigs; (b) Poisonous snakes in your community; (c) Should all snakes be killed? Why not?



## CHEATING THE SQUIRRELS

JOHN BURROUGHS



Read the following selection silently as fast as you can,  
but get the meaning of what you read:

<sup>1</sup> **F**OR the largest and finest chestnuts I had last fall I was indebted to the gray squirrels. Walking through the early October woods one day, I came upon a place where the ground was thickly strewn with very large unopened chestnut burs. On examination I found that every bur had been cut square off with about an inch of the stem adhering, and not one had been left on the tree. It was not accident, then, but design. Whose design? The squirrels'. The fruit was the finest I had ever seen in the woods, and some wise squirrel had marked it for his own. The burs were ripe, and had just begun to divide, not "threefold," but fourfold, "to show the fruit within."

<sup>2</sup> The squirrel that had taken all this pains<sup>o</sup> had evidently reasoned with himself thus:

<sup>3</sup> "Now, these are extremely fine chestnuts, and I want them. If I wait till the burs open on the tree

crows and jays will be sure to carry off a great many of the nuts before they fall; then, after the wind has rattled out what remain, there are the mice, the chipmunks, the red squirrels, the raccoons, the grouse, to say nothing of the boys and the pigs, to come in for their share. So I will forestall events<sup>o</sup> a little; I will cut off the burs when they have matured, and a few days of this dry October weather will cause every one of them to open on the ground; I shall be on hand in the nick of time<sup>o</sup> to gather up my nuts."

<sup>4</sup> The squirrel, of course, had to take the chances of a prowler like myself coming along, but he had fairly stolen a march<sup>o</sup> on his neighbors. As I proceeded to collect and open the burs, I was half prepared to hear an audible protest from the trees about, for I constantly fancied myself watched by shy but jealous eyes. It is an interesting inquiry how the squirrel knew the burs would open if left to lie on the ground a few days. Perhaps he did not know, but thought the experiment worth trying.

<sup>5</sup> The gray squirrel is peculiarly an American product, and might serve very well as a national emblem. The Old World can beat us on rats and mice, but we are far ahead on squirrels, having five or six species to Europe's one.

forestall events <sup>3</sup> (fōr stōl'), do something sooner than usual in the nick of time, <sup>3</sup> at the right mo-	ment steal a march, <sup>4</sup> get ahead of take pains, <sup>2</sup> try very hard
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1. Bring a chestnut bur to class and see if it opens "three-fold"<sup>1</sup> or "four-fold."<sup>1</sup> 2. Tell how the squirrel must have reasoned.  
 3. Why did he lose the chestnuts?

4. Conversation and discussion: (a) What you have observed about squirrels; (b) How to tame a squirrel; (c) Is it right to cage a squirrel?

5. Make up a story about the squirrels in the picture.



## THE FROST SPIRIT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Outdoors on some autumn morning have you ever found the gardens blackened as if a flame had scorched them? Over the pond lay a thin glaze; needles of ice shot across the bucket of water at the pump. Or, on some cold winter morning have you ever discovered fairy scenes painted upon the window panes?

Jack Frost has done these things while you slept. Fancy him as a living spirit, flying southward, when cold days come, through snowy Labrador, past Hecla, the volcano of Iceland, down to the land of fields and homes.

How should you know that he has come? The poet tells you. Listen while your teacher reads:

<sup>1</sup> **H**E comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
You may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted<sup>o</sup> fields and the  
brown hill's withered brow,  
He has smitten<sup>o</sup> the leaves of the gray old trees where  
their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have  
shaken them down to earth.

<sup>2</sup> He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
from the frozen Labrador,  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the  
white bear wanders o'er,  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble  
statues grow!

<sup>3</sup> He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
on the rushing Northern blast,<sup>o</sup>  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
fearful breath went past.  
With an unscorched<sup>o</sup> wing he has hurried on, where  
the fires of Hecla<sup>o</sup> glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice  
below.

<sup>4</sup> He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
and the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid<sup>o</sup> touch of his glazing<sup>o</sup> breath, and ring  
to the skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful  
silence pass.

<sup>5</sup> He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!  
Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power  
away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when the firelight  
dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled<sup>o</sup> Fiend<sup>o</sup> as his  
sounding wing goes by!



**baffle** <sup>5</sup> (băf' 'l), defeat, thwart  
**blast** <sup>3</sup> (blăst), violent wind  
**blasted**,<sup>1</sup> withered  
**fiend** <sup>5</sup> (fënd), a cruel foe  
**glazing** <sup>4</sup> (glăz' ing), making like glass

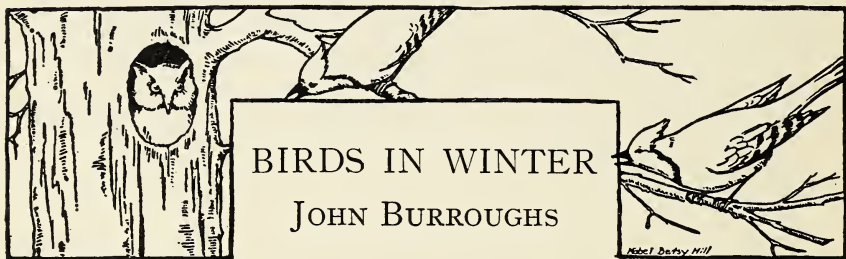
**Hecla** <sup>3</sup> (hëk' lă), a volcano in Iceland  
**smitten** <sup>1</sup> (smīt' 'n), struck  
**torpid** <sup>4</sup> (tôr' pïd), numb, sluggish  
**unscorched** <sup>3</sup> (ün skôrcht'), not burned

1. From whence does the Frost Spirit come? Where does he go? Read the lines that tell you. Which words make him seem alive?  
 2. Show that Wind and Frost Spirit are close pals. Find three expressions that apply to the Wind.

3. If you were painting pictures for the different stanzas what should you put into each? 4. Read aloud the stanza that you like best and tell why you chose it. 5. What can you tell about the words at the ends of the lines? Show what you mean.

6. How cold must it be to freeze? What does the thermometer register to-day? 7. Show how people make use of Frost Spirit in their daily lives. 8. In what different ways can Frost hurt people?

9. Memorize the poem. 10. Read Edith M. Thomas's "The Frost" or Hannah Flagg Gould's "The Frost." 11. Oral or written composition: Frost Spirit tells what happened when he brought the last blizzard.



Read the following selection silently, as fast as you can, but be sure to get the meaning of what you read:

<sup>1</sup> **BIRDS** have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see how soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it be near the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it will alight near it, to make sure he is not deceived; then he will go away, and soon return with a companion. The two alight a few yards from

the bone, and after some delay, during which the vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

<sup>2</sup> One midwinter, I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day one found my corn, and after that several came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

<sup>3</sup> Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes; still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bite of meat that still adhered to them.

<sup>4</sup> "Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you."

<sup>5</sup> I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in an opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me: he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it for some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers

of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then — commonly called the chicken hawk — is as provident as a mouse or a squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need, but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye on him.

<sup>6</sup> An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May or June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket; he is robbing bird's nests and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it; but in the fall none so quick and loud to cry "Thief, thief!" as he. One December morning a troop of jays discovered a little screech-owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree near my house. How they found the owl out is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and crannies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspecting bird had probably entered the cavity prospecting for a place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, and then had rushed out with important news.

<sup>7</sup> A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den when Bruin was at home could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl. At any rate the bluebirds joined the jays in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple-tree. I heard the notes of warning and alarm and approached to within eye-shot.

The bluebirds were cautious and hovered about, uttering their peculiar twittering calls; but the jays were bolder and took turns looking in at the cavity, and deriding the poor, shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole and flirt and peer and attitudinize, and then fly away, crying "Thief, thief, thief!" at the top of his voice.

<sup>8</sup> I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his claws in my forefinger and clung there with a grip that soon grew uncomfortable. I placed him in the loft of an outhouse in hopes of getting better acquainted with him. By day he was a very willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all, even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed, sleepy eyes. But at night what a change; how alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wide, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silently as a shadow, he glided out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps, ere this, has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding-place.

1. Make up six questions to bring out the little stories in this selection. 2. Find pictures of the birds. 3. Write on the black-board what the poet said. Apply that advice to a tree at recess and see what you can find.

4. Conversation and discussion: (a) Other stories about birds; (b) How to observe wild birds; (c) Winter care of birds. 5. Read Burroughs' "Bewildered Blue Birds" and Miller's "The Blue Jay" (Riverside Reader V). 6. Explain the picture on page 64.





## BOBBY THE BABY ROBIN

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

Olive Thorne Miller wanted to know more about our American birds, so she got eight or ten different kinds and put them in a room, each pair in a large cage with the doors open so that they could fly out. The room had three large windows for plenty of sunlight, and a number of perches. Mrs. Miller, through observation, learned how birds behave towards one another, for she would sit for hours in the Bird Room and watch them.

Here is Bobby, the baby robin. Does n't he remind you of a real live boy!

<sup>1</sup> **E**VER since I read somewhere a charming sketch of a tame robin named Bob, all robins have been Bob or Bobby to me, so when a baby of the family came into my Bird Room to spend the winter, his name was all ready for him. Bobby he became from that minute.

<sup>2</sup> That he was a baby I knew partly by his youthful ways, and partly by the fact that he had not entirely put off the spotted bib which marks the infancy of the thrush. He was a knowing youngster, however; he had his own opinions, and never hesitated to speak his mind, though I could not always understand him.

<sup>3</sup> The robin had no notion of losing his interest in life and the world around him because fate had decreed that he should live in a house. On the contrary, he seemed as much interested, and as eager to note the strange

things that went on inside our walls, as we are to observe the manners of the foreign folk whose homes we visit.

<sup>4</sup> The doings of the people thus suddenly become his neighbors he studied with curiosity; but one thing in his new world he was already familiar with, and that was the birds. He realized at once that he must make and keep his place among them, and he proceeded to do this the moment he learned how to go in and out of his own particular apartment in that strange, new place.

<sup>5</sup> He had some difficulty at first, because the door to his cage was rather low, — as cage doors are apt to be, — and he stood up so straight that he passed it forty times before he saw that there was a door.

<sup>6</sup> The part of the room that the robin at once claimed as his own private promenade<sup>o</sup> was across the tops of two large cages which stood side by side on a shelf, — one being his own, — and he made it part of his daily duty to see that no one trespassed upon it. Woe to the unlucky bluebird or oriole who dared set foot on that sacred spot! Down upon him came Master Bobby with fury in his eye, so big and bustling in manner that no one was brave enough to stay and face him.

<sup>7</sup> No one, did I say? I must except one — a little Baltimore oriole, who was ragged and tail-less, but so bold and saucy that I shall tell her story another time.

<sup>8</sup> Another duty the robin took upon himself — to assist me in seeing that every bird in the room had his daily outing. Soon after the cage doors were opened in the morning Bobby looked around, and if he saw any of the feathered folk who lingered by the food-cup he went at once to drive them out.

<sup>9</sup> His manner of effecting this purpose was completely successful. He simply pounced upon the top of a cage, and carried on such pranks over the head of the bird

within that he was glad to fly out and leave the cage to the enemy. The robin cared nothing for the cage, however; he merely wanted to drive its tenant<sup>o</sup> out, and the moment that was done he went his way.

<sup>10</sup> It may appear strange that, being a robin and consequently fond of the ground, Bobby did not lay claim to the floor of his new territory. He did desire to do so, but there was a slight difficulty in the way. Another claimant was ahead of him, and one who looked well able to maintain his ground — a blue jay. Against all others in the room the robin did defend the floor, always rushing up to see what was wanted when any bird ventured to alight on the matting.

<sup>11</sup> The blue jay was too big to take liberties with, and he became an object of the greatest interest to the young robin. The jay was himself little more than a baby, who had lived with people from the nest, and was therefore quite used to a house. In fact, he knew no other home, and Bobby watched everything he did with a sort of admiring awe.

<sup>12</sup> When the blue jay was hopping about the floor, busy with his own affairs, which were always of the utmost importance, in his opinion, the robin often stood on a low table or chair and looked at him, following every movement with deep concern. If the jay devoted himself to some particular thing, like hammering a nut, and went to the round of a chair to do it, his admirer came as near as he thought safe, on the floor, and observed the operation closely.

<sup>13</sup> Sometimes, after looking on for a while, the robin, too, hunted about for a plaything, and brought a match, a pin, or a bit of nutshell that he picked up on the floor, and laid it before the jay, as if to challenge him to a frolic. Whatever was his intention, the jay was far

too busy a personage<sup>o</sup> to play; his life was full of serious duties, and he never accepted the invitation.

<sup>14</sup> One thing the blue jay persisted in doing that was almost too much for Bobby to endure — that was taking his bath first. The two birds used the same broad, shallow dish on the floor; and when the jay got possession, the robin would dance around in a circle, running and hopping as near as he could without being spattered, quite frantic to go in. But his big rival was specially fond of a good soaking himself, and he often kept Bobby waiting some time.

<sup>15</sup> When at last the way was open, Bobby rushed into the water, stepping upon the edge of the dish with one foot, as a human being would do, and taking his turn at a soak. On coming out he fanned himself nearly dry, hopping about the floor and beating violently sometimes one wing, sometimes both wings.

<sup>16</sup> He had, too, a curious fancy for coming upon a small stand near me to dress his plumage.<sup>o</sup> It was not at all a good place, for there was no perch to cling to while he twisted around to plume himself. But it was his choice, and he insisted on coming there, though when he tried to reach his tail feathers his feet slipped and he turned round and round like a kitten chasing its own tail, making a laughable show of himself.

<sup>17</sup> The robin baby, like others of his age, was fond of play. A favorite game was to run across the two cages he considered his own, and, at the end, jump heavily on the paper cover of a smaller cage a foot away. Of course the first bounce sent the owner out in a hurry, and then Bobby ran and jumped till he was tired.

<sup>18</sup> Another way he had of amusing himself was trying to pull out the ends of strings that hung loose where the matting was joined. One of these was always



irresistible to the bird. He seized it in his beak, and pulled and tugged at it so hard that he was often jerked off his feet. The fact that he never got one out did not discourage him in the least; he was always ready to attack another when he found it.

<sup>19</sup> A string was his great delight; he dragged it about, and worried it as he did a worm. It sometimes got him into trouble. On one occasion he found a long piece of thread, and before I noticed him, had so tangled it around one leg and foot that he could not spread his toes, nor, of course, stand on that foot, and he was very much frightened. I could not catch him while he was out in the room without scaring him still more, and he worked at it himself a long time before he went into his cage. As soon as he did that, I caught him and cut off the thread with scissors, though it was so twisted around that I had to cut fifteen or twenty times before it came off.

<sup>20</sup> Bobby showed the common-sense for which his family is noted, by submitting quietly, as soon as he understood that I was trying to help him, and letting that leg hang down, while the other was held up.

<sup>21</sup> A newspaper on the floor always furnished the robin with much entertainment. After jerking it about, and lifting it to peer under the edge, he would pounce into the middle, peck a hole, and then seize the edge of the opening and tear the paper into strips. The tearing sound always startled him and sent him off, — as it does every bird, — but the fun of doing it was so great that he always came back and did it again.

<sup>22</sup> One trouble came into the life of my robin that for weeks made him very unhappy. It was a feather in one wing, of which the feathery part was missing — worn off, apparently. This he plainly considered

a disgrace to any robin, — birds are very sensitive about the condition of their plumage, — and he determined to pull it out. He worked at it many hours, but for some reason could not dislodge it; but he did succeed in making himself very miserable, and I was glad that spring and the time of his freedom was near.

<sup>23</sup> As that magical<sup>o</sup> season came on Bobby grew restless, and worked off his superfluous<sup>o</sup> energy on his roommates. He chased the birds about; he made war on a shy tanager; he performed war dances on the cages; he tried to put an end to all quiet life.

<sup>24</sup> In fact, he became so troublesome in my little colony that I was glad, on the first warm day, to take the robin — a baby no longer — out to the country and bid him farewell.

**magical**<sup>23</sup> (mäj' ĭ käl), producing  
wonderful things

**personage**<sup>13</sup> (pûr' sŭn äj), an im-  
portant person

**plumage**<sup>16</sup> (plōom' äj), feathers

**promenade**<sup>6</sup> (pröm' ě näd'), a  
walk

**superfluous**<sup>23</sup> (sŭ pûr' flōō ŭs), more  
than is wanted

**tenant**<sup>9</sup> (tĕn' änt), an occupant

1. Write on the board the names of the birds in the Bird Room. What does each bird look like? 2. How did the Bird Woman know that Bobby was a baby robin? 3. Show that he was curious, bossy, proud and vain, friendly, admiring, sensible, and playful. Tell a little story for each. 4. Why is spring called the "magical season"<sup>23</sup>?

5. Use the above words in sentences about the Bird Room.

6. Let twelve pupils read the selection aloud in relay, while the class listen with books closed.

7. Which birds make the best pets? 8. What interesting things have you seen a bird do? 9. Which birds are destructive? Which are helpful?

10. Draw and color pictures of the robin, the tanager, the blue jay, or the oriole. 11. Which paragraphs are illustrated in the picture?

12. Get *True Bird Stories* at the library and read "The Saucy Oriole" and "The Droll Tanager." 13. Read Miller's "Education of the Bird" (Riverside Reader IV).

14. Conversation and discussion: Different ways to make a bird-house. 15. Begin making bird-houses for an exhibit in January.

THE SONG-SPARROW<sup>+</sup>

HENRY VAN DYKE

As your teacher reads the poem aloud, see if you can find out why Henry van Dyke, from all the many birds in our country, would choose this little song-sparrow to be his "comrade everywhere."

<sup>1</sup> **T**HERE is a bird I know so well,  
It seems as if he must have sung  
Beside my crib when I was young;  
Before I knew the way to spell  
The name of even the smallest bird,  
His gentle-joyful song I heard.  
Now see if you can tell, my dear,  
What bird it is that, every year,  
Sings "*Sweet – sweet – sweet – very merry cheer.*"

<sup>2</sup> He comes in March, when winds are strong,  
And snow returns to hide the earth;  
But still he warms his heart with mirth,  
And waits for May. He lingers long  
While flowers fade; and every day  
Repeats his small, contented lay;<sup>o</sup>  
As if to say, we need not fear  
The season's change, if love is here  
With "*Sweet – sweet – sweet – very merry cheer.*"

<sup>3</sup> He does not wear a Joseph's-coat  
Of many colors, smart and gay;  
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,  
With darker patches at his throat.  
And yet of all the well-dressed throng  
No one can sing so brave a song.

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<sup>+</sup> From *Poems*, copyright, 1911. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

It makes the pride of looks appear  
 A vain and foolish thing, to hear  
 His "*Sweet – sweet – sweet – very merry cheer.*"

i A lofty place he does not love,  
 But sits by choice, and well at ease,  
 In hedges, and in little trees  
 That stretch their slender arms above  
 The meadow-brook; and there he sings  
 Till all the field with pleasure rings;  
 And so he tells in every ear,  
 That lowly homes to heaven are near  
 In "*Sweet – sweet – sweet – very merry cheer.*"

5 I like the tune, I like the words;  
 They seem so true, so free from art,<sup>o</sup>  
 So friendly, and so full of heart,  
 That if but one of all the birds  
 Could be my comrade everywhere,  
 My little brother of the air,  
 I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,  
 Because he'd bless me, every year,  
 With "*Sweet – sweet – sweet – very merry cheer.*"

art,<sup>5</sup> here means pretending | lay,<sup>2</sup> a song

1. Which birds do you know by name? Describe them. Which wear "coats of many colors"? Which are quietly dressed? 2. Where should you look for the song-sparrow? 3. Why does the poet like him?

4. Select a stanza and practice reading it aloud to make the last line sound like a bird's song. 5. Which stanza do you like best?

6. If the song-sparrow were changed to a little girl, how would she be dressed, where would she live, and how would she talk and behave? Quote to prove your points. 7. Give an example to show that the saying, "Appearances are deceiving," is true of animals.

8. Memorize the poem. 9. Get Olive Thorne Miller's *True Bird Stories* at the library and read the story of "Blizzard." 10. Make a Bird Calendar. (Manual.) 11. Oral or written composition: Tell which bird you would like for your "little brother of the air."



# THE · WORKADAY · WORLD



## FARMYARD SONG

J. T. TROWBRIDGE



There are always many things for boys and girls to do on a farm, but these are pleasant things, going over the hills after the cows, into the cool, dusky barn for eggs, or out into the barnyard at sundown to milk the cows. "Bossy" is the pet name for these patient animals, so that's why the milkmaid quiets them with her "S—o, Boss! S—o! S—o!"

Pretend to be the farm-boy, the farmer, or the milkmaid, as they gather together after supper. It will make you want to go for a *real* visit to a farm. Read silently:

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,  
His shadow lengthens along the land,  
A giant staff in a giant hand;  
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,  
The katydid° begins to sing;  
The early dews are falling; —  
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;  
The swallows skim the river's brink;  
And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,  
Cheerily calling, —  
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"  
Farther, farther over the hill,  
Faintly calling, calling still, —  
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

2      Into the yard the farmer goes,  
With grateful heart, at the close of day;  
Harness and chain are hung away;  
In the wagon-shed stand yoke° and plow;  
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,  
    The cooling dews are falling; —  
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,°  
The pigs come grunting to his feet,  
The whinnying° mare her master knows,  
When into the yard the farmer goes,  
    His cattle calling, —  
    “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”  
While still the cow-boy far away,  
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —  
    “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

3      Now to her task the milkmaid goes.  
The cattle come crowding through the gate,  
Lowing,° pushing, little and great;  
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,  
The frolicsome° yearlings° frisk and jump,  
    While the pleasant dews are falling; —  
The new-milch° heifer° is quick and shy,  
But the old cow waits with tranquil° eye;  
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,  
When to her task the milkmaid goes,  
    Soothingly° calling, —  
    “So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”  
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,  
    Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

4      To supper at last the farmer goes.  
The apples are pared, the paper read,

The stories are told, then all to bed.  
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless<sup>o</sup> song  
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;  
     The heavy dew's are falling.  
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock;  
 Drowsily<sup>o</sup> ticks the kitchen clock;  
 The household sinks to deep repose;  
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes  
     Singing, calling, —  
     "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"  
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,  
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,  
     Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

**bleat**<sup>2</sup> (blēt), noise of a sheep  
**ceaseless**<sup>4</sup> (sēs' lēss), without stop-  
     ping  
**drowsily**<sup>4</sup> (drou' zī lī), sleepily  
**frolisome**<sup>3</sup> (fröl' ik sūm), full of  
     fun  
**heifer**<sup>3</sup> (hēf' ēr), a young cow  
**katydid**<sup>1</sup> (kā' tī dīd'), a large green  
     insect that makes a sound like  
     "Katy did!"

**lowing**<sup>3</sup> (lō' ing), mooing  
**milch**<sup>3</sup> (mīlch), giving milk  
**soothingly**<sup>3</sup> (sōōth ing lī), softly  
**tranquil**<sup>3</sup> (trān' kwīl), quiet  
**whinnying**<sup>2</sup> (hwīn' ī ing), neighing  
**yearling**<sup>3</sup> (yēr' ling), an animal in  
     its second year  
**yoke**<sup>2</sup> (yōk), frame of wood by  
     which oxen are joined at the heads  
     to work together

1. Sum up each stanza in a few words. Write on the blackboard the ones that the class select as best.

2. Read aloud the stanza that makes the best picture and tell why you choose it. 3. What makes the poem good for reading aloud? Practice reading it to bring out the pictures and the call at the end of each stanza. What does "co'" stand for?

4. What makes the boy's shadow "lengthen along the land"? Draw a picture to show it. 5. What should you like best to do on a farm? Why? 6. Compare this evening on the farm with an evening in a city home.

7. Find magazine or newspaper pictures to illustrate some line in the poem. Vote on the best. 8. Oral or written composition: A visit to the country (or the city, if you live on a farm) — (a) What you saw, or (b) What you did. (Manual.) 9. Memorize your favorite stanza. See who brings out the pictures and the refrain the best. 10. Have a Harvest Home program. (Manual.)

## HOW KID GLOVES ARE MADE

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

In olden days a cobbler made a pair of shoes all by himself. To-day shoes are manufactured by large factories in vast numbers, different workmen making each separate part and others putting them together. This division of labor has come into the making of almost every article.

As you read silently this account of glove-making, observe the changes from the old to the new methods:

## I. HOW THE FIRST GLOVES WERE MADE

<sup>1</sup> THERE is an old proverb which says, "For a good glove, Spain must dress° the leather, France must cut it, and England must sew it." Many pairs of most excellent gloves have never seen any one of these countries, but the moral of the proverb remains, namely, that it takes considerable work and care to make a really good glove.

<sup>2</sup> The first gloves made in the United States were of thick buckskin, for there was much heavy work to be done in the forest and on the land. The skin was tanned in Indian fashion, by rubbing into the flesh side the brains of the deer — though how the Indians ever thought of using them is a mystery. Later, the white folk tried to tan with pigs' brains; but however valuable the brains of a pig may be to himself, they do not contain the properties of soda ash which made those of the deer useful for this purpose.

<sup>3</sup> Years ago, when a man set out to manufacture gloves, usually only a few dozen pairs, he cut out a pattern from a shingle° or a piece of pasteboard, laid



it upon a skin, marked around it, and cut it out with shears. Pencils were not common, but the glove-maker was fully equal to making his own. He melted some lead, ran it into a crack in the kitchen floor — and cracks were plentiful — and then used this “plummet,” as it was called, for a marker. After cutting the large piece for the front and back of the glove, he cut out from the scraps remaining the “fourchettes,”<sup>o</sup> or *forks*; that is, the narrow strips that make the sides of the fingers. Smaller scraps were put in to welt<sup>o</sup> the seams; and all this went off in great bundles to farmhouses to be sewed by the farmers’ wives and daughters for the earning of pin-money.

<sup>4</sup> If the gloves were to be the most genteel<sup>o</sup> members of the buckskin race, there was added to the bundle a skein of silk, with which a slender vine was to be worked on the back of the hand. The sewing was done with a needle three-sided at the point, and a stout waxed thread was used. A needle of this sort went in more easily than a round one, but even then it was rather wearisome to push it through three thicknesses of stout buckskin. If the sewer happened to take hold of the needle too near the point, the sharp edges were likely to make little cuts in her fingers.

<sup>5</sup> After a while sewing machines were invented, and factories were built, and now in a single county of the state of New York many thousand people are at work making various kinds of leather coverings for their own hands and those of other folk. Better methods of tanning have been discovered, and many sorts of leather are now used, especially for the heavier gloves. Deer are not so common as they used to be, and a “buckskin” glove is quite likely to have been made of the hide of a cow or a horse. “Kid” generally comes

from the body of a sheep instead of that of a young goat. Our best real kidskin comes from a certain part of France, where the climate seems to be just suited to the young kids, there is plenty of the food that they like, and, what is fully as important, they receive the best of care. It is said that to produce the very finest kidskin, the kids are fed on nothing but milk, are treated with the utmost gentleness, and are kept in coops or pens carefully made so that there shall be nothing to scratch their tender skins.

<sup>6</sup> Glovemakers are always on the lookout for new kinds of material, and when, not many years ago, there came from Arabia with a shipment of Mocha<sup>o</sup> coffee two bales<sup>o</sup> of an unknown sort of skin, they were eager to try it. It tanned well and made a glove that has been a favorite from the first. The skin was found to come from a sheep living in Arabia, Abyssinia, and near the headwaters of the river Nile. It was named Mocha from the coffee with which it came, and Mocha it has been ever since. The Suède<sup>o</sup> glove has a surface much like that of the Mocha. Its name came from "Swede," because the Swedes first used the skin with the outside in.

**bale** <sup>6</sup> (bāl), a package of goods

**dress**, <sup>1</sup> prepare

**fourchette** <sup>3</sup> (fōōr' shēt'), narrow strip

**genteel** <sup>4</sup> (jēn tēl'), refined

**Mocha** <sup>6</sup> (mō' kā), soft leather

**shingle** <sup>3</sup> (shīŋ' g'l), a thin board

**Suède** <sup>6</sup> (swād), undressed leather

**welt** <sup>3</sup> (wēlt), strengthen the seam

1. Outline on the board for the first glove-making: (a) materials; (b) workers; (c) place of working; (d) tanning; and (e) sewing.
2. Discuss later glove-making in the same way.

3. How did the colonists make patterns? 4. Tell about kid, Mocha, and suède. 5. Explain the proverb about gloves.

## II. MODERN GLOVE-MAKING

<sup>7</sup> **M**OST of our thinner "kid" gloves are made of lambskin; but dressing the skins is now done so skill-

fully in this country that "homemade" gloves are in many respects fully as good as the imported; indeed, some judges declare that in shape and stitching certain grades are better. When sheepskins and lambskins come to market from a distance, they are salted. They have to be soaked in water, all bits of flesh scraped off, and the hair removed, generally by the use of lime. After another washing, they are put into alum and salt for a few minutes; and after this is washed off, they are dried, stretched, and then are ready for the softening. Nothing has been found that will soften the skins so perfectly as a mixture of flour, salt, and the yolk of eggs — "custard," as the workmen call it. The custard and the skins are tumbled together into a great iron drum<sup>o</sup> which revolves till the custard has been absorbed and the skins are soft and yielding. Now they are stretched one way and another, and wet so thoroughly that they lose all the alum and salt that may be left and also much of the custard.

<sup>8</sup> Now comes dyeing. The skin is laid upon a table, smooth side up, and brushed over several times with the coloring matter; very lightly, however, for if the coloring goes through the leather, the hands of the customers may be stained and they will buy no more gloves of that make. The skins are now moistened and rolled and left for several weeks to season. When they are unrolled, the whole skin is soft and pliable.<sup>o</sup> It is thick, however, and no one who is not an expert can thin it properly. The process is called "mooning" because the knife used is shaped like a crescent moon. It is flat, its center is cut out, and the outer edge is sharpened. Over the inner curve is a handle. The skin is hung on a pole, and the expert workman draws the mooning knife down it until any bit of dried flesh

remaining has been removed, and the skin is of the same thickness, or, rather, thinness throughout.

<sup>9</sup> All this slow, careful work is needed to prepare the skin for cutting out the glove; and now it goes to the cutter. There is no longer any cutting out of gloves with shears and pasteboard patterns, but there is a quick way and a slow way nevertheless. The man who cuts in the quick way, the "block-cutter," as he is called, spreads out the skin on a big block made by bolting together planks of wood with the grain running up and down. He places a die in the shape of the glove upon the leather, gives one blow with a heavy maul,<sup>o</sup> and the glove is cut out.

<sup>10</sup> This answers very well for the cheaper and coarser gloves, but to cut fine gloves is quite a different matter. This needs skill, and it is said that no man can do good "table-cutting" who has not had at least three years' experience; and even then he may not be able to do really first-class work. He dampens the skin, stretches it first one way and then the other, and examines it closely for flaws or scratches or weak places. He must put on his die<sup>o</sup> in such a way as to get two pairs of ordinary gloves or one pair of "elbow gloves" out of the skin if possible, and yet he must avoid the poor places if there are any. No glove manufacturer can afford to employ an unskilled or careless cutter, for he will waste much more than his wages amount to. There used to be one die for the right hand and another for the left, and it was some time before it occurred to any one that the same die would cut both gloves if only the skin was turned over.

<sup>11</sup> Now comes the sewing. Count the pieces in a glove, and this will give some idea of the work needed to sew them together. Notice that the fourchettes are



sewed together on the wrong side, the other seams on the right side, and that the tiny bits of facing and lining are hemmed down by hand. Notice that two of the fingers have only one fourchette, while the others have two fourchettes each. Notice how neatly the ends of the fingers are finished, with never an end of thread left on the right side. The embroidery must be in exactly the right place, and it must be fastened firmly at both ends. This embroidery is not a meaningless fashion, for the lines make the hand look much more slender and of a better shape. Sewing in the thumbs needs special care and skill. There must be no puckering, and the seam must not be so tightly drawn as to leave a red line on the hand when the glove is taken off.

<sup>12</sup> No one person does all the sewing on a glove; it must pass through a number of hands, each doing a little. Even after all the care that is given it, a glove is a shapeless thing when it comes from the sewing machines. It is now carried to a room where stands a long table with a rather startling row of brass hands of different sizes stretching up from it. These are heated, the gloves are drawn on, and in a moment they have shape and finish, — ready to be inspected and sold.

<sup>13</sup> The glove is so closely associated with the hand and with the person to whom the hand belongs that in olden times it was looked upon as representing him. When, for instance, a fair could not be opened without the presence of some noble, it was enough if he sent his glove to represent him. To throw down one's glove before a man was to challenge him to a combat. At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, as of many other sovereigns of England, the "Queen's champion," a knight in full armor, rode into the great hall and threw down his glove, crying, "If there be any manner of

man that will say and maintain that our sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth, is not the rightful and undoubted inheritrix<sup>o</sup> to the imperial crown of this realm of England, I say he lieth like a false traitor, and therefore I cast him my gage."<sup>o</sup>

**die** <sup>10</sup> (dī), the cutter  
**drum** <sup>7</sup> (drūm), a revolving bar-  
 rel  
**gage** <sup>13</sup> (gāj), defiance

**inheritrix** <sup>13</sup> (in hēr' ī trīks), an heir-  
 ess  
**maul** <sup>9</sup> (môl), a heavy hammer  
**pliable** <sup>8</sup> (plī' á b'l), easily bent

6. Bring a glove to class and observe the number and shape of the pieces in it. 7. When are the two methods of cutting used? 8. How can one die cut two gloves? 9. Give three historical uses of gloves.

10. While the class listen let six different pupils read aloud the paragraphs that describe the stages in making gloves. Let another pupil retell the contents of each paragraph.

11. Write on the board a list of the different workmen employed in making one pair of gloves. 12. What qualities should these workmen have? 13. If the color of the glove rubs off on the hand, when worn, or if the glove is too tight at the thumb, whose fault is it? 14. Conversation and discussion: Division of labor in (a) building a house, (b) feeding a city, and (c) making a book.



## AGNESE AND HER FRUIT-STAND<sup>+</sup>

ANGELA M. KEYES



For a long time it was thought that business had to be ugly, just because it was business. To-day, however, men and women are trying to bring beauty into their work. Store windows are made as beautiful as possible. Counters are spread with goods, arranged in as beautiful a way as the clerk can arrange them. The person who knows how to bring beauty into his work is helping others and helping himself, for he is giving enjoyment.

Here is the story of Agnese,<sup>o</sup> an Italian woman who had a fruit-stand. Was she giving pleasure to others? Was she giving pleasure to herself? How was she different from you? Think of these questions as you read silently:

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## I. WHAT EVERYBODY THOUGHT OF AGNESE

<sup>1</sup> The children all knew Italian Agnese and called her by name. The reason they knew her was that she kept a fruit-stand, and was blind. Besides, she had the cunningest, fat, black-eyed, crowing baby on the block; and she had a machine for roasting peanuts. The baby's father was dead, poor little one; but for that the children petted him the more. And the reason they called her by name was that everybody did.

<sup>2</sup> Her fruit-stand was on the corner of a dirty city street. But it made up for the dirt. It was lovely to the eye, sweet to the nose, and it made the mouth water.

<sup>3</sup> Even the grown-ups noticed it. The Irish milkman, who passed it on his way home every morning, would call out to Agnese: "The top o' the marnin' to ye. It's yersel' that kin make it as purty as a picter. How is that black-eyed rogue?"

Agnese in great delight would point out the milkman to the baby. And the baby would gurgle and crow.

<sup>4</sup> The baker's wife next door would catch sight of the stand as she piled hot, fresh-smelling loaves in the window. And she would come to the door to say, "Ach! it does mine heart goot to see it so neat!"

<sup>5</sup> The poet in the house across the street would call out from his window perch in a hall bedroom five flights up, "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The shabby artist in the velvet coat would stop before it and thrust his hands into his pockets, for he was hungry. "How she mixes the colors!" he would exclaim. "Thy mother, bambino,<sup>o</sup> can make the beautiful!"

<sup>6</sup> No one but the children, though, said anything about Agnese's blind eyes. And they said the most charming things. They admired the fruit too.

<sup>7</sup> One morning Auguste, Katherine, and Lucy were at last up in time to see Agnese get her stand ready for the day. It was so early that the baker's shop had not yet opened, except in the cellar, where the ovens are. The Irish milkman was still on his rounds, leaving a trail of bottles of milk behind him. The poet and the artist were abed, dreaming.

<sup>8</sup> "Good-morning, Agnese," sang out the children, as soon as her cart was near enough.

"Good-morning, my early birds," she called back at once. "You will catch not one worm in my fruit. I have brought back the soundest in the market," she laughed, showing her pretty white teeth.

<sup>9</sup> The cart drew up at the corner. The children saw that it was bulging<sup>o</sup> with fruit. Agnese threw the reins over the horse's back and stepped lightly down.

"How well you drive, Agnese," said Auguste. "You do not need eyes to see which way to go! You could be a coachman instead of a fruit lady."

"Ah, it is my old horse knows every step of the way, and obeys my lightest pull on the rein." Agnese patted the horse's nose and fed him a lump of sugar from a gay pocket hanging at her belt.

<sup>10</sup> "Now," she cried, bustling about, "I must take out the best and sweetest cherry first." And out she lifted her baby, cradle and all. With a finger on her lip, not to wake him, she gave them a peep. There he lay as snug as the richest baby in bed at home.

"He's fast asleep, the dear little ducky," whispered Lucy.

"Look at his fist," said Auguste. "We'd better not wake him. He may give us a punch."

Agnese set the cradle safely away. Then she was ready for the fruit-stand.



<sup>11</sup> "May we help you unload the wagon?" asked Katherine. "We will be very careful."

"Yes, and we will do everything you tell us, dear Agnese," said Lucy.

"We will not eat even one grape," said Auguste.

"Ah, it is very glad, indeed, I am, to have your help," cried Agnese, "for the stable boy will soon come for the horse and cart. And before we begin I shall give each of you the very juiciest pear I can find."

The children all said together that she must not do any such thing. They said they would not take it. But when they saw that she really wished them to have the pears, they ate them down to the very stems. I'm not sure that Auguste did not eat stem and all.

<sup>12</sup> "How clever you are, Agnese," said Katherine, as she finished the last delicious<sup>o</sup> bit. "You did not see the pears to pick them out."

"What a goose I'd be," laughed Agnese, "to give you bananas in mistake. Have n't I a nose that can tell a pear from a banana? Besides, — and this is how I tell most things, — have n't I my hands to touch them? I can feel their smooth skins and the neck on them. I'm not clever."

"Well," said Auguste, "some people with noses and hands and eyes are very stupid. I know a boy —"

"Tut, tut," said Agnese, "to work, to work!"

**Agnese** (ăg' nēz), Agnes

**bambino** <sup>5</sup> (băm bē' nō), Italian for  
baby

**bulging** <sup>9</sup> (bŭl' jĭng), swelling

**delicious** <sup>12</sup> (dē lish' ūs), tasting  
good

1. Find the different things that people said about Agnese and her stand. 2. Who liked her? Why? 3. How can Agnese do these things when she is blind? 4. Why are the poet and the artist such dreamers? 5. What is a "peanut machine"? <sup>11</sup>

6. Read aloud the paragraph that you like the best. Tell why you like it.



<sup>13</sup> YOU should have seen Agnese prepare the fruit-stand. When all the baskets were laid on the sidewalk, she uncovered the stand and touched it lightly with her fingers.

"Ah, the wicked dust has got in again. I drove him out before I left. I'll banish him." She brought out a stiff cloth and did.

<sup>14</sup> "Now," she said, "for our fruit. The apples may have their cheeks polished, but the pears I must rub only gently, not to crack their skins. None but fruit good at the heart shall go on my stand. I shall try you over again, sirs, before I let you pass," said she, with a nod of her shining black head.

<sup>15</sup> That was the best of Agnese, she could play a game. She held each apple and pear in her hand to weigh it, and felt it over with her fingers for bad spots.

And what wonderful things she made!

When she had piled up the last pear and stuck a piece of brown stem in the top, she stepped back for the children to see.

"Why, Agnese, you've built up a big golden pear!" cried Lucy. "Is n't it beautiful?"

<sup>16</sup> "Ha, you like it?" said Agnese, well pleased. "See what I make of the apples," said she.

The children watched breathlessly as she polished and piled one round layer of red and yellow apples on top of another. She had n't gone far up when they burst out together, "It's a round tower."

"So it is," she said; "I know some children who are the clever ones."

Up and up she went. On the very top she placed a green branch. It waved in the morning breeze.

<sup>17</sup> "You do make the most beautiful things, Agnese," said Lucy.

"I am sure you are an artist," said Katherine.

"Ha," said Agnese, in high good humor; "what fun to be a fruit lady and a coachman and now an artist."

<sup>18</sup> "Is n't it a pity the tower must come down as you sell the apples?" said Auguste.

"But what would the bambino do for food and clothing if his mother sold no fruit and made no pennies?" cried Agnese. "I know I shall have an empty fruit-stand this evening. Am I not taking pains with it to please some little friends of mine?"

The children laughed with pleasure.

"Of course," said Auguste, "you might play war, and pretend that the buyers are the enemy. They are paying you to take down the walls of the tower and let out the prisoners."

"Bravo!" said Agnese, "that will be fun. Play war is much better than real war."

<sup>19</sup> "Let me see now what else I have," said she, feeling the fruit. "Ah, you are round and firm, with soft down<sup>o</sup> on your cheek. I must not brush that off. I know you, my beauties; you are my downy peaches. And these soft ones in the next basket, not so large and round, but so cool to my touch, are my lovely dark purple plums. There is a downy bloom on them, too, that I must not brush off."

"Not one mistake, Agnese," cried the children.

<sup>20</sup> "But my examination is not over," said Agnese, pretending at once they were examining her. "Let me try to name every one. Perhaps I may miss."

"Not you," said Auguste. "You will get one hundred per cent."

"These heavy bunches are the grapes. They were plucked this very morning, the dew is still on them," said Agnese. "I must not dry them. The long ones are the white ones and the round ones the purple. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes," cried the children, "you have n't missed."

<sup>21</sup> "Ah," said she, passing her hand quickly from one basket to another, "and now I come to grapefruit,<sup>o</sup> oranges, and lemons."

"Oh, those will be hard to tell apart; do not miss, dear Agnese," cried Lucy anxiously.

"Huh!" said Auguste, "of course she won't." But he, too, bent over a little anxiously.

You should have seen the fun in Agnese's face! She put out her hand, then drew it back, and wrinkled her forehead.

Katherine saw through her. "You are only making-believe," she cried. "Time is up. You must tell at once."

"Well," said Agnese, "I hope I shall not miss. My nose shall not help me," she said, holding it with one hand. "These round heavy fellows with the smooth skin are — grapefruit."

"Good for you!" cried Auguste, waving his cap.

"And these smaller round fellows with rougher skins are — oranges."

"Right!" shrieked Lucy, clapping her hands.

"And these with the round knobs at one end of them are — are —"

"Don't miss, dear, dear Agnese," begged Katherine. "I think you should let your nose help you."

"No, no," cried Agnese, pinching it together more tightly. "They are — lemons!"



"One hundred per cent!" cried the children. "Hurrah for Agnese!"

<sup>22</sup> "The bananas are very easy," said she, "they won't count. And here are nuts," running her fingers through them. "I know them too. Here are those two-sided rough butternuts with the round, curved backs between. Here are peanuts like little fat ladies without head or feet, and tied in the middle."

The children chuckled<sup>o</sup> at that.

"Must I prove that I know the rest?" asked Agnese.

"No, no," they said, "we'll give you a hundred per cent on the nuts, and on the dates and figs too."

<sup>23</sup> Well, after that Agnese worked like a beaver.<sup>o</sup> And whenever she could, she made what the children asked for.

She built the peaches up into a rosy pyramid<sup>o</sup> with fresh green leaves between every two layers. At the other end of the stand she heaped a small mountain of grapefruit, oranges, and lemons, with a path made of nuts. In the center she placed the brown block of dates.

"That's a house in the valley," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes," said Auguste; "and because a band of robbers lives in the mountains, the people get in and out by a hidden door underground."

"That's the reason, too, that the house has no windows," said Katherine.

"Of course," said Auguste.

While they were talking Agnese did something to the house that left the children speechless with delight. She topped it with a pointed roof of figs.

<sup>24</sup> As soon as Lucy could get her breath she cried, "I almost wish *I* were blind, Agnese!"

"Oh, no," said Agnese quickly, "keep those gray eyes of yours open to the light."

"Why, Agnese, how do you know they are gray?"

"Is n't your name Lucy?" asked Agnese.

"Agnese, you *are* clever, no matter what you say," said Auguste.

<sup>25</sup> Well, such a success as that fruit-stand was! Every child for blocks around came to buy. And as for the grown-ups, they praised Agnese and the baby so much, although all he did was to crow at it, that Agnese was happier than a queen with a golden crown on her head.

<sup>26</sup> "Sure it's an architec'° yer mother is, ye black-eyed rogue," said the Irish milkman.

"Ach, mein friend," said the baker's wife, throwing up her hands, "you have the talent!"

"I shall make a beautiful story in verse out of it," cried out the poet, seizing a pen. "It will make my fortune."

"Ah," said the artist, "little bambino, thy mother has a very pretty fancy. See that later on thou carve a statue of her in fine marble."

<sup>27</sup> The baby did not understand a word that he said. But the mother cried, "Oh, I have great hopes of him; his grandfather was a sculptor."

It was the children's praise that Agnese liked best. "Is n't Agnese wonderful?" they said to one another. "She does not need eyes. She can make anything with her thoughts and her fingers."

**architect** <sup>26</sup> (är' kī tēkt), a person skilled in planning buildings

**chuckled** <sup>22</sup> (chūk' l'd), laughed down,<sup>19</sup> something fuzzy

**grapefruit**,<sup>21</sup> a round yellow fruit

larger than an orange

**pyramid** <sup>23</sup> (pīr' ā mīd), something rising to a point. (Picture, dictionary)

**work like a beaver**,<sup>23</sup> work hard

7. Describe, step by step, how Agnese arranged her fruit-stand. Which do you think was the prettiest thing? 8. Why should you like to buy fruit from her? 9. Could you pass an examination on fruits and nuts if you were blindfolded? 10. Draw a peanut as Agnese described it. 11. Does the milkman mean *architect* <sup>26</sup>?

12. Why was Agnese able to do wonderful things with her hands? 13. Think of something that you could make if you had the *thought* and your *fingers*.<sup>27</sup> 14. Conversation and discussion: (a) How the blind are taught; (b) Where fruits and nuts come from. 15. Read "A Square Deal" in the Fourth Reader.

## A RIDDLE

HANNAH MORE

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm old,  
 I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.  
 Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;  
 Though blind, I enlighten;<sup>o</sup> though loose, I am bound,  
 I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;  
 I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light —  
 In form too I differ, — I'm thick and I'm thin,  
 I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;  
 I've more points than the compass, more stops<sup>o</sup> than  
     the flute;  
 I sing without voice, without speaking confute.<sup>o</sup>  
 I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm  
     Dutch;  
 Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;  
 I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,  
 And no monarch alive has so many pages.<sup>o</sup>

**confute** (kõn füt'), argue  
**enlighten**, instruct  
**pages**, boys who serve at court

**stops**, something that shuts the  
     hole in a flute to change the  
     sound

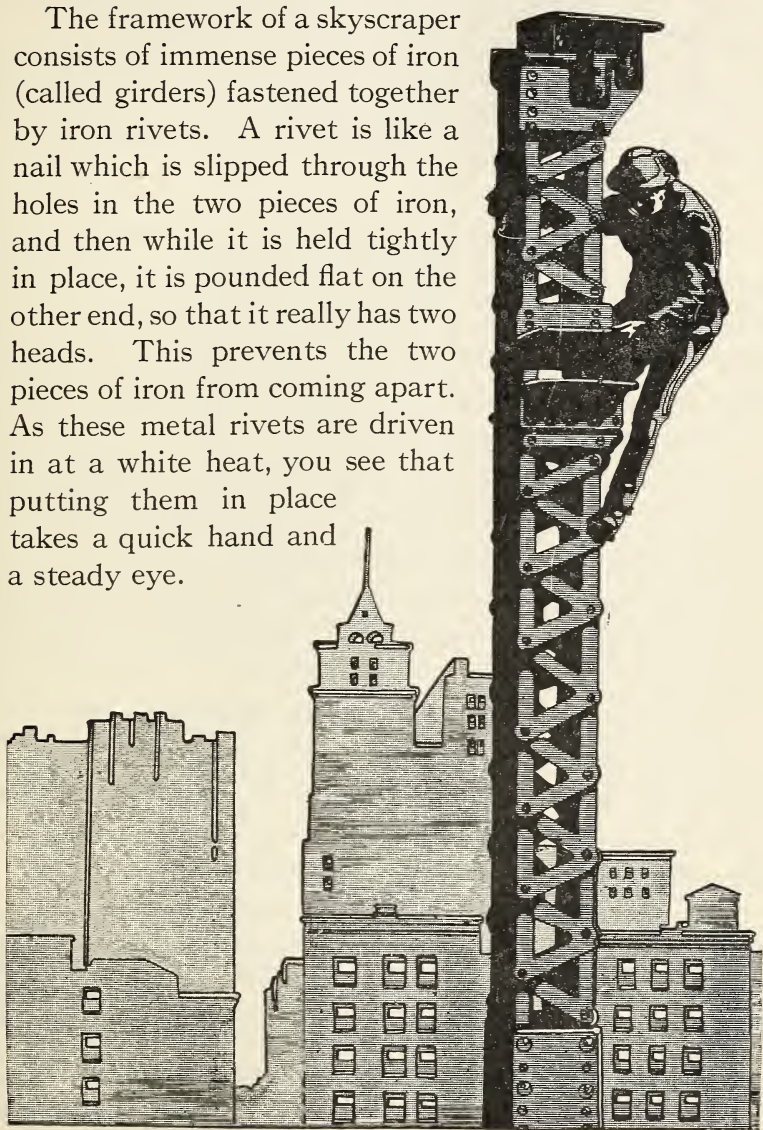
1. After you have guessed this riddle, take each line separately and show that it is true.

## THE "BUCKAROO"

ALBERT W. TOLMAN

Have you seen a skyscraper?

The framework of a skyscraper consists of immense pieces of iron (called girders) fastened together by iron rivets. A rivet is like a nail which is slipped through the holes in the two pieces of iron, and then while it is held tightly in place, it is pounded flat on the other end, so that it really has two heads. This prevents the two pieces of iron from coming apart. As these metal rivets are driven in at a white heat, you see that putting them in place takes a quick hand and a steady eye.





This story tells how one of the seven men of the riveting crew played a heroic part in building a skyscraper. Heroic deeds like this are done repeatedly by brave workmen who stick to their jobs in the face of unexpected danger. The secret of team work in building is that each man does just what he is expected to do — an intelligent division of labor builds the immense structure.

As you read the story silently, think of the following questions: Who form the riveting crew? What nickname does each have? What is his part of the work?

<sup>1</sup> **T**HE steel skeleton of the thirty-story "skyscraper" was two-thirds up. On the twentieth floor stood a big derrick, worked by a donkey engine one story below and used to hoist the long, heavy girders into place. The walls were finished up to the sixteenth floor.

<sup>2</sup> The men had already been at work two hours on a hot morning in August. Chris Sargent, "heater boy" of the riveting crew on the seventeenth floor, plucked a red-hot rivet from the forge with his tongs.

"Say, Jim," he said to Llewellyn, the sub-foreman, or "straw boss," "what do you make of Dan's new buckaroo?"

Dan Thompson was "gun man"; he ran the riveting machine that was clanging away on a column at the front of the building. His "buckaroo," Millard Kent, was the man who held up the rivets to be driven in. He had joined the crew that morning.

Sargent skillfully tossed the heated rivet fifty feet to Tom Kennedy, the "sticker boy," who stood with Thompson and Kent on the stage that swung three feet below the floor. Kennedy caught it in his bucket, picked it out with his tongs and thrust it into the hole. The buckaroo held his dolly bar firm against the head of

it, and Thompson drove the other end up with his riveting machine.

<sup>3</sup> Llewellyn watched the new man critically.

"Smarter than a steel trap," he admitted. "Mighty unlucky that Brown hurt his hand last Saturday! I'm afraid by the time it gets well this fellow'll have his feet planted so solid that he can't be shaken off. Brown's run into some pretty hard luck this year. With his boy in the hospital, he's simply *got* to have this job back again. I'll go over and see what I can find out."

<sup>4</sup> He walked over to the swing staging.

"Hired for long?" he asked Kent.

Kent had sombre° black eyes and a strong jaw. He looked at the boss for a moment and then shook his head.

Another rivet clinked into Kennedy's bucket and again the "gun" clattered. Llewellyn scowled at the buckaroo. When silence came, he spoke again.

"I asked you if you were hired for long?"

A second time Kent shook his head. Whirling angrily on his heel, the foreman walked back to the forge.

"Won't talk!" he growled to Sargent. "Guess he's ashamed to. Looks to me like a clear case of trying to steal a sick man's job. Brown's too good a fellow to be crowded out like this, and I won't see it done, if I can help it. Unless I'm mistaken, that fellow will soon find these diggings too hot to hold him."

<sup>5</sup> The news passed quickly and quietly over the open floor that the newcomer was trying to steal Brown's job. Soon life began to grow decidedly interesting for the buckaroo.

Thompson, the gun man, who had not found a word of fault with the buckaroo before, now kept up a continual growl. Sargent, standing by his forge, could

easily drop a rivet into a man's hat seventy-five feet away. He had not made a single wild pitch that morning, but now the buckaroo seemed suddenly to have become a magnet. The red-hot rivets began to fly straight toward him.

Kent dodged the missiles<sup>o</sup> gloomily; if he noticed anything out of the way, he gave no sign. The straw boss made no criticism on the waste of rivets. It was well that Kent should be taught a lesson. Before they got through with him he would know better than to try again to steal a sick man's job.

<sup>6</sup> A big box girder, known technically as a 24-80, made up of two parallel I-beams, twenty-four inches deep and fifty feet long, held together by plates bolted over their tops and bottoms, was ready to be hoisted to the twentieth story. This immense girder, of course, weighed tons. It had been painted with red lead the day before and was rather slippery. The workmen passed a strong chain directly round its middle, but they did not stop to insert any planks to keep the links from slipping. It is not always safe to hoist "iron to iron," but in this case no wood was at hand and there was need of haste. Two half hitches with a small rope or "tag line" were taken about a yard from the left end of the girder.

<sup>7</sup> "All ready!" came the cry.

The signalman, standing on the front of the twentieth floor not far from the derrick, pressed an electric button on an adjoining column and gave the engineer one bell. The chain grated taut. Slowly the girder rose.

Up went the girder, held parallel with the front of the building by the man with the tag line. It passed story after story, until it was opposite the fifteenth; then its left end swung slightly in.

<sup>8</sup> From the sill of a window that opened on the sixteenth floor, Llewellyn leaned out to push the beam away, so that it would not scratch the soft limestone. But he leaned too soon and too far. Just as his hands were about to touch the steel it swerved away.

For an instant the "straw boss" tottered on the sill, writhing, twisting, striving with all the strength and agility of his trained muscles to regain his balance. But all in vain! His body swayed outward, and with a cry of horror he plunged into space.

<sup>9</sup> There was only one chance for him. As he pitched forward he flung his left arm over the moving girder and hooked his finger ends under the farther flange of the top plate. His cheek struck against the hot, painted side of the beam. His fingers were slipping, slipping. He swung his right arm up, and in a moment had hold with both hands. He raised his body until the edge of the girder pressed against his armpits. There he hung, gripping the flange, with his back to the building and his heels swinging one hundred and sixty feet above the city street.

<sup>10</sup> His shout of alarm was echoed by his mates. The signalman on the top floor, looking down and seeing his predicament,<sup>o</sup> instantly gave the engineer a bell to stop hoisting. The girder hung in mid-air, and the end to which Llewellyn was desperately clinging swung now several feet from the "skyscraper."

The steelworker was in fearful peril. His smeared finger-tips were too slippery to retain a firm hold. And now, to add to the danger of his predicament, the left end of the beam, overweighted by his hundred and fifty pounds, began to tilt downward. In a very short time the beam would tilt to such an angle that his fingers would be unable to keep their hold on the slippery flange.



<sup>11</sup> A grinding sound drew his eyes to the chain round the middle of the girder. The straining links moved jerkily. It was only a slight shift; but Llewellyn's practiced eye saw at once what would presently happen. The paint was so "green" that it acted as a lubricant<sup>o</sup> between the chain and the beam; the links above the top plate were sliding back. When the girder had tilted to a sufficient angle, it would slip through the chain and drop to the ground.

Close to Llewellyn's right arm lay the two half hitches of the tag line. For a second he entertained the wild idea of trying to slide down it to safety, but he quickly dismissed the thought. Long before he could hope to reach the ground, even if the half hitches did not pull out, his weight on the swaying rope would tilt the beam so far that it would come thundering down upon his head. There was no escape in that way.

<sup>12</sup> Down, down, down, steadily, remorselessly, sank the left end of the great red stick of steel, and as steadily the right end rose. Llewellyn's brain seemed paralyzed.<sup>o</sup> His body had hung at right angles with the girder; now every second the angle lessened. Already his fingers were slipping; a little more and he would lose his hold altogether.

He glanced over his shoulder along the front of the building. Fifty feet away, opposite the rising right end of the beam, the riveting crew stood motionless on their swing staging.

<sup>13</sup> Thompson and Kennedy were staring at him, white-faced; but Kent's eyes were fastened on the rising girder end, which was now almost level with the stage. Suddenly he dropped his dolly bar and stiffened, as if he were bracing himself for a tremendous effort.

"Hold hard!" he cried to Llewellyn. Then, with both arms extended, he leaped straight out into the air toward the beam.

<sup>14</sup> Instantly the straw boss understood. If the equilibrium<sup>o</sup> of the girder could be restored, he had a chance. Kent was risking his own life, in the hope that his weight, if added to the other end of the steel, would bring it back to horizontal before Llewellyn fell.

The buckaroo had timed his leap just right. The foreman, looking up the slanting red surface, saw his rescuer's arms dart over the top plate and saw his fingers grip the flange. Could his weight overcome the momentum<sup>o</sup> of those tons of metal and force them back?

<sup>15</sup> Seconds of suspense<sup>o</sup> went by — long, terrible seconds to Llewellyn. Down sank the beam, still down, almost to the point where he could hold on no longer. He pressed his fingers into the paint. To his right the chain links ground and slipped; noises from the street far below rose to his ears.

From the upper end of the girder Kent's face looked down at him, anxious but calm. Suddenly a smile curved the lips. The beam had stopped rising; it even began to sink slowly. A shout of triumph burst from Thompson and Kennedy. The buckaroo had won.

<sup>16</sup> Even before it had resumed a horizontal position Kent glanced up at the signalman.

"Lower away!" he cried.

The engine started and the fall began to run through the sheaves. Down went the girder, steadied by the tag line, until the men's toes touched the ground.

<sup>17</sup> Llewellyn stepped up to the buckaroo and stretched out a calloused<sup>o</sup> hand.

"You've saved my life," he said.

Kent grasped the hand.

"Forget it," he replied.

<sup>18</sup> Suddenly a puzzled look overspread his face, and he passed his hand over his jaw.

"That's funny!" he exclaimed. "I've been awake since midnight with the toothache, and now it's all gone. Not a twinge left! Must have frightened it out of me. Sure cure, but don't know as I'd recommend it to everyone."

He continued apologetically:

"You fellows must have thought I was pretty grumpy this morning; but I'm almost as deaf as a haddock<sup>o</sup> from ten years' hand-riveting on boilers, and that, together with the kind of pain I've suffered the last twelve hours, does n't make a man any too sociable. Guess I won't forget this job in a hurry. I'm here for just a few days, holding the place open for Brown till he gets well. He's my brother-in-law."

<sup>19</sup> Llewellyn stared a few seconds at the buckaroo without speaking. Kent's words had cleared up a number of things; also, they had made the foreman heartily ashamed of the way he and the others had treated the stranger. But he was glad that there was still time to make it up to Kent.

"Come on, old man!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder, and turning toward the elevator. "Let's get back to the sixteenth."

**calloused** <sup>17</sup> (kăl' ūst), hardened  
**equilibrium** <sup>14</sup> (ē' kwī līb' rī ūm),  
balance

**haddock** <sup>18</sup> (hăd' ūk), a fish

**lubricant** <sup>11</sup> (lū' brī kănt), some-  
thing, like oil, that makes parts  
move easily

**missile** <sup>5</sup> (mīs' il), an object thrown

**momentum** <sup>14</sup> (mô mēn' tŭm), mo-  
tion

**paralyzed** <sup>12</sup> (păr' d līzd), unable to  
act

**predicament** <sup>10</sup> (prē dik' d mēnt),  
hard position

**sombre** <sup>4</sup> (sôm' bē), gloomy

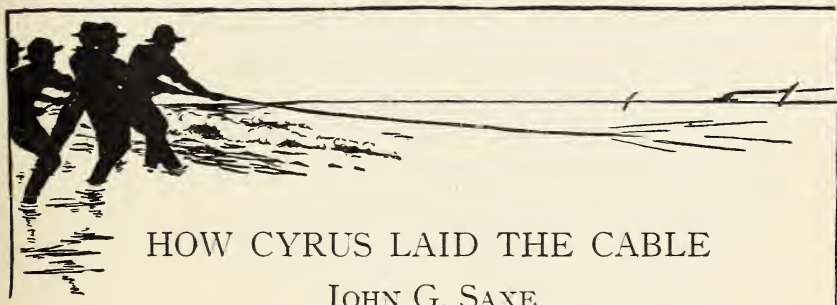
**suspense** <sup>15</sup> (sŭs pēns'), uncertainty

1. Make up another title for this story. 2. Explain how the riveting crew worked together on the skyscraper. 3. What qualities would these men need to hold the different jobs?

4. Why did they treat the new man so badly? 5. What was the most thrilling moment in this story? Why? 6. Describe a "box girder."<sup>6</sup> Find it in the picture. 7. What was the "tag line"<sup>6</sup>? What would have been another danger if the tag line had broken? 8. What lubricant played an important part in the story? Why?

9. Who was the most quick-witted, Thompson, Kent, or Kennedy? Prove your point by quoting. 10. How must Llewellyn have felt when swinging in the air? 11. Find six words that apply to building a skyscraper. Discuss how they are used. 12. Give other instances in which quick wit and heroic action saved a life.

13. A monologue: (a) Tell the story as it might be given by the "gun man," the "heater boy," the "straw boss," or the "buckaroo"; or (b) write a letter to Andrew Carnegie telling why Millard Kent should be given a Carnegie medal for heroism. 14. Read aloud Mackay's "Tubal Cain" (Riverside Reader V).



## HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

JOHN G. SAXE

Have you ever wondered how we got the news of the happenings in Europe so quickly?

Cyrus W. Field was an inventor. Like all inventors he dreamed of new ways of doing things. Like many inventors he was laughed at by some people, and his invention made fun of until he *proved* that it would work. Cyrus W. Field made one of the most useful inventions in the world. He connected America with Europe by means of a cable (like an immense telegraph wire) laid under the sea.



Before you read how he mastered unheard-of difficulties find out how far apart America and Europe are. Where would be the best places to connect the two continents? Look up Cyrus W. Field in your encyclopedia and learn something about his life. Find out, also, who was President, and who ruled England, when this great thing was done.

- <sup>1</sup>       **C**OME, listen all unto my song;  
          It is no silly fable;  
          'T is all about the mighty cord  
          They call the Atlantic Cable.<sup>o</sup>
- <sup>2</sup>       Bold Cyrus Field he said, says he,  
          "I have a pretty notion  
          That I can run a telegraph  
          Across the Atlantic Ocean."
- <sup>3</sup>       Then all the people laughed and said  
          They'd like to see him do it;  
          He might get half-seas over, but  
          He never could go through it.
- <sup>4</sup>       To carry out his foolish plan  
          He never would be able;  
          He might as well go hang himself  
          With his Atlantic Cable.
- <sup>5</sup>       But Cyrus was a valiant<sup>o</sup> man,  
          A fellow of decision;<sup>o</sup>  
          And heeded not their mocking words,  
          Their laughter and derision.<sup>o</sup>
- <sup>6</sup>       Twice did his bravest efforts fail,  
          And yet his mind was stable;<sup>o</sup>  
          He was n't the man to break his heart  
          Because he broke his cable.

7 "Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;  
 "Three times! — you know the fable, —  
 (I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,  
 "But I will lay the cable!")

8 Once more they tried, — hurrah! hurrah!  
 What means this great commotion?  
 The Lord be praised! the cable's laid  
 Across the Atlantic Ocean!

9 Loud ring the bells, — for, flashing through  
 Six hundred leagues° of water,  
 Old Mother England's benison°  
 Salutes° her eldest daughter!

10 O'er all the land the tidings speed,  
 And soon, in every nation,  
 They'll hear about the cable with  
 Profoundest° admiration!

11 Now, long live President and Queen;  
 And long live gallant Cyrus;  
 And may his courage, faith, and zeal°  
 With emulation° fire us;

12 And may we honor evermore  
 The manly, bold, and stable;  
 And tell our sons, to make them brave,  
 How Cyrus laid the cable!

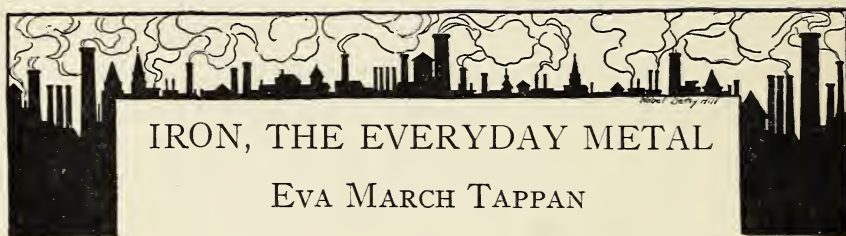
**benison** <sup>9</sup> (běn' ĭ z'n), blessing  
**cable** <sup>1</sup> (kā' b'l), a bundle of elec-  
 tric wires with outside wrappings  
 to make it waterproof  
**decision** <sup>5</sup> (dě sĭzh' ũn), pluck, grit  
**derision** <sup>5</sup> (dě rĭz' ũn), scorn  
**emulation** <sup>11</sup> (ēm' ũ lā' shŭn),

a desire to do the same  
**league** <sup>9</sup> (lēg), about three miles  
**profound** <sup>10</sup> (prō found'), deep  
**salute** <sup>9</sup> (sā lūt'), greet  
**stable** <sup>6</sup> (stā' b'l), firm  
**valiant** <sup>5</sup> (vāl' yănt), brave  
**zeal** <sup>11</sup> (zēl), enthusiasm

1. Of whom does the poet make more fun — of the inventor or of the people who laughed at him? How do you know? 2. Find lines that show what the poet admires in Cyrus W. Field. 3. Read the poem aloud to bring out Saxe's feelings about the inventor and his critics. 4. What messages have been cabled from Europe this week?

5. Learn the poem by heart. 6. John G. Saxe was a humorist. Read aloud his "The Three Blind Men and the Elephant" or "Solomon and the Bees," and tell why they are funny.

7. Oral or written composition: Tell which inventor you think has done most for the world, — Thomas Edison, Eli Whitney, Cyrus N. McCormick, Alexander Graham Bell, Samuel B. Morse, Robert Fulton, the Wright Brothers, or Marconi. Why? (Manual.)



## IRON, THE EVERYDAY METAL

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Have you ever thought how much labor and time are taken in getting raw materials ready to be made into something else? Before railroad tracks can be laid, for instance, iron (which is the raw material) has to go through a long process until it is made into steel. Then it has to be molded into the long slender rails.

This article will tell you exactly what happens to iron from the time it leaves a bed of iron ore until it becomes the shiny steel rails fit to carry precious human lives and valuable freight across the continent.

As you read silently, try to remember the various things that are done to the iron:

<sup>1</sup> **D**ID you ever realize that your food and clothes, your books, and the house in which you live all depend upon iron? Vegetables, grains, and fruits are cultivated with iron tools; fish are caught with iron hooks, and many iron articles are used in the care and sale of

meat. Clothes are woven on iron looms, sewed with iron needles, and fastened together with buttons containing iron. Books are printed and bound by iron machines, and sometimes written with iron pens or on iron typewriters. Houses are put together with nails; and indeed, there is hardly an article in use that could be made as well or as easily if iron was not plenty.

<sup>2</sup> If you were making a world and wanted to give the people the most useful metal possible, the gift would have to be iron; and the wisest thing you could do would be to put it everywhere, but in such forms that the people would have to use their brains to make it of service.

<sup>3</sup> This is just the way with the iron in our world. Wherever you see a bank of red sand or red clay or a little brook which leaves a red mark on the ground as it flows, there is iron. Iron is in most soils, in red bricks, in garnets, in ripening apples, and even in your own blood. It forms one twentieth part of the crust of the earth. Iron dissolves in water if you give it time enough. If you leave a steel tool out of doors on a wet night, it will rust; that is, some of the iron will unite with the oxygen of the water. This is rather inconvenient, and yet in another way this dissolving is a great benefit. Through the millions of years that are past, the oxygen of the rain has dissolved the iron in the hills and has worked it down, so that now it is in great beds of ore or in rich "pockets" that are often of generous size. One of them, which is now being mined in Minnesota, is more than two miles long, half a mile wide, and of great thickness.

<sup>4</sup> The rains are still at work washing down iron from the hills. They carry the tiny particles along as easily as possible until they come upon limestone. Then,



almost as if it was frightened, the brook drops its iron and runs away as fast as it can. Sometimes it flows into a pond or bog in which are certain minute plants or animals that act as limestone does, and the particles of iron fall to the bottom of the pond. In colonial days much of the iron worked in America was taken from these deposits.

<sup>5</sup> One kind of iron is of special interest because it comes directly from the sky, and falls in the shape of stones called "meteorites,"<sup>o</sup> some of which weigh many tons. In some of the old fables about wonderful heroes, the stories sometimes declare that the swords with which they accomplished their deeds of prowess fell straight from the heavens, which probably means that they were made of meteoric<sup>o</sup> iron. Fortunately for the people and their homes, meteorites are not common, but every large museum has specimens of them.

<sup>6</sup> It is not especially difficult to make iron if you have the ore, a charcoal fire in a little oven of stones, and a pair of bellows.<sup>o</sup> Put on layers of charcoal alternating with layers of ore, blow the bellows, and by and by you will have a lump of iron. It is not really melted, but it can be pounded and worked. This is called the "Catalan<sup>o</sup> method," because the people of Catalonia in Spain made iron in this way. It is still used by the natives of Africa. But if all iron were made this way, it would be far more costly than gold.

<sup>7</sup> The man who makes iron in these days must have an immense "blast furnace," perhaps one hundred feet high, a real "pillar of fire." Into this furnace are dropped masses of ore, and with it coke<sup>o</sup> to make it hotter and limestone to carry off the silica slag,<sup>o</sup> or worthless part. To increase the heat, blasts of hot air are blown into the bottom of the furnace. This air is

heated by passing it through great steel cylinders as high as the furnace. The fuel used is nothing more than the gases which come out at the top of the furnace.

<sup>8</sup> The slag is so much lighter than iron that when the ore is melted the slag floats on top just as oil floats on water, and can be drained out of the furnace through a higher opening than that through which the iron flows. The slag tap<sup>o</sup> is open most of the time, but the iron tap is opened only once in about six hours. It is a magnificent sight when a furnace is "tapped" and the stream of iron drawn off.

<sup>9</sup> Imagine a great shed, dark and gloomy, with many workmen hurrying about to make ready for what is to come. The floor is of sand and slopes down from the furnace. Through the center of this floor runs a long ditch straight from the furnace to the end of the shed. Opening from it on both sides are many smaller ditches; and connecting with these are little gravelike depressions two or three feet long and as close together as can be. These are called "pigs."

<sup>10</sup> When the time has come, the workmen gather about the furnace, and with a long bar they drill into the hard-baked clay of the tapping hole. Suddenly it breaks, and with a rush and a roar the crimson flood of molten iron gushes out. It flows down the trench into the ditches, then into the pigs, till their whole pattern is marked out in glowing iron. Now the blast begins to drive great beautiful sparks through the tapping hole. This means that the molten iron is exhausted. The blast is turned off, and the "mud-gun" is brought into position and shoots balls of clay into the tapping hole to close it for another melting, or "drive." The crimson pigs become rose-red, darken, and turn gray. The men play streams of water over them and the

building is filled with vapor. As soon as the pigs are cool enough, they are carted away and piled up outside the building.

<sup>11</sup> In some iron works molds of pressed steel carried on an endless chain are used instead of sand floors. The chain carries them past the mouth of a trough full of melted iron. They are filled, borne under water to be cooled, and then dropped upon cars. A first-class machine can make twenty pigs a minute.

<sup>12</sup> Most of the iron made in blast furnaces is turned into steel. Steel has been made for centuries, but until a few years ago the process was slow and costly. A workman's steel tools were treasures, and a good jack-knife was a valuable article. Railroads were using iron rails. They soon wore out, but at the suggestion to use steel, the presidents of the roads would have exclaimed, "Steel, indeed! We might as well use silver!" Trains needed to be longer and heavier, but iron rails and bridges could not stand the strain. Land in cities was becoming more valuable; higher buildings were needed, but stone was too expensive. Everywhere there was a call for a metal that should be strong and cheap. Iron was plentiful, but steel was dear.

<sup>13</sup> A cheaper method of making iron into steel was needed; and whenever there is pressing need of an invention, it is almost sure to come. Before long, what is known as the "Bessemer° process" was invented. One great difficulty in the manufacture of steel was to leave just the right amount of carbon° in the iron. Bessemer simply took it all out, and then put back exactly what was needed. Molten iron, tons and tons of it, is run into an immense pear-shaped vessel called a "converter."° Fierce blasts of air are forced in from below. These unite with the carbon and destroy it.

There is a roar, a clatter, and a clang. Terrible flames of glowing red shoot up. Suddenly they change from red to yellow, then to white; and this is the signal that the carbon has been burned out. The enormously heavy converter is so perfectly poised that a child can move it. The workmen now tilt it and drop in whatever carbon is needed. The molten steel is poured into square molds, forming masses called "blooms," and is carried away. More iron is put into the converter, and the work begins again.

<sup>14</sup> The Bessemer process makes enormous masses of steel and makes it very cheaply; but it has one fault — it is too quick. The converter roars away for a few minutes, till the carbon and other impurities are burned out; and the men have no control over the operation. In what is called the "open-hearth"<sup>o</sup> process, pig iron, scrap iron, and ore are melted together with whatever other substances may be needed to make the particular kind of steel desired. This process takes much longer than the Bessemer, but it can be controlled. Open-hearth steel is more homogeneous,<sup>o</sup> — that is, more nearly alike all the way through, — and is better for some purposes, while for others the Bessemer is preferred.

<sup>15</sup> Steel is hard and strong, but it has two faults. A steel bar will stand a very heavy blow and not break, but if it is struck gently many thousand times, it sometimes crystallizes<sup>o</sup> and may snap. A steel rail may carry a train for years and then may crystallize and break and cause a wreck. Inventors are at work discovering alloys<sup>o</sup> to prevent this crystallization. The second fault of steel is that it rusts and loses its strength. That is why an iron bridge or fence must be kept painted to protect it from the moisture in the air.



<sup>16</sup> If all the iron that is in use should suddenly disappear, did you ever think what would happen? Houses, churches, skyscrapers, and bridges would fall to the ground. Railroad trains, automobiles, and carriages would become heaps of rubbish. Ships would fall apart and become only scattered planks floating on the surface of the water. Clocks and watches would become empty cases. There would be no machines for manufacturing or for agriculture, not even a spade to dig a garden. Everybody would be out of work. To see how it would seem, try for an hour to use nothing that is of iron or has been made by using iron.

**alloy** <sup>15</sup> (ǎ loi'), a mixture of metals  
**bellows** <sup>6</sup> (běl' ôz), an instrument for blowing fire. (Picture, dictionary)

**Bessemer** <sup>13</sup> (běs' ě mēr), an English engineer

**carbon** <sup>13</sup> (kär' bôn), a substance

**Catalan** <sup>6</sup> (kät' á lán), oldest way of making iron

**coke** <sup>7</sup> (kōk), substance like coal

**converter** <sup>13</sup> (kǒn vûr' tēr), the vessel used in the Bessemer process

**crystallize** <sup>15</sup> (krís' tǎl iz), change

into tiny crystals

**homogeneous** <sup>14</sup> (hō' mô jē' nē ūs), the same throughout

**meteoric** <sup>5</sup> (mē' tē ōr' ik), from a meteor, or falling star

**meteorite** <sup>5</sup> (mē' tē ōr' it'), a stony substance that falls from the sky

**open-hearth** <sup>14</sup> (härth), a way to make steel

**tap** <sup>8</sup> (tǎp), hole through which something is drawn off

**silica slag** <sup>7</sup> (sil' i kǎ slǎg'), waste matter in making steel

1. Are there traces of iron in your community? 2. Explain what rust is. 3. How have beds of iron ore been formed? 4. What attracts iron? 5. Describe a meteorite. 6. Why was the "Catalan method" so costly? 7. How is iron made to-day? 8. How do they get the slag and the iron out? Picture the scene.

9. What is the difference between iron and steel? 10. How does the "Bessemer process" differ from the "open-hearth process"? What are the advantages and disadvantages of each? 11. Give instances to show the faults of steel. How do we try to prevent these?

12. Make up in class an outline in which you give the topic of each paragraph. Write it on the board.

13. Conversation and discussion: Prove that "everybody would be out of work" in your community if iron were taken out of the world.

14. Memorize section I or 16 as a declamation on "The Everyday Uses of Iron." 15. Get from the library Parton's *Captains of Industry* and find out how Sir Henry Bessemer invented his process.

# OUR COUNTRY PAST AND PRESENT

## COLUMBUS AND THE SAILORS

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE (dē là' mār' tēn')



When Columbus lived, people thought that the earth was flat. They believed the Atlantic Ocean to be filled with monsters large enough to devour their ships, and with fearful waterfalls over which their frail vessels would plunge to destruction. Columbus had to fight these foolish beliefs in order to get men to sail with him. He felt sure that the earth was round. He believed that by sailing westward he would find a "short cut" to India.

The French people have always admired courage. Here a French writer, Lamartine, pays tribute to courage of spirit—which is even greater than physical courage.

As you read, look for the various ways in which Columbus showed his greatness?

<sup>1</sup> **W**HEN Columbus left the Canaries to pass with his three small ships into the unknown seas, the eruptions of Tenerife° lit up the heavens and were reflected in the sea. This cast terror into the minds of his seamen. They thought that it was the flaming sword of the angel who expelled the first man from Eden, and who now was trying to drive back in anger those who were seeking entrance to the forbidden and unknown seas and lands. But the admiral passed from ship to ship explaining to his men, in a simple way, the action of volcanoes, so that the sailors were no longer afraid.

<sup>2</sup> But as the peak of Tenerife sank below the horizon, a great sadness fell upon the men. It was their last beacon, the farthest sea-mark of the Old World. They were seized with a nameless terror and loneliness.

<sup>3</sup> Then the admiral called them around him in his own ship, and told them many stories of the things they might hope to find in the wonderful new world to which they were going, — of the lands, the islands, the seas, the kingdoms, the riches, the vegetation, the sunshine, the mines of gold, the sands covered with pearls, the mountains shining with precious stones, the plains loaded with spices. These stories filled the discouraged sailors with hope and good spirits.

<sup>4</sup> But as they passed over the trackless ocean, and saw day by day the great billows rolling between them and the mysterious horizon, the sailors were again filled with dread. They lacked the courage to sail onward into the unknown distance. The compass<sup>o</sup> began to vacillate<sup>o</sup> and no longer pointed toward the north, and this confused both Columbus and his pilots. The men fell into a panic,<sup>o</sup> but the resolute and patient admiral encouraged them once more. So kept up by his faith and hope, they continued to sail onwards over the pathless waters.

<sup>5</sup> The next day a heron and a tropical bird flew about the masts of the ships, and these seemed to the wondering sailors as two witnesses come to confirm the reasoning of Columbus.

<sup>6</sup> The weather was mild and serene, the sky clear, the waves transparent, the dolphins played across the bows,<sup>o</sup> the airs were warm, and the perfumes, which the waves brought from afar, seemed to rise from their foam. The brilliancy of the stars and the deep beauty

of the night breathed a feeling of calm security that comforted the sailors.

<sup>7</sup> The sea also began to bring its messages. Unknown vegetations floated upon its surface. Some were rock-plants, that had been swept off the cliffs by the waves; some were fresh-water plants; and others, recently torn from their roots, were still full of sap. One of them carried a live crab, — a little sailor afloat on a tuft of grass. These plants and living things could not have passed many days in the water without fading and dying. And all encouraged the sailors to believe that they were nearing land.

<sup>8</sup> At eve and morning the distant clouds, like those that gather round the mountain-tops, took the form of cliffs and hills skirting the horizon. The cry of "land" was on the tip of every tongue. Columbus by his reckoning knew that they must still be far from any land, but fearing to discourage his men he kept his thoughts to himself, for he found no trustworthy friend among his companions to bear his secret.

<sup>9</sup> During the long passage Columbus conversed with his own thoughts, and with the stars, and with God whom he felt was his protector. He occupied his days in making notes of what he observed. The nights he passed on deck with his pilots,<sup>o</sup> studying the stars and watching the seas. He withdrew into himself, and his thoughtful gravity impressed his companions sometimes with respect and sometimes with mistrust.

<sup>10</sup> Each morning the bows of the vessels plunged through the distant horizon which the evening mist had made the sailors mistake for a shore. They kept rolling on through the boundless and bottomless abyss. Gradually terror and discontent once more took possession of the crews. They began to imagine that the



steadfast east wind that drove them westward prevailed eternally in this region, and that when the time came to sail homeward, the same wind would prevent their return. For surely their provisions and water could not hold out long enough for them to beat their way eastward over those wide waters!

<sup>11</sup> Then the sailors began to murmur against the admiral and his seeming fruitless obstinacy,<sup>o</sup> and they blamed themselves for obeying him, when it might mean the sacrifice of the lives of one hundred and twenty sailors.

<sup>12</sup> But each time the murmurs threatened to break out into mutiny,<sup>o</sup> Providence seemed to send more encouraging signs of land. And these for the time being changed the complaints to hopes. At evening little birds of the most delicate kind, that build their nests in the shrubs of the garden and orchard, hovered warbling about the masts. Their delicate wings and joyous notes bore no signs of weariness or fright, as of birds swept far away to sea by a storm. These signs again aroused hope.

<sup>13</sup> The green weeds on the surface of the ocean looked like waving corn before the ears are ripe. The vegetation beneath the water delighted the eyes of the sailors tired of the endless expanse of blue. But the seaweed soon became so thick that they were afraid of entangling their rudders<sup>o</sup> and keels,<sup>o</sup> and of remaining prisoners forever in the forests of the ocean, as ships of the northern seas are shut in by ice. Thus joy turned to fear, — so terrible to man is the unknown.

<sup>14</sup> The wind ceased, the calms of the tropics alarmed the sailors. An immense whale was seen sleeping on the waters. They fancied there were monsters in the deep which would devour their ships. The roll of the

waves drove them upon currents which they could not stem for want of wind. They imagined they were approaching the cataracts of the ocean, and that they were being hurried toward the abysses into which the deluge had poured its world of waters.

<sup>15</sup> Fierce and angry faces crowded round the mast. The murmurs rose louder and louder. They talked of compelling the pilots to put about and of throwing the admiral into the sea. Columbus, to whom their looks and threats revealed these plans, defied them by his bold bearing or thwarted them by his coolness.

<sup>16</sup> Again nature came to his assistance, by giving him fresh breezes from the east, and a calm sea under his bows. Before the close of the day came the first cry of "Land ho!" from the lofty deck. All the crews, repeating this cry of safety, life, and triumph, fell on their knees on the decks, and struck up the hymn, "Glory be to God in heaven and upon earth." When it was over, all climbed as high as they could up the masts and rigging<sup>o</sup> to see with their own eyes the new land that had been sighted.

<sup>17</sup> But the sunrise destroyed this new hope all too quickly. The imaginary land disappeared with the morning mist, and once more the ships seemed to be sailing over a never-ending wilderness of waters.

<sup>18</sup> Despair took possession of the crews. Again the cry of "Land ho!" was heard. But the sailors found as before that their hopes were but a passing cloud. Nothing wearies the heart so much as false hopes and bitter disappointments.

<sup>19</sup> Loud reproaches against the admiral were heard from every quarter. Bread and water were beginning to fail. Despair changed to fury. The men decided to turn the heads of the vessels toward Europe, and to

beat back against the winds that had favored the admiral, whom they intended to chain to the mast of his own vessel and to give up to the vengeance<sup>o</sup> of Spain, should they ever reach the port of their own country.

<sup>20</sup> These complaints now became clamorous. The admiral restrained them by the calmness of his countenance. He called upon Heaven to decide between himself and the sailors. He flinched not. He offered his life as a pledge, if they would but trust and wait for three days more. He swore that, if, in the course of the third day, land was not visible on the horizon, he would yield to their wishes and steer for Europe. The mutinous men reluctantly consented and allowed him three days of grace.

<sup>21</sup> At sunrise on the second day rushes recently torn up were seen floating near the vessels. A plank hewn by an axe, a carved stick, a bough of hawthorn in blossom, and lastly a bird's nest built on a branch which the wind had broken, and full of eggs on which the parent-bird was sitting, were seen swimming past on the waters. The sailors brought on board these living witnesses of their approach to land. They were like a message from the shore, fulfilling the promises of Columbus.

<sup>22</sup> The overjoyed and repentant sailors fell on their knees before the admiral whom they had insulted the day before, and begged forgiveness for their mistrust.

<sup>23</sup> As the day and night advanced many other sights and sounds showed that land was very near. Toward day delicious and unknown perfumes borne on a soft land breeze reached the vessels, and there was heard the roar of the waves upon the reefs.

<sup>24</sup> The dawn, as it spread over the sky, gradually raised the shores of an island from the waves. Its

distant ends were lost in the morning mist. As the sun rose it shone on the land ascending from a low yellow beach to the summit of hills whose dark-green covering contrasted strongly with the clear blue of the heavens. The foam of the waves broke on the yellow sand, and forests of tall and unknown trees stretched away, one above another, over successive terraces of the island. Green valleys and bright clefts in the hollows afforded a half glimpse into these mysterious wilds.

<sup>25</sup> And thus the land of golden promises, the land of future greatness, first appeared to Christopher Columbus, the Admiral of the Ocean, and thus it was he gave a New World to the nations to come.

**bow** <sup>6</sup> (bou), front part of a ship  
**compass** <sup>4</sup> (kūm' pás), an instrument that tells direction  
**keel** <sup>13</sup> (kēl), bottom of a ship  
**mutiny** <sup>12</sup> (mū' tī nī), revolt against the captain of a ship  
**obstinacy** <sup>11</sup> (ōb' stī nā sī), stubbornness, not giving in  
**panic** <sup>4</sup> (pān' ik), fear, terror  
**pilot** <sup>9</sup> (pī' lūt), one who steers a ship

**rigging**, <sup>16</sup> ropes and chains that raise and lower the sails  
**rudder** <sup>13</sup> (rūd' ēr), wood at end of ship that guides it  
**Tenerife** <sup>1</sup> (tēn' ēr if'), one of the Canary Islands  
**vacillate** <sup>4</sup> (vās' ĭ lāt), waver, go one way and then another  
**vengeance** <sup>19</sup> (vēn' jāns), punishment

1. Which things were terrors to the sailors? Why? 2. What puzzled even Columbus? 3. Describe the things that made the men turn against him. 4. How did he deal with the mutiny? 5. What signs of land were noticed? Which do you think were the most encouraging? 6. Where did they find land? Describe it.

7. Show when and how the Admiral was brave, true to his belief, patient, kind, and quick-witted. On what and on whom did he depend for his courage?

8. Compare ocean travel in Columbus's time with ocean travel to-day. 9. What same terrors of the sea await ships to-day? What new dangers? 10. Why is a mutiny the act of traitors?

11. Draw and color a picture of the first sight of land as described in paragraph 24. 12. Pretend to be Columbus and write to Queen Isabella the letter that he might have put in a bottle and cast adrift right after his promise to the sailors. Use six of the above words. 13. Have a Columbus Day program. (Manual.)





## POCAHONTAS

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

We are thrilled by the picture of that cool, brave Englishman, Captain John Smith, as he stood unmoved among a crowd of dancing savages, hundreds to one lone white man. In their cruel savagery, the Indians had planned to make this scene at the stake Captain Smith's funeral pile, called in the poem a "fatal pyre."

Close your book and listen while the poem is read aloud.

- <sup>1</sup>     **W**EARIED arm and broken sword  
      Wage in vain the desperate° fight:  
      Round him press a countless horde,°  
      He is but a single knight.  
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill  
      Through the wilderness resounds,  
      As, with twenty bleeding wounds,  
      Sinks the warrior, fighting still.
- <sup>2</sup>     Now they heap the fatal pyre,°  
      And the torch of death they light;  
      Ah! 't is hard to die of fire!  
      Who will shield the captive knight?  
      Round the stake with fiendish° cry  
      Wheel and dance the savage crowd,  
      Cold the victim's mien° and proud,  
      And his breast is bared to die.

3 Who will shield the fearless heart?  
 Who avert° the murderous blade?  
 From the throng, with sudden start,  
 See, there springs an Indian maid.  
 Quick she stands before the knight:  
 "Loose the chain, unbind the ring!  
 I am daughter of the king,  
 And I claim the Indian right!"

4 Dauntlessly° aside she flings  
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife;  
 Fondly to his heart she clings,  
 And her bosom guards his life!  
 In the woods of Powhatan°  
 Still 't is told by Indian fires  
 How a daughter of their sires°  
 Saved the captive Englishman.

**avert** <sup>3</sup> (*ā vūrt'*), ward off  
**dauntlessly** <sup>4</sup> (*dānt' lēs lī*), fearlessly  
**desperate** <sup>1</sup> (*dēs' pēr āt*), almost be-  
 yond hope  
**fiendish** <sup>2</sup> (*fēnd' īsh*), cruel  
**horde** <sup>1</sup> (*hōrd*), swarm  
**mien** <sup>2</sup> (*mēn*), manner

**Pocahontas** (*pō' kā hōn' tās*), daugh-  
 ter of Powhatan  
**Powhatan** <sup>4</sup> (*pou' hā tăn'*), Indian  
 chief  
**pyre** <sup>2</sup> (*pīr*), a heap on which the  
 dead are burned  
**sire** <sup>4</sup> (*sīr*), ancestor

1. Describe the poem as if it were a moving picture. 2. Which words show that Captain Smith put up a good fight? 3. What different things do you admire in him? What made the Indian girl like him?

4. Were you ever in a tight place from which you were rescued by what seemed like luck? Tell about it.

5. Memorize the poem. 6. Find out what became of Pocahontas.

7. A monologue: Pretend to be (a) Captain John Smith, (b) Pocahontas, (c) Powhatan, or (d) the Indian brave who was to light the fire; and tell the story as if you were the person you select. (Manual.)

8. Read "A Letter from the Jamestown Colony" in the Fourth Reader. Tell how that account of Captain John Smith differs from Thackeray's idea, as given in this poem.



## WASHINGTON, BETSY ROSS, AND THE FLAG

HARRY PRINGLE FORD

The little two-story house on Arch Street in Philadelphia is preserved as a sacred relic of Revolutionary Days because it was the home of Betsy Ross, the maker of the first American flag.

As you read through the following account, find out why she was chosen for such an important work.

<sup>1</sup> ON the 14th day of June, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."<sup>o</sup>

<sup>2</sup> We are told that previous to this, in 1776, a committee was appointed to look after the matter, and together with General Washington they called at the house of Betsy Ross, 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

<sup>3</sup> Betsy Ross was a young widow of twenty-four, heroically supporting herself by continuing the upholstery<sup>o</sup> business of her late husband, young John Ross, a patriot who had died in the service of his country. Betsy was noted for her exquisite<sup>o</sup> needlework, and was engaged in the flag-making business.

<sup>4</sup> The committee asked her if she thought she could make a flag from a design, a rough drawing of which George Washington showed her. She replied, with diffidence,<sup>o</sup> that she did not know whether she could or not, but would try. She noticed, however, that

the star as drawn had six points, and informed the committee that the correct star had but five. They answered that as a great number of stars would be required, the more regular form with six points could be more easily made than one with five.

<sup>5</sup> She responded in a practical way by deftly<sup>o</sup> folding a scrap of paper; then with a single clip of her scissors she displayed a true, symmetrical,<sup>o</sup> five-pointed star.

<sup>6</sup> This decided the committee in her favor. A rough design was left for her use, but she was permitted to make a sample flag according to her own ideas of the arrangement of the stars, the proportions of the stripes, and the general form of the whole.

<sup>7</sup> Some time after its completion it was presented to Congress, and the committee had the pleasure of informing Betsy Ross that her flag was accepted as the Nation's standard.<sup>o</sup>

**constellation** <sup>1</sup> (kǒn' stě lā' shǔn), a group of stars

**deftly** <sup>5</sup> (děft' lǐ), skillfully

**diffidence** <sup>4</sup> (dif' ĭ dēns), shyness

**exquisite** <sup>3</sup> (ěks' kwī zīt), beautiful

**standard** <sup>7</sup> (stān' dārd), banner

**symmetrical** <sup>5</sup> (sǐ mět' rǐ kǎl), even

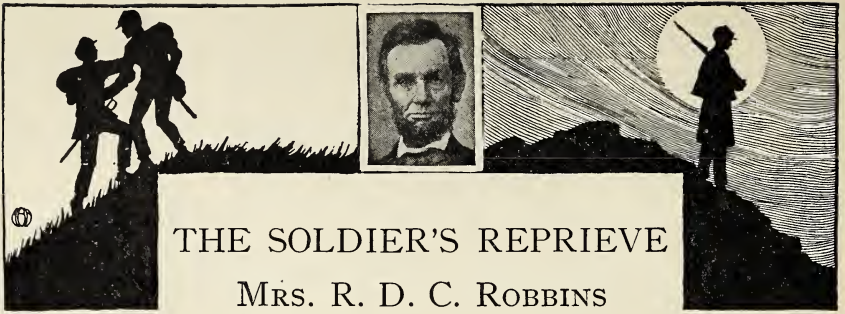
**upholstery** <sup>3</sup> (ŭp hōl' stēr ĭ), hangings, cushions, or furniture covered with leather or tapestry

1. How old is the American flag to-day? 2. Copy the resolution on the board. 3. Draw and color the flag as planned and as it is to-day. 4. Why have we increased the number of stars instead of stripes?

5. Was Betsy Ross afraid of the committee? Read lines to prove your point. 6. Fold paper (a) as the committee did, (b) as Betsy did. (Manual.) 7. How did these people regard Washington's opinion? Prove your point from the selection.

8. Change the indirect discourse of paragraphs 4-6 to direct discourse, and dramatize the second scene with Betsy Ross. (Manual.) 9. Act out these two scenes for a Washington's Birthday or a Flag Day program. (Manual.) 10. Read aloud "The Old Flag" in the Fourth Reader. 11. Conversation and discussion: Look up pictures of flags of other countries (unabridged dictionary) and compare them with ours.





## THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS

In its history our country has gone through five great stages. First, it was discovered by Columbus and others. Second, it was colonized by men like Captain John Smith, William Penn, and the Pilgrims. Third, the American nation was organized out of thirteen colonies with George Washington as its leader and the Betsy Ross flag its symbol. Fourth, it grew until it stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And fifth, during the Civil War it was preserved as a Union by Abraham Lincoln.

This story is laid in Civil War days. It shows you what a big heart Abraham Lincoln had. He knew when to punish in order to uphold the discipline of the army, and he also knew when to forgive. The great President had the right to refuse to be carried away by his feelings. Why did he act as he did in this story?

Read silently:

<sup>1</sup> “**I** THOUGHT, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift — no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only slept one little second; — he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him — because he was

found asleep when doing sentinel<sup>o</sup> duty. 'Twenty-four hours,' the telegram said, only twenty-four hours! Where is Bennie now?"

<sup>2</sup> "We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

<sup>3</sup> "Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very merciful! 'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm' (and he held it out so proudly before me) 'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy<sup>o</sup> it, rather than keep it at the plow.' 'Go, then — go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" And the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if in spite of his reason his heart doubted them.

<sup>4</sup> "Like the apple of His eye,<sup>o</sup> Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

<sup>5</sup> Blossom sat near them, listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter.

<sup>6</sup> "It is from him," was all she said.

<sup>7</sup> It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:

*Dear Father,*

<sup>8</sup> *When this reaches you I shall be in eternity.<sup>o</sup> At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me,*

*nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying° it — to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.*

<sup>9</sup> *“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage,° besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry,° and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late.”*

<sup>10</sup> *“Thank God!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”*

<sup>11</sup> *“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve° — given to me by circumstances — ‘time to write to you,’ our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.*

<sup>12</sup> *“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to*

*bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever.*

<sup>13</sup> A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

<sup>14</sup> *"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop,<sup>o</sup> waiting for me: but I shall never, never come! God bless you all; forgive your poor Bennie."*

<sup>15</sup> Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that leads to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot,<sup>o</sup> watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he did for our little Blossom.

<sup>16</sup> She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell them where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and hastened to the White House.



<sup>17</sup> The President had just seated himself at his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

<sup>18</sup> "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones. "What do you want so bright and early this morning?"

<sup>19</sup> "Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

<sup>20</sup> "Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

<sup>21</sup> "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.<sup>o</sup>"

<sup>22</sup> "O, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, my child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his culpable negligence."

<sup>23</sup> "So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

<sup>24</sup> "What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand." And the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of the offense.

<sup>25</sup> Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale face toward him. How tall he seemed! And he was the President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

<sup>26</sup> He read it very carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch° at once."

<sup>27</sup> The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence,° even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or — wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

<sup>28</sup> "God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

<sup>29</sup> Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said, "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

<sup>30</sup> Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"

**be in eternity** <sup>8</sup> (ê tûr' nî tî), be in another world

**betray** <sup>8</sup> (bê trā'), deliver to the foe

**depot** <sup>15</sup> (dê' pō), railroad station

**dispatch** <sup>26</sup> (dîs päch'), message sent

**luggage** <sup>9</sup> (lŭg' âj), baggage

**palsy** <sup>3</sup> (pôl' zî), take away power, as the disease palsy does

**post** <sup>21</sup> (pōst), place where a soldier is stationed

**reprieve** <sup>11</sup> (rê prēv'), extension of time before punishment

**sentence**,<sup>27</sup> an order for punishment

**sentinel** <sup>1</sup> (sên' tî nêl), a soldier on guard

**sentry** <sup>9</sup> (sên' trî), a sentinel

**stoop** <sup>14</sup> (stōōp), several steps at the door

**the apple of one's eye**,<sup>4</sup> something most loved

1. Where are the two big scenes laid? Who are present? What are they doing? 2. Why was Bennie's fault so serious? Apply such an act to the Great War. What might have happened? 3. Why did Mr. Owen interrupt with the words, "Thank God" <sup>10</sup>? 4. How much time was there between these scenes? 5. To whom was it most important? Why? 6. Why did the conductor "wonder"?

7. Practice reading aloud (a) the dialogue between Mr. Owen and Mr. Allan, (b) the letter, and (c) the dialogue between Blossom and Lincoln. Select the ten best readers for a play. 8. Dramatize on the board the brief scene in section 29. (Manual.) 9. What did Bennie think of himself? What did others think? Quote to prove your point.

10. Class composition: Make up Blossom's story to the President, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. 11. Dramatize "The Soldier's Reprieve" in three scenes and act it out for the Lincoln's Birthday program. (Manual.) 12. Write an invitation to another class to be present. 13. Explain the picture on page 124. 14. Read "Training for the Presidency" in the Fourth Reader.

## THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

ROBERT C. WINTHROP



The young men of the American army who have carried the flag so gallantly "over the top," with shells whistling above and terrors of No-Man's Land ahead, reverence that red, white, and blue symbol as something precious put into their hands to protect. They are ready to give their lives for its safety.

When you read the following selection, imagine that you are the orator speaking to an audience. How should you want to make *your* audience feel about the flag?

<sup>1</sup> **T**HERE is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments.<sup>o</sup> Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes.<sup>o</sup> It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>2</sup> It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely,<sup>o</sup> and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate<sup>o</sup> red and white proclaim<sup>o</sup> the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation,<sup>o</sup> which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify<sup>o</sup> union past and present.

<sup>3</sup> The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor,<sup>o</sup> blue for justice; and, altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished<sup>o</sup> by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

**alternate** <sup>2</sup> (ăl tûr' năt), in turn  
**cherished** <sup>3</sup> (chěr' isht), loved  
**constellation** <sup>2</sup> (kõn' stě lă' shñn),  
 group of stars  
**endearment** <sup>1</sup> (ẽn dēr' měnt), some-  
 thing that makes one love it

**proclaim** <sup>2</sup> (prõ klām'), make known  
**reverence** <sup>1</sup> (rěv' ěr ěns), deep love  
**signify** <sup>2</sup> (sīg' nī fī), mean  
**sublimely** <sup>2</sup> (sžb lim' li), nobly  
**symbolize** <sup>1</sup> (sim' bõl ĭz), stand for  
**valor** <sup>3</sup> (văl' ěr), bravery

1. Over what building in a foreign capital does the American flag float? Why? 2. How does it help an American abroad? 3. For whom does it stand? For what? 4. Why did we enter the Great War?

5. In what different ways should we protect and honor the flag? 6. Mention three things that the flag would not approve of. 7. Take the selection, phrase by phrase, and talk about it.

8. Memorize the selection as a declamation for a Democracy Day program. (Manual.) 9. Hold a Flag Raising in the school yard.



## A NEWSPAPER STORY: VERDUN BELLE

## HOW TO READ THE NEWSPAPER

The most popular reading in the world, that which is done everywhere every day is the reading of newspapers. When boys and girls grow up, they too will want to read their newspapers, for this is the only way to keep up with the daily news. No one ever dreams of reading a newspaper straight through as one does a book. One must learn how to select the important things for careful reading and how to skim through the less important articles just to get a general idea of the thought.

To show you how to read a newspaper wisely the following story is printed from a leading daily of the country. Notice the three different sizes of letters. These are used with a special purpose. In a newspaper story the title is printed in a heavy black *head-line* of large letters to attract the eye. Below the head-line is given a brief summary of the story. This is called the *lead*.<sup>o</sup> It is printed in letters smaller than the head-line but larger than the rest of the story. Frequently *sub-titles* are scattered throughout an article to serve as guide-posts or to bring out exciting things in the story. Many readers glance hurriedly through the head-lines and leads and thus get a general idea of the news. Then, when a lead proves especially interesting, they settle down to a careful reading of the article.

In the following selection notice the head-line, lead, and sub-titles as used in the *New York Sun*. By merely glancing at the head-line can you tell which quality of the dog most impressed the reporter? Does the lead make you want to read the story? Why? Observe the frequent quotations from the *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper in which the account of the dog was originally printed. As you read, notice how the reporter gives credit to the *Stars and Stripes*.

# <sup>1</sup>War Dog Faithful to Marine

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<sup>2</sup>Verdun° Belle, Refugee° Setter, Loses  
American Master on the March, to Find  
Him Again in Hospital.

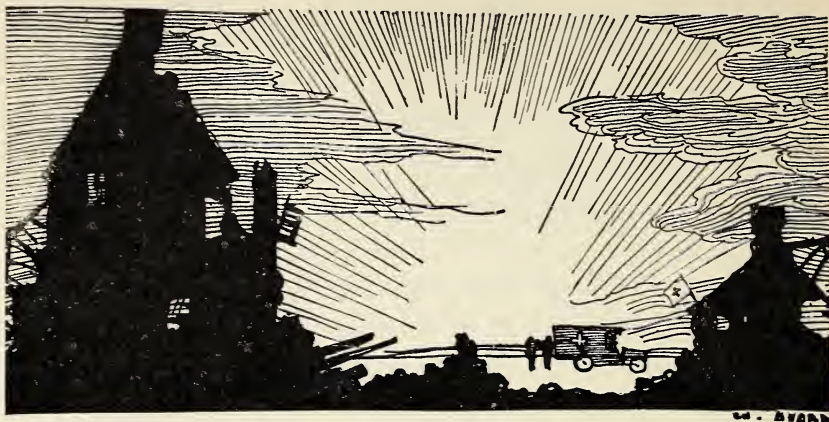
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<sup>3</sup>“THIS,” says the *Stars and Stripes*, the daily newspaper published in France by the American Expeditionary° Force, “is the story of Verdun Belle, a trench dog who adopted a young leatherneck,° of how she followed him to the edge of the battle around Château Thierry,° and was waiting for him when they carried him out. It is a true story.”

<sup>4</sup>“Belle is a setter dog,” the *Stars and Stripes* goes on, “shabby white, with great splotches of chocolate brown in her coat. Her ears are brown and silken. Her ancestry is dubious. She is undersize and would not stand a chance among the haughtier breeds they show in splendor at Madison Square Garden° back home. But the marines think there never was a dog like her.”

<sup>5</sup>The story tells how Belle bobbed up out of nowhere in a sector° near Verdun, singled out a young private of marines and attached herself to him. “Belle was as used to war as the most weather-beaten poilu.° The tremble of the ground did not disturb her and the whining whirr of the shells overhead only made her twitch and wrinkle her nose in her sleep. She was trench-broken. You could have put a plate of savory pork chops on the parapet° and nothing would have induced her to go after them.”

<sup>6</sup>She actually learned to race for the spot where an improvised gas mask contrived by her master could be



put over her nose whenever the signal warning of a gas attack was sounded.

#### <sup>7</sup> Belle's Puppies

<sup>8</sup> Before long Belle became the mother of seven brown and white puppies. They had hardly opened their eyes before the marines' regiment got orders to "hike" for another sector. Some might have thought the dog and her pups would be left behind, but this never occurred to her master. He commandeered<sup>o</sup> a market basket somewhere, put the pups into it and let Verdun Belle trot behind.

<sup>9</sup> In spite of the fact that the amount of equipment<sup>o</sup> which each marine carries on the march is supposed to be all that a man can possibly carry, this marine somehow found strength to carry the extra weight of the basket. Forty miles he carried his burden along the parched French highway. But then came an order to march even farther and reluctantly the marine was forced to give up the basket. Mournfully he killed four of the puppies, but the other three he slipped into his shirt front.

<sup>10</sup> "Then he trudged on his way, carrying these three, pouched in forest green, as a kangaroo carries its young, while the mother dog trotted trustingly behind."

#### <sup>11</sup> Belle is Lost

<sup>12</sup> Another of the pups died on the long march, and somewhere in the tremendous procession of marching men and the endless lines of trucks and wagons Belle herself got lost. The marine was at his wits' end to keep the two puppies alive. Finally he hailed the crew of an ambulance passing back from the front, turned the pups over to them, and disappeared with his comrades. The ambulance men were unable to induce the pups to eat canned beef and they had no fresh milk. They chased a couple of cows vainly.

<sup>13</sup> "Next morning the problem was still unsolved. But it was solved that evening. For a fresh contingent° of marines trooped by the farm and in their wake° — tired, anxious, but undiscouraged — was Verdun Belle. Ten kilometers° back, two days before, she had lost her master, and until she should find him again she evidently had thought that any marine was better than none.

<sup>14</sup> "The troops did not halt at the farm, but Belle did. At the gates she stopped dead in her tracks, drew in her lolling tongue, sniffed inquiringly the evening air and like a flash — a white streak along the drive — she raced to the distant tree where, on a pile of discarded dressings° in the shade, the pups were sleeping.

<sup>15</sup> "All the corps° men stopped work and marvelled. It was such a family reunion as warms the heart. For the worried mess sergeant° it was a great relief. For the pups it was a mess call, clear and unmistakable."



<sup>16</sup> Belle Finds Her Master

<sup>17</sup> So with only one worry left in her mind Verdun Belle settled down with her puppies at this field hospital. In a day or two the wounded began coming in, a steady stream. Always a mistress of the art of keeping out from under foot, very quietly Belle hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the main road and backed up with its load of pain.

<sup>18</sup> "Then one evening they lifted out a young marine, listless in the half stupor of shell shock. To the busy workers he was just case number such and such, but there was no need to tell any one who saw the wild jubilation of the dog that Verdun Belle had found her own.

<sup>19</sup> "The first consciousness he had of his new surroundings was the feel of her rough pink tongue licking the dust from his face. And those who passed that way last Sunday found two cots shoved together in the kindly shade of a spreading tree. On one the mother dog lay contented with her puppies. Fast asleep on the other, his arm thrown out so that one grimy hand could clutch one silken ear, lay the young marine."

<sup>20</sup> It perplexed some of the hospital workers to know what could be done when the time came to send the marine on to the base hospital.<sup>o</sup> "But they knew in their hearts they could safely leave the answer to some one else. They could leave it to Verdun Belle."

— *The New York Sun*, and *The Stars and Stripes*, the daily newspaper published in France by the American Expeditionary Force.

**base hospital**,<sup>20</sup> building where the wounded are cared for by nurses  
**Château Thierry** <sup>3</sup> (shă' tō' tyě' rē'), town in France where the Americans made their first great attack

**commandeered** <sup>8</sup> (kōm ān dērd'), seized for military purposes

**contingent** <sup>13</sup> (kōn tīn' jěnt), a number of troops

**corps** <sup>15</sup> (kōr), body of men under a leader

**discarded dressings** <sup>14</sup> (dīs kārd' ěd), bandages thrown away

**equipment** <sup>9</sup> (ĕ kwīp' mēnt), soldier's baggage

**Expeditionary** <sup>3</sup> (ĕks' pē dīsh' ūn ā rī), making an expedition

**in their wake**, <sup>13</sup> in the same direction

**kilometer** <sup>13</sup> (kīl' ō mē' tēr), five eighths of a mile

**lead** (lēd), summary of news below the head-line in a newspaper

**leatherneck**,<sup>3</sup> sailor's slang for soldier

**Madison Square Garden**,<sup>4</sup> large building in New York City where dog and horse shows are held

**marine** <sup>1</sup> (mā rēn'), soldiers in the U.S. Navy

**mess sergeant** <sup>15</sup> (mēs' sār' jěnt), non-commissioned officer who attends to the meals

**parapet** <sup>5</sup> (pār' ā pět), wall of earth to protect a soldier

**poilu** <sup>5</sup> (pwā' lū'), nickname for a French soldier

**refugee** <sup>2</sup> (rēf' ū jē'), one who flees to safety

**sector** <sup>5</sup> (sěk' tēr), part of a curved line

**Verdun** <sup>2</sup> (vēr' dūn'), town in France long besieged by the Germans

1. Did the reporter make you see Verdun Belle? How? 2. Which details are given in the story that are not given in the lead? Which are descriptions? Which are incidents? 3. How did the marine show his devotion? 4. How did the dog show her love? 5. Which are the three most thrilling moments in the story? Why? Discuss the pictures.

6. Bring to class a newspaper and be ready to point out head-lines and leads. 7. Read a short newspaper article to the class and ask them to make up the lead. 8. Conversation and discussion: (a) What dogs and pigeons have done in the Great War; (b) How the Ambulance and the Marine Corps differ; (c) The work of the Red Cross.



OLD TREES<sup>+</sup>

ABRAM J. RYAN

The nation's soldiers and sailors who have given their lives for liberty no longer lie only within the borders of our own land. On Memorial Day we must also think of those who are in the cemeteries of the sea and in the grass-grown land of sunny France. When Father Ryan, a chaplain of the Civil War, wrote this poem he thought mostly of the "Southern dead," for he was serving with the armies of the South. To-day South and North are one. We wish all our brave sailors and soldiers could rest in as peaceful a spot as this poem describes.

Picture the ancient cemetery, with the silent graves sheltered by grand old trees — "lone sentinels" guarding our sacred dead. Close your book and listen:

<sup>1</sup> OLD trees! old trees! in your mystic<sup>o</sup> gloom  
     There's many a warrior laid,  
 And many a nameless and lonely tomb  
     Is sheltered beneath your shade.  
 Old trees! old trees! without pomp<sup>o</sup> or prayer  
     We buried the brave and the true,  
 We fired a volley<sup>o</sup> and left them there  
     To rest, old trees, with you.

<sup>2</sup> Old trees, old trees, keep watch and ward<sup>o</sup>  
     Over each grass-grown bed;  
 'T is a glory, old trees, to stand as guard  
     Over our Southern dead;  
 Old trees, old trees, we shall pass away  
     Like the leaves you yearly shed,  
 But ye! lone sentinels,<sup>o</sup> still must stay,  
     Old trees, to guard "our dead."

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**mystic**<sup>1</sup> (mīs' tik), mysterious  
**pomp**<sup>1</sup> (pōmp), show, display  
**sentinel**<sup>2</sup> (sēn' tī nēl), one who  
 guards

**volley**<sup>1</sup> (vōl' ī), discharge of a  
 weapon  
**ward**<sup>2</sup> (wōrd), guard, care; here a  
 poetic word

1. Does Father Ryan say "old trees" with scorn or respect and love? Why? 2. Talk over the expressions "mystic gloom,"<sup>1</sup> "nameless and lonely tomb,"<sup>1</sup> and "grass-grown bed."<sup>2</sup> What does the poet mean by each? 3. Explain the military words and give another instance of their use. 4. Sum up each stanza in a sentence and write the best ones on the board.

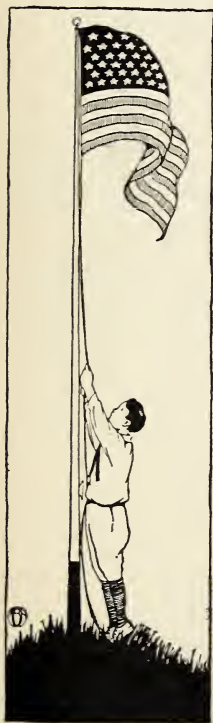
5. Write on the blackboard the wars in which America has fought for her rights? 6. What have we done to help wounded or maimed soldiers to support themselves?

7. Memorize the poem for the Memorial Day program. (Manual.)  
 8. Recite from memory Warman's "Memorial Day" in the Fourth Reader. 9. Draw on the blackboard a border of pine trees. 10. Oral or written composition: Tell about a brave deed done by a soldier or a sailor.

## OLD FLAG

HUBBARD PARKER

Only those who have been under the protection of a flag in time of war can understand fully what the FLAG really means. When cruel Turkish forces early in the Great War were killing the people of Asia Minor, several thousand fugitives fled to an American Mission and begged the protection of the American flag. We had not yet entered the war, but we opened the gates of the Mission and these poor creatures were crowded inside the walls.





The American flag saved them from a horrible death. It was not *their* flag, but they knew that it was a flag that always protected the needy. Will any one of those thousands of refugees be able to look at Old Glory again without a tightening of the throat and tears in the eyes? That is what *our* flag means to them, and what it should mean to us.

Listen as your teacher reads of its wonderful story:

1     **W**HAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?

You are so grand in every fold,  
 So linked with mighty deeds of old,  
 So steeped° in blood where heroes fell,  
 So torn and pierced by shot and shell,  
 So calm, so still, so firm, so true,  
 My throat swells at the sight of you,  
Old Flag.

2     What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,  
 Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,  
 Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,  
 'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,  
 Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,  
 Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,  
 That you might float in glorious pride,  
Old Flag?

3     What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,  
 Who, while the cannon thundered wild,  
 Sent forth a husband, lover, child,  
 Who labored in the field by day,  
 Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,  
 And thought that God great mercy gave,  
 If only freely you might wave,  
Old Flag?

4      What is your mission° now, Old Flag?  
        What but to set all people free,  
        To rid the world of misery,  
        To guard the right, avenge° the wrong,  
        And gather in one joyful throng°  
        Beneath your folds in close embrace  
        All burdened ones of every race,  
Old Flag?

5      Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag,  
        Your stars shine out for liberty.  
        Your white stripes stand for purity,  
        Your crimson claims that courage high  
        For Honor's sake to fight and die.  
        Lead on against the alien° shore!  
        We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,  
Old Flag!

**alien** <sup>5</sup> (āl' yĕn), foreign, strange

**avenge** <sup>4</sup> (ā vĕnj'), punish

**mission** <sup>4</sup> (mish' ūn), an errand; also

the church of a missionary

**steeped** <sup>1</sup> (stĕpt), soaked

**throng** <sup>4</sup> (thrŏng), a crowd

1. Read aloud the lines that refer to events in our history.

2. Which line describes the flag in battle? Which, the flag in peace?

3. Tell what the stars, the stripes, and the colors mean. 4. What is an *alien* <sup>5</sup> shore? Where and when has our flag fought on an alien shore? 5. How does the flag make the poet feel?

6. Why did we enter the Great War? Read aloud the stanza that tells why. 7. How have women helped in war time? 8. How have boys and girls helped? 9. In what different ways can we honor the flag?

10. Memorize the poem. 11. Read aloud Bennett's "The Flag goes by" and Sangster's "Old Flag" (Riverside Readers V and VI), or recite Stanton's "The Old Flag" in the Fourth Reader. 12. Read the story of the flag on page 122.

13. Hold a Flag Raising on Flag Day. (Manual.) 14. Oral or written composition: (a) The Picture I should like to paint of Old Glory, or (b) A Thrilling Incident of the Great War, told by the Flag.

# STORIES AND MYTHS

## CLEOPATRA AND THE CANDIDATE

HOMER CROY

Cleopatra was one of the queens of ancient Egypt. Through the ages her name has come to stand for beauty. To call a hen Cleopatra does not seem complimentary to this ancient queen, but then some hens have a good deal of character, and character often makes up for lack of beauty.

As you read this story, find out why the candidate might have thought Cleopatra the Hen beautiful.

1 "I AM going to call her Cleopatra."

Willis stood with his face pushed against the wire netting round the small chicken-pen in the Alderman back yard, watching a tall, thin-legged, ungainly hen eagerly picking up a handful of corn.

Mrs. Alderman considered the hen for a moment, and smiled. "Is it her beauty that makes you think of Cleopatra?" she asked.

"But she has to have some name," Willis defended himself. "I don't see that I've got to save Cleopatra for a *pretty* hen!"

Thus Cleopatra was christened, and entered into the life of Willis Alderman.

2 She had been given to Willis by an uncle, who had discoursed on her rarity and capabilities until Willis had become firmly convinced that she was a *rara avis*.° She was Indian Game, so the uncle had explained,

and could average five eggs a week and not half try. She was tall, a blur of black and red feathers, and was always dodging her head with nervous excitability.

Willis saw in her the forerunner of a great flock and plenty of spending-money, and was satisfied. He would rather have eggs than beauty. He explained to his mother that beauty in a hen was only feather-deep, anyway.

<sup>3</sup> Cleopatra had longings far beyond her little world. Every other evening, at least, she would give a cackle, a hop, and rise into the air and over the fence. Away she would go, with Willis in hot pursuit, down alleys, across yards, and into distant barns.

Cleopatra reduced speed to a science. Most hens, when a boy is in pursuit, begin to flop their wings and cackle excitedly; not so with Cleopatra. She would double her wings against her sides, stretch her neck forward, and run without expenditure of breath in foolish cackling; and the way she covered ground was a marvel to Willis. He often wished they had "Marathons" for hens and offered purses to the owners. Willis was sure that he would get them all.

<sup>4</sup> Cleopatra had a knack for getting Willis into straits.<sup>o</sup> One day she gave a cackle, took a hop, and rose into the air. Willis gave such hot chase that he ran against the city engineer's transit<sup>o</sup> on the next block, where he was laying out a sidewalk, and upset it. Another time she escaped, clamped her wings against her body, and made straight for Judge Wilson's front door. When Willis got his hands round her legs, she was calmly sitting on top of the judge's piano, looking injured because some one did not play to her.

"She will do me a good turn yet," Willis consoled himself; but Willis's father only smiled.



Willis lived in hope, bided<sup>o</sup> in faith — and gathered five eggs a week.

"She's not a bad hen at heart," explained Willis. "She's just got ambition."

<sup>5</sup> Then it was that the political campaign came on, and Worth was all excitement; for the Hon. Stafford W. Bilby, in the forefront for governor, was to pass through Worth, where he was to make a short speech.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Bilby — Willis's father said there was no doubt that he would be Governor Bilby — was to be taken from one station to the other, and in passing was to make a short speech. That morning Willis, his father, and the family drove to the railway-station in the family carriage.

Willis stood up in the carriage and almost shouted himself hoarse as the candidate<sup>o</sup> alighted and was helped into the automobile. And he felt very proud of his father, sitting alongside the great man, for Mr. Alderman was to introduce him.

<sup>7</sup> The automobile started, complained, and stopped. The driver frantically jerked levers and pushed treads, but the machine moved not an inch. Each moment was precious, if the other train was to be made. Mr. Alderman spoke a word to the committee, and before Willis knew what was up, the candidate was sitting in his carriage, and some one was telling him to drive ahead.

<sup>8</sup> At the other station a great crowd was gathered. Mr. Alderman rose and introduced the distinguished man. The candidate, with one hand steadying himself against the seat, bowed to the cheers, then plunged into his speech. Willis was so close that he could touch him, and he felt very proud.

It was not easy sailing for the speaker, for the majority of the people of Worth were unsympathetic with him. They believed that he represented only city interests, and cared little for the farmer.

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Bilby was in the midst of a peroration,<sup>o</sup> the people had stopped moving about and were listening with more interest, when Willis suddenly straightened up. He had heard a soft *cluck-cluck* that was unmistakable. He looked down under the back seat. There was Cleopatra, her head out, exploring. She gave a cackle, an awkward hop, and fluttered up on the back of the seat beside the speaker's hand.

Mr. Alderman started to grab at Cleopatra, but shrank back, humiliated.

Mr. Bilby paused, and all eyes turned on Willis. Mr. Alderman began to fidget. The candidate reached out, took hold of the hen's legs, and with the other hand stroked her neck. Cleopatra balanced herself, dazed but quiet. The candidate for governor knew how to handle her.

<sup>10</sup> A shout went up from the crowd at his mastery of Cleopatra. Then the candidate grasped his opportunity, dropped his set speech, and began a eulogy on the hen. He had raised poultry, and had many figures at command; he pointed out in glowing language that the hen was the lowly servant and friend of the farmer's wife, and that all she asked was a few worms, a little grain, and a nest in which to lay her eggs. The people of Worth were more interested in hens and listened in rapt attention.

<sup>11</sup> As Mr. Bilby paused for breath, some one — a member of the opposing party — called out, "You know so much about chickens, now what kind is that?"

The candidate paused a moment.

"Indian Game."

As Willis nodded that the answer was correct, the crowd cheered. The people were in hearty sympathy with the practical candidate! He continued his speech about chickens, and the opportunity open to farmers, until the train rolled in.

He handed Cleopatra to Willis, and was helped out of the carriage. A committee-man opened up a path through the crowd to the train, and the candidate hurried along, while he bowed left and right to the waving and cheering spectators.

<sup>12</sup> Cleopatra had either recovered from her daze or wanted the soothing hand of the candidate again, for she gave one silent leap, was out of Willis's hand and racing down the path straight toward Mr. Bilby.

Willis leaped out and went running after her, agile from long practice, leaning forward, his arms outstretched. Cleopatra was agile from long practice, too. She felt the excitement of the occasion, folded her wings tightly, and ran as she had never run before. The improvement she had made was startling.

But Willis did not seem much elated over her running ability.

<sup>13</sup> As the candidate stepped on the train, Cleopatra darted under it, and came rapidly out on the other side. Willis ran over the platform and leaped down. Cleopatra promptly doubled back and came running straight toward the train. She gave a cackle, a little hop, and flew upon the platform of the moving train.

The candidate made a grab, and held her tightly by the legs. Willis swung on, and as the train drew out, Mr. Bilby stood with one hand on Willis's shoulder and the other gripped round Cleopatra's legs. The crowd

burst into a wild cheer and hats went sailing into the air. It was real enthusiasm.

<sup>14</sup> After the town had dropped from view, the candidate went into the car, Willis following with Cleopatra tucked under his arm.

"You can get off at the next station and go back," said Mr. Bilby, laying a hand on Willis's knee. "You are Mr. Alderman's son, are n't you? You and the hen have saved the day for me. I want you to give me a setting of eggs, and if I move into the capital I want you to come down there and spend a week with my son, and teach him how to raise chickens!"

<sup>15</sup> And it was not many months before Willis, to his great delight, was chasing little, thin-legged Cleopatras over a gubernatorial<sup>o</sup> chicken-yard.

**bided** <sup>4</sup> (bīd' ěd), dwelt

**candidate** <sup>6</sup> (kăn' dī dāt), one who runs for office

**getting some one into straits**, <sup>4</sup> getting some one into trouble

**gubernatorial** <sup>15</sup> (gū' bēr nā tō' rī ăl), governor's

**peroration** <sup>9</sup> (pěr' ō rā' shŭn), last part of an oration

**rara avis** <sup>2</sup> (rā' rā ā' vīs), Latin for "rare bird"

**transit** <sup>4</sup> (trăn' sīt), a surveyor's instrument

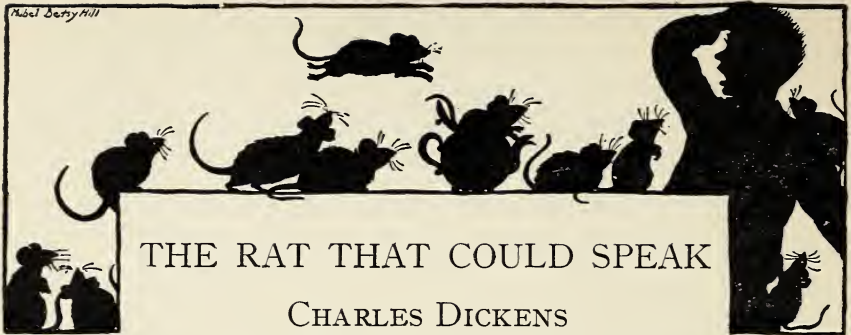
1. Read aloud the sections that show how Cleopatra made things lively for her young master. What was the worst thing she did? Why? 2. Find places where you think the author enjoys telling the story. Read these aloud to make them funny. 3. How did the hen save the day for the candidate?

4. Sum up in a few words sections 1-4, 5-7, 8-11, 12-14, and 15. Write the outline on the board. 5. What is meant by "a setting of eggs,"<sup>14</sup> and "gubernatorial chicken-yard"<sup>15</sup>?

6. Compare Cleopatra with other hens. 7. What things might the governor-elect say about raising chickens? 8. Does it pay to keep hens? Why? 9. Are they good pets? Why?

10. Look up *chicken*, *Indian game*, and *jungle fowl* in the unabridged dictionary. 11. A monologue: (a) What a Farmer told his wife about the scene at the station; (b) What Cleopatra told the other chickens about her adventure; or (c) How Governor Bilby at a banquet told the story of his meeting with Cleopatra. (Manual.)





## THE RAT THAT COULD SPEAK

CHARLES DICKENS

When Charles Dickens, the novelist, was a little boy he had an old nurse who often told him stories. One of these tales he never forgot, for it was a “spooky” Halloween story — not about a ghost, but about a rat that could speak. When Dickens grew to be a man he wrote down the tale as he remembered it. It makes a splendid Halloween story.

As you read aloud, try to make the story sound as “spooky” as possible. Select the paragraph that you think is most “scary.”

<sup>1</sup> **T**HERE was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a government shipyard, and his name was Chips. And his father’s name before him was Chips, and *his* father’s name before *him* was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father sold himself to the devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails, and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails, and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak: and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long, long time.

<sup>2</sup> So, one day, when young Chips was at work in the dock-slip all alone, down in the dark hold of a

ship that was hauled up for repairs, the devil presented himself, and remarked:



"A lemon has pips,<sup>o</sup>  
And a yard has ships,  
And I'll have Chips!"



Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terribly great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes, showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak.

<sup>3</sup> So the devil said again:

"A lemon has pips,  
And a yard has ships,  
And I'll have Chips!"



Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work.

<sup>4</sup> "What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat that could speak.

"I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away," said Chips.

"But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak: "and we'll let in the water and drown the crew, and we'll eat them too."

Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he could n't keep his eyes off the half ton of copper or

the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can.

<sup>5</sup> So the devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him."

Says Chips, "I like the copper and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat."

Says the devil, fiercely, "You can't have the metal without him — and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going."

Chips, afraid of losing the half ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us hold!" So, he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the devil vanished. Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot; but wherever he offered it for sale, the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain.

<sup>6</sup> So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and being at work in the yard one day with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled it full. Then he kept his eyes upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters<sup>o</sup> to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red-hot, and looking like red-hot glass instead of iron — yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said with a jeer:



"A lemon has pips,  
And a yard has ships  
And I'll have Chips!"



<sup>7</sup> Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him. The rat, answering his thought, said, "I will — like pitch!" Now, as the rat leaped out of the pot when it had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it would n't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came, and the dock-bell rang to stop work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat — not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat, he found another; and in his pocket handkerchief another; and in his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more.

<sup>8</sup> And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the yard that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's<sup>o</sup> daughter; and when he gave her a work-box he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns<sup>o</sup> were already twice put up — which the parish clerk remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman a large fat rat ran over the leaf.

<sup>9</sup> You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips, but all this was not the worst. He knew besides, what the rats were doing, wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud when he was at his club at night, "Oh! Keep the rats out of the convict's burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or,



"There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, other things of that sort. At last he was voted mad, and lost his work in the yard, and could get no other work.

<sup>10</sup> But King George wanted men, so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out of her, as he got near her, was the figure-head of the old ship where he had first seen the devil. She was called the Argonaut, and they rowed right under the bowsprit where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with a sheep-skin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat that could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too!"

<sup>11</sup> This ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to, and angels will never love you. The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equaled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the admiral. The admiral gave leave. Chips went down on his knees in the great state cabin.

<sup>12</sup> "Your honor, unless your honor, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the coffin!"

"Young man, your words are a madman's words."

"Your honor, no; they are nibbling us away."

"They?"

"Your honor, the dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your honor love your lady and your pet children?"

"Yes, my man, to be sure."

"Then, if you love them, make for the nearest shore, for at this moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight toward you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, see your lady and your children more."

"My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

<sup>13</sup> So, he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So, then he again asked leave to speak to the admiral. The admiral gave leave. He went down on his knees in the great state cabin.

"Now, admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through at twelve to-night. So, you must die! — with me and all the rest!"

<sup>14</sup> And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing could stop it, and all went down, every living soul. And what the rats — being water-rats — left of Chips, at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when Chips's body touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of sea-weed on poor Chips. And if you get thirteen bits of sea-weed, and dry them well and burn them in the fire, they will go off like these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:



"A lemon has pips,  
And a yard has ships,  
And *I*'ve got Chips!"



<b>banns</b> <sup>8</sup> (bǎnz), notice of a coming marriage	<b>pips</b> , <sup>2</sup> seeds
<b>corn-chandler</b> <sup>8</sup> (chàn' dlēr), one who sells grain	<b>smelter</b> <sup>6</sup> (směl' tēr), man who works iron ore

1. What are a *shipwright*,<sup>1</sup> a *dock slip*,<sup>2</sup> and a *hold*? 2. Was there as much reason for the devil to have Chips as for a lemon to have seeds or a shipyard to have ships? Why? 3. Describe the scene when the devil appeared to Chips. 4. Why did he talk to Chips instead of to any other shipwright? 5. What did Chips not like about the bargain? Why did he make it?

6. How did the rats begin to haunt Chips? Why? What was the result? 7. How did he get his last job? How did he feel about it?

8. Let two pupils read the dialogue between Chips and the Admiral in section 12. 9. Read the story aloud in relay to another class. Try to make a "scary" effect. 10. Read Browning's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" or Southey's "The Bishop of Hatto."

11. Oral or written composition: Make up a Halloween adventure about a pumpkin and a rat, and illustrate it with cut-outs or drawings, 12. Arrange a Halloween program. (Manual.)

## LOKI'S CHILDREN

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

People of ancient times had queer ideas about how the world was formed. In this story you will go into a strange world of gods and monsters, but you will find that the gods were just human beings made big, and the monsters were things in nature that these early people did not understand — as we do — and therefore greatly feared.

Pronounce the following words carefully several times and then they will not puzzle you after you begin to read:

**Æsir** (ē' sīr)

**Asgard** (ās' gärd)

**Balder** (bôl' dēr)

**Fenrir** (fěn' rēr)

**Frey** (frā)

**Hela** (hěl' ä)

Jotunheim (yō' tōon hām)  
 Loki (lō' kē)  
 Midgard (mīd' gārd)  
 Niflheim (nēv' 'l hām)  
 Norn (nōrn)  
 Odin (ō' dīn)  
 Ragnarok (rāg' nā rûk')

Skirnir (skīr' nīr)  
 Thor (thōr)  
 Týr (tēr)  
 Utgard (ōōt' gārd)  
 Valhalla (vāl hāl' ā)  
 Valkerie (vāl kēr' ĭ)  
 Yggdrasil (īg' drā sīl)

Read silently. Decide which god you admire the most:

# I. THE QUEST OF THE MONSTERS



RED LOKI, the wickedest of all the Æsir, had done something of which he was very much ashamed. He had married a giantess, the ugliest, fiercest, most dreadful giantess that ever lived; and of course he wanted no one to find out what he had done, for he knew that Father Odin would be angry with him for having wedded one of the enemies of the Æsir, and that his brothers would not be grateful to him for giving them a sister-in-law so hideous.

<sup>2</sup> But at last All-Father found out the secret that Loki had been hiding for years. Worst of all, he found that Loki and the giantess had three ugly children hidden away in the dark places of the earth, — three children of whom Loki was even more ashamed than of their mother, though he loved them too. For two of them were the most terrible monsters which time had ever seen. Hela his daughter was the least ugly of the three, though one could scarcely call her attractive. She was half black and half white, which must have looked very strange; and she was not easily mistaken by any one who chanced to see her, you can well understand. The very sight of her caused terror and death to him who gazed upon her.



<sup>3</sup> But the other two! One was an enormous wolf, with long fierce teeth and flashing red eyes. And the other was a scaly, slimy, horrible serpent, huger than any serpent that ever lived, and a hundred times more ferocious. Can you wonder that Loki was ashamed of such children as these? The wonder is, how he could find anything about them to love. But Loki's heart loved evil in secret, and it was the evil in these three children of his which made them so ugly.

<sup>4</sup> Now when Odin discovered that three such monsters had been living in the world without his knowledge, he was both angry and anxious, for he knew that these children of mischievous Loki and his wicked giantess-wife were dangerous to the peace of Asgard. He consulted the Norns, the three wise maidens who lived beside the Urdar-well, and who could see into the future to tell what things were to happen in coming years. And they bade him beware of Loki's children. They told him that the three monsters would bring great sorrow upon Asgard, for the giantess their mother would teach them all her hatred of Odin's race, while they would have their father's sly wisdom to help them in all mischief. So Odin knew that his fears had warned him truly. Something must be done to prevent the dangers which threatened Asgard. Something must be done to keep the three out of mischief.

<sup>5</sup> Father Odin sent for all the gods, and bade them go forth over the world, find the children of Loki in the secret places where they were hidden, and bring them to him. Then the Æsir mounted their horses and set out on their difficult errand. They scoured Asgard, Midgard the world of men, Utgard and Jotunheim where the giants lived. And at last they found the three horrible creatures hiding in their mother's cave.

They dragged them forth and took them up to Asgard, before Odin's high throne.

<sup>6</sup> Now All-Father had been considering what should be done with the three monsters, and when they came, his mind was made up. Hela, the daughter, was less evil than the other two, but her face was dark and gloomy, and she brought death to those who looked upon her. She must be prisoned out of sight in some far place, where her sad eyes could not look sorrow into men's lives and death into their hearts. So he sent her down, down into the dark, cold land of Niflheim, which lay below one root of the great tree Yggdrasil. Here she must live forever and ever.

<sup>7</sup> And, because she was not wholly bad, Odin made her queen of that land, and for her subjects she was to have all the folk who died upon the earth, — except the heroes who perished in battle; for these the Valkyries carried straight to Valhalla in Asgard. But all who died of sickness or of old age, all who met their deaths through accident or men's cruelty, were sent to Queen Hela, who gave them lodgings in her gloomy palace. Vast was her kingdom, huge as nine worlds, and it was surrounded by a high wall, so that no one who had once gone thither could ever return. And here thenceforth Loki's daughter reigned among the shadows, herself half shadow and half light, half good and half bad.

<sup>8</sup> But the Midgard serpent was a more dangerous beast even than Death. Odin frowned when he looked upon this monster writhing before his throne. He seized the scaly length in his mighty arms and hurled it forth over the wall of Asgard. Down, down went the great serpent, twisting and twirling as he fell, while all the sky was black with the smoke from his nostrils, and the sound of his hissing made every creature tremble.

Down, down he fell with a great splash into the deep ocean which surrounded the world. There he lay writhing and squirming, growing always larger and larger, until he was so huge that he stretched like a ring about the whole earth, with his tail in his mouth, and his wicked eyes glaring up through the water towards Asgard which he hated.

<sup>9</sup> Sometimes he heaved himself up, great body and all, trying to escape from the ocean which was his prison. At those times there were great waves in the sea, snow and stormy winds and rain upon the earth, and every one would be filled with fear lest he escape and bring horrors to pass. But he was never able to drag out his whole hideous length. For the evil in him had grown with his growth; and a weight of evil is the heaviest of all things to lift.

<sup>10</sup> The third monster was the Fenris-wolf, and this was the most dreadful of the three. He was so terrible that at first Father Odin decided not to let him out of his sight. He lived in Asgard then, among the Æsir. Only Týr the brave had courage enough to give him food. Day by day he grew huger and huger, fiercer and fiercer, and finally, when All-Father saw how mighty he had become, and how he bid fair to bring destruction upon all Asgard if he were allowed to prowl and growl about as he saw fit, Odin resolved to have the beast chained up.

1. Which monsters were the gods seeking? Why? 2. Read aloud the paragraphs that describe them. Why were they so ugly? 3. Which do you think was the most terrible? Why? 4. Give Odin's reasons for punishing Hela as he did. 5. How was the serpent punished? 6. What did they do with the wolf? Why?

7. Write on the board the words from the beginning of the selection and put beside each the numbers of the sections that tell something about the word. See who are quickest to find the references and to read them aloud. (Manual.)

## II. HOW TÝR SAVED ASGARD

<sup>11</sup> **T**HE Æsir then went to their smithies and forged a long, strong chain which they thought no living creature could break. They took it to the wolf to try its strength, and he, looking sidewise, chuckled to himself and let them do what they would with him. But as soon as he stretched himself, the chain burst into a thousand pieces, as if it were made of twine. Then the Æsir hurried away and made another chain, far, far stronger than the first.

<sup>12</sup> "If you can break this, O Fenrir," they said, "you will be famous indeed."

Again the wolf blinked at his chain; again he chuckled and let them fasten him without a struggle, for he knew that his own strength had been increased since he broke the other. As soon as the chain was fastened, he shook his great shoulders, kicked his mighty legs, and — snap! — the links of the chain went whirling far and wide, and once more the fierce beast was free.

<sup>13</sup> Then the Æsir were alarmed for fear that they would never be able to make a chain mighty enough to hold the wolf, who was growing stronger every minute; but they sent Skirnir, Frey's trusty messenger, to the land of the dwarfs for help. "Make us a chain," was the message he bore from the Æsir, — "make us a chain stronger than any chain that was ever forged; for the Fenris-wolf must be captured and bound, or all the world must pay the penalty."

<sup>14</sup> The dwarfs were the finest workmen in the world, as the Æsir knew; for it was they who made Thor's hammer, and Odin's spear, and Balder's famous ship, besides many other wondrous things that you remember. So when Skirnir gave them the message, they set to



work with their little hammers and anvils, and before long they had welded a wonderful chain, such as no man had ever before seen. Strange things went to the making of it, — the sound of a cat's footsteps, the roots of a mountain, a bear's sinews, a fish's breath, and other magic materials that only the dwarfs knew how to put together; and the result was a chain as soft and twistable as a silken cord, but stronger than an iron cable.

<sup>15</sup> With this chain Skirnir galloped back to Asgard, and with it the gods were sure of chaining Fenrir; but they meant to go about the business slyly, so that the wolf should not suspect the danger which was so near.

"Ho, Fenrir!" they cried. "Here is a new chain for you. Do you think you can snap this as easily as you did the last? We warn you that it is stronger than it looks." They handed it about from one to another, each trying to break the links, but in vain. The wolf watched them disdainfully.

"Pooh! There is little honor in breaking a thread so slender!" he said. "I know that I could snap it with one bite of my big teeth. But there may be some trick about it; I will not let it bind my feet, — not I."

<sup>16</sup> "Oho!" cried the Æsir. "He is afraid! He fears that we shall bind him in cords that he cannot loose. But see how slender the chain is. Surely, if you could burst the chain of iron, O Fenrir, you could break this far more easily." Still the wolf shook his head, and refused to let them fasten him, suspecting some trick. "But even if you find that you cannot break our chain," they said, "you need not be afraid. We shall set you free again."

<sup>17</sup> "Set me free!" growled the wolf. "Yes, you will set me free at the end of the world, — not before! I know your ways, O Æsir; and if you are able to bind me so fast that I cannot free myself, I shall wait long to have the chain made loose. But no one shall call me coward. If one of you will place his hand in my mouth and hold it there while the others bind me, I will let the chain be fastened."

<sup>18</sup> The gods looked at one another, their mouths drooping. Who would do this thing and bear the fury of the angry wolf when he should find himself tricked and captured? Yet this was their only chance to bind the monster and protect Asgard from danger. At last bold Týr stepped forward, the bravest of all the Æsir.

"Open your mouth, Fenrir," he cried, with a laugh. "I will pledge my hand to the trial."

<sup>19</sup> Then the wolf yawned his great jaws, and Týr thrust in his good right hand, knowing full well that he was to lose it in the game. The Æsir stepped up with the dwarfs' magic chain, and Fenrir let them fasten it about his feet. But when the bonds were drawn tight, he began to struggle; and the more he tugged, the tighter drew the chain, so that he soon saw himself to be entrapped. Then how he writhed and kicked, howled and growled, in his terrible rage! How the heavens trembled and the earth shook below! The Æsir set up a laugh to see him so helpless — all except Týr; for at the first sound of laughter the wolf shut his great mouth with a click, and poor brave Týr had lost the right hand which had done so many heroic deeds in battle, and which would never again wave sword before the warriors whom he loved. But great was the honor which he won that day, for without his generous deed the Fenris-wolf could never have been captured.

<sup>20</sup> And now the monster was safely secured by the strong chain which the dwarfs had made, and all his struggles to be free were in vain, for they only bound the silken rope all the tighter. The Æsir took one end of the chain and fastened it through a big rock which they planted far down in the earth, as far as they could drive it with a huge hammer of stone. Into the wolf's great mouth they thrust a sword crosswise, so that the hilt pierced his lower jaw while the point stuck through the upper one; and there in the heart of the world he lay howling and growling, but quite unable to move.

<sup>21</sup> Only the foam which dripped from his angry jaws trickled away and over the earth until it formed a mighty river; from his wicked mouth also came smoke and fire, and the sound of his horrible growls. And when men hear this and see this they run away as fast as they can, for they know that danger still lurks near where the Fenris-wolf lies chained in the depths of the earth; and here he will lie until Ragnarök, — until the end of all things.

8. How did the Æsir trick the Wolf? Show that he had some of Loki's cunning. 9. Who was the bravest of the gods? Why? Where had he been brave before? 10. How else might a hero sacrifice himself deliberately to save others or to protect his home? 11. Compare the Wolf's fate with that of the other monsters. 12. Which monsters would cause storms at sea and eruptions of volcanoes?

13. On the board write the additional section references for the words on page 155. 14. What common words are formed from *Odin*, *Thor*, *Týr*, and *Frigga*? (See the unabridged dictionary.)

15. Dramatize (a) the scene with the dwarfs, and (b) the scene with the Wolf. (Manual.) 16. Act out the play for the Christmas program. (Manual.) 17. Make cut-outs of the characters in the play. 18. Get at the library Brown's *In the Days of Giants* or Mabie's *Norse Myths*, and read more adventures of these Norse gods.

## HOW THE CLIFFERS WON

SAMUEL MERWIN

There is nothing more exciting for boys or girls than a championship game between two schools. This is particularly true if you are in it. In this story imagine that you are one of the "Cliffers," some friend of Ole Anderson. If you have never played the game of Hare and Hounds this story will make you want to go out right away and try it.

<sup>1</sup> No account of the first hare-and-hounds run between the Cliff School and the Town School appeared in the papers. I am not sure that any one outside the town even heard of it, except perhaps a few dozen interested families.

<sup>2</sup> To say that there was rivalry between the Cliff School and the Town School would be overstating the case. A group of fourteen boys of all ages and sizes, with only four of them in long trousers, could hardly aspire to rivalry with a school sixty strong, nearly all big fellows with cadet uniforms and a military walk. In football and baseball the "Cliffers" could not of course expect to compete successfully with the "Town-ers"; in track sports, without a trainer, they could not hope to do better. And so, until little Ole Anderson came among them from far-off Minnesota, they had submitted with outward meekness but with inward wrath to the slights, the jeers, and even the contempt of the big fellows down the hill.

<sup>3</sup> Ole Anderson's name, as well as his tow-colored<sup>o</sup> hair, betrayed him. The blood of a race of northern ski runners was in Ole Anderson.



He had not been in the school two weeks before the ignominy<sup>o</sup> of his position as a "Cliffer" was weighing so hard upon him that he felt impelled to speak out. So he called a meeting.

<sup>4</sup> "Look here, fellows," he said, "we can't beat them at football or baseball or track, — we all know that, — but I'd like to get them out for a paper chase and let them see what they can do to us."

The other boys looked at one another.

"How would you fix it," asked Joe Morris, "so's to make a fair match of it?"

<sup>5</sup> "Well, now, look here," Ole answered, drawing out a paper, "we can have two runs, a week apart. One time they can be the hares and we the hounds, and the next time we'll turn about. The team of hares that makes the best time over the hounds wins. Now, listen — see if you think they'd agree to these rules."

<sup>6</sup> He read the list, which he had carefully worded after studying several official rule books:

1. There shall be two hares and six hounds; the hares to have eight minutes' start of the hounds.

2. The hares must not return before one hour from the time of starting.

3. The hares shall run together; or if for any reason they shall separate, only one may drop scent while they are so separated.

4. Scent shall be dropped as often as every five steps.

5. Scent may be dropped behind trees or bushes, but not hidden under anything, or by putting anything over it.

6. The hounds must follow the trail unless they actually sight the hares, in which case they may leave the

trail and run for the hares. If the hounds catch the hares before they have got back to the starting point, the run is over.

<sup>7</sup> The other boys gradually woke up during this reading. At the close they unanimously <sup>o</sup> accepted the rules, elected Ole captain, and named him, with Joe Morris, a committee to lay the matter before the "Townners." The "Townners" took it as a joke, of course. Billy Benjamin, the captain of the football team and their leader, looked over the paper with the courteous smile of a very big boy who wishes to be moderately polite to some little boys. At last Benjamin said that his fellows would talk it over and let them know.

<sup>8</sup> There was a second meeting in the following week, at which the "Townners" accepted Ole's rules without question. Their minds were too full of plans for the Nyack football game to give much attention to a paper chase with the youngsters up the hill. They tossed a coin, and Benjamin, who won, chose the hares for the first run. In each run the hares were to start from their own school building.

<sup>9</sup> After that Ole set his boys to running every day after school, and he was soon able to choose the four best. Those, with Joe and himself, would serve as the hounds for the first run; he and Joe would be the hares for the second. When he had chosen his runners, Ole led them out every day through woods and swamps. He taught them to count on their second wind, to run on as hard as ever after they had lost it, and to finish with a quarter-mile spurt for the school. In this way they got into good form.

It was hard work, and they came back day after day with their legs wet to the knees, with their clothes torn

and their hands and faces scratched, but their lungs were developing and their confidence was increasing.

<sup>10</sup> The Cliff School is set a little back from the Palisades of the Hudson on a plateau about a mile wide, four hundred feet above the river on one side, and nearly as high above the New Jersey flats on the other. On the river side the cliff drops straight for two hundred feet; below that a steep slope of chipped rock descends to the river road.

From the river steamer the cliff looks like a smooth fall of rock, but it is really cut up into scores of narrow ledges and gorges, overgrown with cedars. The slope of rock below is nearly free from growth. The top of the plateau is covered with woods, in some places so swampy as to be almost impassable.

A mile west of the river the plateau slopes gradually down to the flats, and on that slope are the town and the Town School.

<sup>11</sup> Through and through the woods on the plateau the "Cliffers" ran, until they knew every glade and hollow, every swamp and thicket and woodland path. At other times Ole and Joe went off alone, sometimes with a short coil of light rope that soon began to show signs of hard wear. When the younger boys grew curious about the rope, the conspirators smiled.

<sup>12</sup> The first run came on a raw, foggy Saturday morning. Benjamin had chosen for hares two of his football substitutes, for he wished to save his better players for the game in the afternoon. Only a few of the "Towners" turned out to see the start. After explaining to the Cliff School "rooters" that the result of the contest was a foregone conclusion,<sup>o</sup> they proceeded to chaff<sup>o</sup> the six hounds who had appeared clad in sweaters and knickerbockers.

<sup>13</sup> The run was hard, with little to make it interesting. The hares were shrewd enough to keep on the lower slopes of the hill, where the fog was thicker than on the higher ground; and for an hour and a half they led the hounds a breathless chase through streets and alleys and woods. They wound up with a long circle through the ravines near the cliffs.

But the hounds stuck close to the paper scent. Ole had drilled them to run abreast in open order whenever they were free of streets and fences. Thus they made a line that covered some fifty yards, and one or another of them was sure to pick up the trail.

<sup>14</sup> Perhaps the hares were a little over-confident, perhaps they relied a little too much on their false leads. Whatever the cause, they had been back at the school only four minutes, and were recovering their breath and joking with the group of boys that had been waiting for them, when Ole and Joe, with their little band close behind, came charging up the street and flung themselves on the steps. The laughter of the hares gave place to surprise, and one or two "Town-ers" found themselves saying, "Well run!"

<sup>15</sup> The little fellows went home rejoicing, for they believed that they had overcome the scorn of the "Town-ers." They were sure of it the next Saturday, when they saw Billy Benjamin himself trotting up the hill at the head of five of his fastest men, all hatless and dressed for hard work. More than thirty interested "Town-ers," big and little, came with them.

"You've got to do some lively work to come in ahead of that team, Ole," said little Harry Wilson, who was one of the timekeepers.

<sup>16</sup> But Ole only grinned and nodded. Every day for a week he and Joe had been over the course. His rope



was wound round his waist outside his sweater. Joe had wanted to conceal it, but Ole had refused.

"No," he had said, "let them see it. They can't object to our carrying it, because they're all tall enough to get along without it."

<sup>17</sup> The two timekeepers, one from each school, compared watches. Ole and Joe swung the bags of paper over their shoulders. A moment more and they were off, running at a good pace into the woods north of the school, and the chase that was to decide the supremacy for the year had begun. If the hares could beat the hounds by more than four minutes, the "Cliffers" would be the winners.

"They can't keep up that pace long," one of the hounds remarked. "We'll take a steady jog and tire them out."

"I don't know," Benjamin replied; "they pretty nearly fooled us last week."

<sup>18</sup> But the hares knew just how long they could hold the pace. They ran a few hundred yards north at almost full speed. Then, when they had reached a point beyond the bend in Forest Avenue where they could cross the road to the east without being seen from the school, Joe sat down on a log while Ole ran on in a curve toward the town and laid a false scent to entice the hounds over the wrong trail.

<sup>19</sup> He was back in a moment, and they turned eastward, dropping the trail on the north side of trees and bushes so that the hounds, running on in the original direction, would have to look behind them to see it. They crossed the road and plunged straight through the thickets toward the brook. Here and there were winding openings or narrow, half-concealed paths that served them well. They were running hard, and just before

they reached the brook Ole was glad to snatch a short rest while Joe laid another false trail along the brook and into the swamp a little way to the north. Then they went on again, crawling through thickets, jumping fallen trees, and wading pools.

<sup>20</sup> Extending east and west between an overgrown wood road and Cliff Avenue, which runs parallel with the Palisades, was a barbed-wire fence three or four hundred feet long. It is not a simple matter to climb eight strands of barbed wire, and Ole meant to give the hounds their fill of it. He and Joe took opposite sides of the fence. First Ole ran off a hundred yards to the south with a false trail, and then swept round to the fence again, where Joe, who had been trotting along on his side, took it up and repeated the performance to the north. Another hundred yards and he was back at the fence, and Ole took it up again. The two boys finally met at the end of the fence on the avenue.

<sup>21</sup> Thus the trail crossed the fence three times, and the hounds had either to spread out and search over a path two hundred yards wide, or to climb the fence each time the trail crossed it, whereas the hares from the Cliff School had lost little time and less breath in the maneuver.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Some little way up the avenue were the ruined walls of an unfinished monastery, now fallen into heaps of moss-grown stone and overrun with bushes and young trees. Here the boys meant to take a rest to prepare for the hard work ahead. Accordingly, Joe crawled in behind the stones a few yards off the road, while Ole continued the trail on up the avenue. He soon returned and lay down beside Joe, where they rested, hidden from view.

They waited for a long time. Benjamin was plainly finding his hands full. At last they began to hear faint shouts off in the woods.

"They've got to the fence," said Joe.

Ole, who lay comfortably on a pile of leaves with his hands behind his head, grinned.

"Lie low, Joe. They can't see us in these bushes unless they come right in here."

<sup>23</sup> A long time passed. The shouts were now farther, now nearer, now not to be heard at all. But at last the sound of feet came from far down the road, and the hares, peering out through the leaves, saw the hounds go by in a long, straggling line, all sadly blown<sup>o</sup> from a mile and a half of the hardest kind of running.

<sup>24</sup> "All right," said Joe, when the hounds had passed out of sight up the avenue. The boys ran across the road and through the strip of woods on the farther side to the edge of the Palisades. Ole dropped a false scent a little way to the south, to make the hounds think they had turned off. Then with a glance at the river below, which lay blue and glistening in the sun, they dropped over the edge.

Five feet below the exposed roots of a cedar that clung to the edge of the cliff there was a narrow ledge. There the two hares paused only long enough to drop a handful of scent. Then Ole doubled his rope round another tree, and they slid down to a second ledge, and drew the rope after them.

<sup>25</sup> So they went, from tree to tree and ledge to ledge, now crawling like monkeys along the face of the cliff, now sliding down another six feet or so. Benjamin and his hounds who were blundering through the woods shouting and hallooing and trying desperately to pick

up the lost trail could not possibly have discovered them, for the cedars and other trees screened Ole and Joe from view from above. At last, after hard scrambling, the two hares reached the long, steep slope at the foot of the cliff.

"They could see us here," said Joe, looking down over the open slope toward the trees that line the river road, "but we're all right as soon as we get under those trees."

"Never mind," said Ole, "we've got to risk it. Here goes!"

<sup>26</sup> Knotting the rope again round his waist, he was off with seven-league° strides. Ploughing up the shelving surface as he went down, he sent a dozen small avalanches rattling to the bottom. Joe took a slightly different course in order not to send any stones after Ole. But in spite of the noise the boys made they were safe enough from discovery, for the breathless hounds were running to and fro on both sides of the avenue, searching for scent where there was no scent. When they thought of looking over the cliff, the hares were safe in the shelter of the trees along the river road.

<sup>27</sup> Ole and Joe had fully two miles to go, along the river road and up the zigzagging path that led to the top of the cliffs, and then another long mile back to the school, but they were in full feather after their long rest at the monastery, and they took the run up the hill in splendid fashion.

After reaching the top of the cliff they ran a little way along the road and then headed straight through the wood toward the school. They kept half a mile south of their outward trail in order to evade any wandering hounds.



<sup>28</sup> They reached the school after a fine spurt through the brush, one hour and twenty-two minutes after the start. The boys had blankets ready for them, and muffled like Indians, Ole and Joe sat down on the steps, the center of a waiting group.

Two minutes passed, three minutes, four minutes. The timekeepers held their watches together, and then turned.

<sup>29</sup> "Well, fellows, we've won!" said Harry Wilson, with a grin. A dozen "Cliffers" threw up their hats and gave their yell as lustily<sup>o</sup> as such a very small crowd could give it. The "Towners" gave three listless<sup>o</sup> cheers by way of courtesy, and perhaps by way of hiding their feelings.

For two youngsters had beaten Billy Benjamin and his five best men, flatly beaten them, and there was no excuse to offer. Ole and Joe now got up and went in for a shower bath. In half an hour they were out again, but still there was no sign of the hounds from the Town School.

<sup>30</sup> At last, one hour and six minutes after the hares had returned, Benjamin and his five hounds, all very red in the face, all breathing very hard, came trotting out of the woods from the northeast and crossed the road.

When Benjamin saw the hares, washed and combed and neatly dressed and sitting down with the spectators, he swallowed hard.

"Well, Anderson," he said to Ole, "you seem to have it. We lost the scent over by the monastery. Where did you go?"

"Oh, we took the river road."

"The river road!" Benjamin exclaimed. "How did you get to it?"

"We went down the Palisades."

<sup>31</sup> Benjamin looked at his five hounds, and the five hounds who were lying about the ground in all stages of exhaustion looked at Benjamin. Then the captain had grace enough to smile a little.

"Well," said he, "you have won out. But if you care to make the run a regular thing, I'd like to challenge you to another for next year."

"I don't know of anything against it," Ole replied, with all the dignity he could scrape together. "I'll propose it at the next meeting and let you know."

"I wish you would," said Benjamin.

And then the six beaten hounds, followed in silence by their thirty supporters, went slowly down the hill toward the Town School.

**blown**, <sup>23</sup> out of breath  
**chaff** <sup>12</sup> (cháf), make fun of  
**foregone conclusion**, <sup>12</sup> a result  
 bound to happen  
**ignominy** <sup>3</sup> (ig' nõ mĩn ĩ), disgrace  
**league** <sup>26</sup> (lēg), several miles

**listless** <sup>29</sup> (lĩst' lěs), without spirit  
**lustily** <sup>29</sup> (lűs' tĩ lĩ), heartily  
**maneuver** <sup>21</sup> (mā nōō' vēr), a trick  
**tow-colored** <sup>3</sup> (tō), color of rope  
**unanimously** <sup>7</sup> (ũ nān' ĩ műs lĩ),  
 with the consent of all

1. How is the game of Hare and Hounds played? 2. Which school do you favor? Why? 3. Repeat the rules that the Clifiers drew up. Why was each necessary? 4. What is the best way to train for such a game? 5. Give instances to show that the Clifiers played fair. 6. Why did they win the first match so easily?

7. What differences were there between the second match and the first? 8. What maneuver did the Clifiers use? Where did they lay false scents? Why was each of these good? 9. What effect would this championship game have on both schools? What other games could rival schools play?

10. Draw a map and put on it the run of the Cliff School hares. 11. Draw up a set of rules for a Hare and Hounds Game. 12. Write a challenge and send the best to another class or school. 13. Hold a Hare and Hounds Match on a Saturday holiday.

## THE WIT° OF A DUCK

JOHN BURROUGHS

John Burroughs always finds something interesting in animals. Who would think that a common duck could show the smartness that the naturalist tells about in this story!

As you read silently, see how many different things you like about this duck:

<sup>1</sup> **T**HE homing instinct° in birds and animals is one of their most remarkable traits: their strong local attachments and their skill in finding their way back when removed to a distance. It seems at times as if they possessed some extra sense — the home sense — which operates unerringly. I saw this illustrated one spring in the case of a mallard drake.°

<sup>2</sup> My son had two ducks, and to mate with them he procured a drake of a neighbor who lived two miles south of us. He brought the drake home in a bag. The bird had no opportunity to see the road along which it was carried, or to get the general direction, except at the time of starting, when the boy carried him a few rods openly.

<sup>3</sup> He was placed with the ducks in a spring run, under a tree in a secluded place on the river slope, about a hundred yards from the highway. The two ducks treated him very contemptuously. It was easy to see that the drake was homesick from the first hour, and he soon left the presence of the scornful ducks.

<sup>4</sup> Then we shut the three in the barn together, and kept them there a day and a night. Still the friendship did not ripen; the ducks and the drake separated the

moment we let them out. Left to himself, the drake at once turned his head homeward, and started up the hill for the highway.

<sup>5</sup> Then we shut the trio<sup>o</sup> up together again for a couple of days, but with the same results as before. There seemed to be but one thought in the mind of the drake, and that was home.

<sup>6</sup> Several times we headed him off and brought him back, till finally on the third or fourth day I said to my son, "If that drake is really bound to go home, he shall have an opportunity to make the trial, and I will go with him to see that he has fair play." We withdrew, and the homesick mallard started up through the currant patch, then through the vineyard toward the highway which he had never seen.

<sup>7</sup> When he reached the fence, he followed it south till he came to the open gate, where he took to the road as confidently as if he knew for a certainty that it would lead him straight to his mate. How eagerly he paddled along, glancing right and left, and increasing his speed at every step! I kept about fifty yards behind him. Presently he met a dog; he paused and eyed the animal for a moment, and then turned to the right along a road which diverged just at that point, and which led to the railroad station. I followed, thinking the drake would soon lose his bearings,<sup>o</sup> and get hopelessly confused in the tangle of roads that converged<sup>o</sup> at the station.

<sup>8</sup> But he seemed to have an exact map of the country in his mind; he soon left the station road, went around a house, through a vineyard, till he struck a stone fence that crossed his course at right angles; this he followed eastward till it was joined by a barbed wire fence, under which he passed and again entered the highway he had



first taken. Then down the road he paddled with renewed confidence: under the trees, down a hill, through a grove, over a bridge, up the hill again toward home.

<sup>9</sup> Presently he found his clue cut in two by the railroad track; this was something he had never before seen; he paused, glanced up it, then down it, then at the highway across it, and quickly concluded this last was his course. On he went again, faster and faster.

<sup>10</sup> He had now gone half the distance, and was getting tired. A little pool of water by the roadside caught his eye. Into it he plunged, bathed, drank, preened his plumage for a few moments, and then started homeward again. He knew his home was on the upper side of the road, for he kept his eye bent in that direction, scanning the fields. Twice he stopped, stretched himself up, and scanned the landscape intently; then on again. It seemed as if an invisible cord was attached to him, and he was being pulled down the road.

<sup>11</sup> Just opposite a farm lane which led up to a group of farm buildings, and which did indeed look like his home lane, he paused and seemed to be debating with himself. Two women just then came along; they lifted and flirted their skirts, for it was raining, and this disturbed him and decided him to take to the farm lane. Up the lane he went, rather doubtfully, I thought.

<sup>12</sup> In a few moments it brought him into a barnyard, where a group of hens caught his eye. Evidently he was on good terms with hens at home, for he made up to these eagerly as if to tell them his troubles; but the hens knew not ducks; they withdrew suspiciously, then assumed a threatening attitude, till one old "dominic" ° put up her feathers and charged upon him viciously.

<sup>13</sup> Again he tried to make up to them, quacking softly, and again he was repulsed. Then the cattle in the yard spied this strange creature and came sniffing toward it, full of curiosity.

<sup>14</sup> The drake quickly concluded he had got into the wrong place, and turned his face southward again. Through the fence he went into a ploughed field. Presently another stone fence crossed his path; along this he again turned toward the highway. In a few minutes he found himself in a corner formed by the meeting of two stone fences. Then he turned appealingly to me, uttering the soft note of the mallard. To use his wings never seemed to cross his mind.

<sup>15</sup> Well, I am bound to confess that I helped the drake over the wall, but I sat him down in the road as impartially as I could. How well his pink feet knew the course! How they flew up the road! His green head and white throat fairly twinkled under the long avenue of oaks and chestnuts.

<sup>16</sup> At last we came in sight of the home lane, which led up to the farmhouse one hundred or more yards from the road. I was curious to see if he would recognize the place. At the gate leading into the lane he paused. He had just gone up a lane that looked like that and had been disappointed. What should he do now? Truth compels me to say that he overshot the mark:° he kept on hesitatingly along the highway.

<sup>17</sup> It was now nearly night. I felt sure the duck would soon discover his mistake, but I had not time to watch the experiment further. I went around the drake and turned him back. As he neared the lane this time he seemed suddenly to see some familiar landmark, and he rushed up it at the top of his speed. His joy and eagerness were almost pathetic.

<sup>18</sup> I followed close. Into the house yard he rushed with uplifted wings, and fell down almost exhausted by the side of his mate. A half hour later the two were nipping the grass together in the pasture, and he, I have no doubt, was eagerly telling her of his adventures.

converged <sup>7</sup> (kǒn vûrjd'), came nearer together	lose his bearings, <sup>7</sup> become mixed up
dominic <sup>12</sup> (dǒm' ĭ nĭk), nickname for a hen	mallard drake <sup>1</sup> (mǎl' árd), the male has a greenish-black head and neck, white collar, chestnut breast, grayish-brown back, purple on wings, and grayish-white under-parts
trio <sup>5</sup> (trē' ō), three	
wit, good sense	
homing instinct <sup>1</sup> (hōm' ĭng ĭn'-stĭŋkt), ability to find the way home	overshot the mark, <sup>16</sup> went too far

1. Read aloud the paragraph that describes the "homing instinct." Write on the board three other expressions that mean the same thing. 2. In what different ways did Mr. Burroughs and his son try to make the drake forget his home?

3. Trace out in class, from memory, the journey back. 4. Which things puzzled the drake? 5. Where did he show his wit? 6. Who treated him badly? 7. How did he behave when he reached home?

8. Class composition: Pretend to be the Drake telling his adventures to the Duck. Use the above words in your story. The teacher will write on the board the best sentences as you select them. 9. Draw and color a picture of the Drake meeting the Dog. (See *Mallard*, dictionary.)

## TOM

### CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON



F all the animals that have become friends of man none is so faithful as the dog. Again and again we read of a pet dog's jumping into the water and rescuing his master. In war times Red Cross dogs have done thrilling deeds of service and courage.

Why was this dog brave?

<sup>1</sup> **Y**ES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew,  
Just listen to this: —

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell  
through,

And I with it, helpless, — there, full in my view,  
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire  
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,<sup>o</sup>  
But Robin, my baby boy, laughing to see  
The shining? He must have come there after me.  
Toddled<sup>o</sup> alone from the cottage without  
Any one's missing him. Then what a shout —  
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,  
Save little Robin!"

<sup>2</sup> Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall,  
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,  
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!  
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."  
They could not see him, but I could; he sat  
Still on a beam,<sup>o</sup> his little straw hat  
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes  
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,  
Calm and unconscious,<sup>o</sup> as nearer it crept;  
The roar of the fire up above must have kept  
From reaching the child. But I heard it.

<sup>3</sup> It came,

Again and again. O God, what a cry!  
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly  
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat  
That scorched them, — when suddenly, there at their  
feet,

The great beam leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,  
Down came the wall! The men made a dash, —



Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought  
 “All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought  
 Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide  
 The sight of the child there, — when swift at my side  
 Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,  
 Straight as a dart, — caught the child and then came  
 Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!  
 Saved safe and sound!

4 Oh, how the men raved,<sup>o</sup>  
 Shouted and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all  
 Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall,  
 Where I was lying away from the fire,  
 Should fall in and bury me.

5 Oh! you’d admire<sup>o</sup>  
 To see Robin now; he’s as bright as a dime,  
 Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;  
 Tom, it was, saved him. Now, is n’t it true  
 Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?  
 There’s Robin now! See, he’s strong as a log!  
 And there comes Tom, too —

6 Yes, Tom was our dog.

**admire** <sup>5</sup> (ăd mīr’), be pleased  
**beam**, <sup>2</sup> timber in a building  
**nigher** <sup>1</sup> (nī’ ěr), nearer  
**rave** <sup>4</sup> (rāv), shout wildly

**toddle** <sup>1</sup> (tōd’ l), walk with short  
 steps, as a child  
**unconscious** <sup>2</sup> (ŭn kōn’ shŭs), not  
 knowing

1. Who tells this story? Where was she when it happened? 2. What picture did the mother see? 3. What prevented a rescue? Why? 4. How did the different people feel? 5. Who was the greatest hero? Why? 6. What good times could Tom and Robin have?

7. Practice reading the poem aloud to make the rest of the class see the thing as it happened.

8. Memorize the poem and let six pupils recite it in relay to the school. 9. Bring to class pictures of different dogs for a Dog Show. 10. Read “The Story of Old Scotch” in the Fourth Reader.

11. Oral or written composition: (a) Tell a story about another dog, or (b) Recommend Tom to the Red Cross for a medal.

## THE STREAM THAT RAN AWAY

MARY AUSTIN

Here is the story of a stream that played truant. There seemed to be no reason in the world for it to want to run away, for it had everything that a little stream could wish for.

As you read, get the two pictures, — the home of the stream before it ran away and the home of the stream when it came back. What made the difference?

<sup>1</sup> IN a short and shallow cañon° on the front of Oppapago<sup>+</sup> running eastward toward the sun, one may find a clear brown stream called the creek of Piñon\* Pines. That is not because it is unusual to find piñon trees on Oppapago, but because there are so few of them in the cañon of the stream. There are all sorts higher up on the slopes, — long-leaved yellow pines, thimble cones, tamarack,† silver fir and Douglas spruce; but here there is only a group of the low-heading, gray nut pines which the earliest inhabitants of that country called piñons.

<sup>2</sup> The cañon of Piñon Pines has a pleasant outlook and lies open to the sun, but there is not much other cause for the forest rangers° to remember it. At the upper end there is no more room by the stream border than will serve for a cattle trail; willows grow in it, choking the path of the water; there are brown birches here and ropes of white clematis‡ tangled over thickets of brier rose. Low down the ravine broadens out to inclose a meadow the width of a lark's flight, blossomy and wet and good. Here the stream ran once in a maze

<sup>+</sup> Oppapago<sup>1</sup> (öp pä pä' gō).

† tamarack<sup>1</sup> (tām' á rāk).

\* Piñon<sup>1</sup> (pē nyon').

‡ clematis<sup>2</sup> (klēm' á tīs), vine.

of soddy banks and watered all the ground, and afterward ran out at the cañon's mouth across the mesa° in a wash of bone-white boulders as far as it could. That was not very far, for it was a slender stream.

<sup>3</sup> It had its source really on the high crests and hollows of Oppapago, in the snow banks that melted and seeped downward through the rocks; but the stream did not know any more of that than you know of what happened to you before you were born, and could give no account of itself except that it crept out from under a great heap of rubble<sup>+</sup> far up in the cañon of the Piñon Pines. And because it had no pools in it deep enough for trout, and no trees on its borders but gray nut pines; because, try as it might, it could never get across the mesa to the town, the stream had fully made up its mind to run away.

<sup>4</sup> "Pray what good will that do you?" said the pines. "If you get to the town, they will turn you into an irrigating° ditch° and set you to watering crops."

"As to that," said the stream, "if I once get started I will not stop at the town."

<sup>5</sup> Then it would fret between its banks until the spangled frills of the mimulus\* were all tattered with its spray. Often at the end of the summer it was worn quite thin and small with running, and not able to do more than reach the meadow.

"But some day," it whispered to the stones, "I shall run quite away."

<sup>6</sup> If the stream had been inclined for it, there was no lack of good company on its own borders. Birds nested in the willows, rabbits came to drink; one summer a

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+ rubble <sup>3</sup> (rüb' 'l), mass of broken stones.

\* mimulus <sup>5</sup> (mīm' ū lŭs), a showy flower.

bobcat° made its lair° up the bank opposite the brown birches, and often deer fed in the meadow. Then there was a promise of better things. In the spring of one year two old men came up into the cañon of Piñon Pines. They had been miners and partners together for many years, they had grown rich and grown poor, and had seen many hard places and strange times. It was a day when the creek ran clear and the south wind smelled of the earth. Wild bees began to whine among the willows, and the meadow bloomed over with poppy-breasted larks.

<sup>7</sup> Then said one of the old men, "Here is good meadow and water enough; let us build a house and grow trees. We are too old to dig in the mines."

"Let us set about it," said the other; for that is the way with two who have been a long time together: what one thinks of, the other is for doing. So they brought their possessions and made a beginning that day, for they felt the spring come on warmly in their blood; they wished to dig in the earth and handle it.

<sup>8</sup> These two men who, in the mining camps where they were known, were called "Shorty" and "Long Tom," and had almost forgotten that they had other names, built a house by the water border and planted trees. Shorty was all for an orchard, but Long Tom preferred vegetables. So they did each what he liked, and were never so happy as when walking in the garden in the cool of the day, touching the growing things as they walked and praising each other's work.

<sup>9</sup> "This will make a good home for our old age," said Long Tom, "and when we die we can be buried here."

"Under the piñon pines," said Shorty. "I have marked out a place."



<sup>10</sup> So they were very happy for three years. By this time the stream had become so interested it had almost forgotten about running away. But every year it noted that a larger bit of the meadow was turned under and planted, and more and more the men made dams and ditches to govern its running.

"In fact," said the stream, "I am being made into an irrigating ditch before I have had my fling in the world. I really must make a start."

<sup>11</sup> That very winter by the help of a great storm it went roaring down the meadow over the mesa, and so clean away, with only a track of muddy sand to show the way it had gone. All the winter, however, Shorty and Long Tom brought water for drinking from a spring, and looked for the stream to come back. In the spring they hoped still, for that was the season they looked for the orchard to bear. But no fruit set on the trees, and the seeds Long Tom planted shriveled in the earth. So by the end of summer, when they saw that the water would not come back, they went sadly away.

<sup>12</sup> Now what happened to the creek of Piñon Pines is not very well known to any one, for the stream is not very clear on that point, except that it did not have a happy time. It went out in the world on the wings of the storm and was very much tossed about and mixed up with other waters, lost and bewildered. Everywhere it saw water at work, turning mills, watering fields, carrying trade, falling as hail, rain, and snow, and at the last, after many journeys, found itself creeping out from under the rocks of Oppapago in the cañon of Piñon Pines. Immediately the little stream knew itself and recalled all that had happened to it before.

<sup>13</sup> "After all, home is best," said the stream, and ran about in its choked channels looking for old friends.

The willows were there, but grown shabby and dying at the top; the birches were quite dead, but stood still in their places; and there was only rubbish where the white clematis had been. Even the rabbits had gone away. The little stream ran whimpering in the meadow, fumbling at the ruined ditches to comfort the fruit-trees which were not quite dead. It was very dull in those days living in the cañon of Piñon Pines.

<sup>14</sup> "But it is really my own fault," said the stream. So it went on repairing the borders with the best heart it could contrive.

<sup>15</sup> About the time the white clematis had come back to hide the ruin of the brown birches, a young man came and camped with his wife and child in the meadow. They were looking for a place to make a home. They looked long at the meadow, for Shorty and Long Tom had taken away their house and it did not appear to belong to any one.

<sup>16</sup> "What a charming place!" said the young wife, "just the right distance from town, and a stream all to ourselves. And look, there are fruit-trees already planted. Do let us decide to stay."

Then she took off the child's shoes and stockings to let it play in the stream. The water curled all about the bare feet and gurgled delightedly.

<sup>17</sup> "Ah, do stay," begged the happy water, "I can be such a help to you, for I know how a garden should be irrigated in the best manner."

The child laughed and stamped the water up to his bare knees. The young wife watched anxiously while her husband walked up and down the stream border and examined the fruit-trees.

<sup>18</sup> "It is a delightful place," he said, "and the soil is rich, but I am afraid the water cannot be depended

upon. There are signs of a great drought<sup>o</sup> within the last two or three years. Look, there is a clump of birches in the very path of the stream, but all dead; and the largest limbs of the fruit-trees have died. In this country one must be able to make sure of the water supply. I suppose the people who planted them must have abandoned the place when the stream went dry. We must go on farther."

<sup>19</sup> So they took their goods and the child and went on farther.

<sup>20</sup> "Ah, well," said the stream, "that is what is to be expected when one has a reputation for neglecting one's duty. But I wish they had stayed. That baby and I understood each other."

<sup>21</sup> He had quite made up his mind not to run away again, though he could not be expected to be quite cheerful after all that had happened; in fact, if you go yourself to the cañon of the Piñon Pines you will notice that the stream, where it goes brokenly about the meadow, has quite a mournful sound.

**bobcat**,<sup>6</sup> a wild cat

**cañon**<sup>1</sup> (kǎn' yǎn), the deep valley-bed of a stream

**ditch**<sup>4</sup> (dích), a trench to hold water

**drought**<sup>18</sup> (drout), want of water

**irrigating**<sup>4</sup> (ir' i gāt' ing), watering

**lair**<sup>6</sup> (lâr), a den

**mesa**<sup>2</sup> (mā' sǎ), a plateau with steep sides

**ranger**<sup>2</sup> (rân' jēr), a mounted officer who watches over the forests

1. Did the stream get what it wanted by running away? Why?  
2. Whom did it hurt? Read aloud to prove your points. 3. Who made the stream get to work? How? Why? Why did the stream object?

4. What changes did the stream find when it came back? Account for each of these. How did it feel? 5. How did the stream really punish itself? 6. Who was right, the young man or the stream?

7. Act out the scene in sections 15-19. (Manual.) 8. Draw and color a picture of the description that you like best. 9. Conversation and discussion: (a) How a cañon is formed; (b) Different ways in which water works for man; (c) Why it does not pay to play truant.

INDIA  
PALESTINE  
PERSIA

## FROM FOREIGN LANDS

GREECE  
SWEDEN  
NORWAY

### THE PARTRIDGE AND THE CROW

*A Hindoo fable by the sage BIDPAI (bīd' pī)*

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

<sup>1</sup> A CROW flying across a road saw a Partridge strutting along the ground.

<sup>2</sup> "What a beautiful gait that Partridge has!" said the Crow. "I must try to see if I can walk like him."

<sup>3</sup> She alighted behind the Partridge and tried for a long time to learn to strut. At last the Partridge turned around and asked the Crow what she was about.

<sup>4</sup> "Do not be angry with me," replied the Crow. "I have never before seen a bird who walks as beautifully as you can, and I am trying to learn to walk like you."

<sup>5</sup> "Foolish bird!" responded the Partridge. "You are a Crow, and should walk like a Crow. You would look silly indeed if you were to strut like a partridge."

<sup>6</sup> But the Crow went on trying to learn to strut, until finally she had forgotten her own gait, and she never learned that of the Partridge.

*Adapted by Maude Barrows Dutton*

1. Make up a moral for the fable. 2. Apply it to (a) boys or girls at school, (b) other people. 3. Act out the fable.



# FROM FOREIGN LANDS

## THE STORY OF DAVID

*A Hebrew tale*

GEORGE HODGES

Over a thousand years before the birth of Christ there lived on the hills of Asia not far from the Mediterranean Sea a simple farmer's boy who became one of the great kings of history. This was David, who for forty years ruled over the Jewish nation.

In this story of David the pronunciation of the following words may puzzle you, so pronounce them carefully before you begin:

Abishai <sup>3</sup> (ă bîsh' â î)  
 Asahel <sup>3</sup> (ăs' â hêl)  
 Bethlehem <sup>1</sup> (bêth' lê hêm)  
 Eliab <sup>8</sup> (ê lî' âb)  
 Gath <sup>28</sup> (găth)  
 Goliath <sup>28</sup> (gô lî' âth)

Israel <sup>23</sup> (îz' râ êl)  
 Israelites <sup>22</sup> (îz' râ êl îtz)  
 Jesse <sup>1</sup> (jês' ê)  
 Joab <sup>3</sup> (jô' âb)  
 Philistines <sup>22</sup> (fî lîs' tînz)  
 Samuel <sup>6</sup> (săm' û êl)

As you read the story, notice the things that would tell you that these people lived over three thousand years ago:

### I. THE FARMER'S BOY



THE largest farm in Bethlehem<sup>o</sup> belonged to a man named Jesse.<sup>o</sup> Although he was now advanced in years, he had lived on the farm all of his long life, and his father had lived there before him. Indeed, it was still remembered in the neighborhood how Jesse's grandfather, as he harvested the wheat and barley of his broad acres, had fallen in love with a poor girl named Ruth, who worked among the gleaners,<sup>o</sup> and had married her, to the surprise and delight of the village.

<sup>2</sup> The corn in the little valleys of the hill farm stood so thick that it seemed to laugh and sing as it danced with the wind. Apples grew in the orchard, and grapes in the vineyard.<sup>o</sup> Morning and evening the cows came to be milked, and Jesse's wife made the milk into cheese and butter. Sheep lay on the hillside, and she spun the wool into clothes for Jesse and their sons and daughters.

<sup>3</sup> There were eight sons, most of them grown into tall men; and one of the older daughters had three boys, who were sturdy lads, Joab<sup>o</sup> and Asahel<sup>o</sup> and Abishai.<sup>o</sup> About of an age with these three boys was Jesse's youngest son, whose name was David.

<sup>4</sup> There was a gleam of red in David's hair and a glow of red in David's cheeks, and he was as brave as he was handsome. His part of the farm-work was to tend the sheep. In the wild woods near by were lions and bears, who looked with hungry eyes upon the sheep, and David had to fight them. When he went out to the pasture he carried not only a bag which his mother had filled with things to eat, but a thick stick and a sling.<sup>o</sup> Sometimes he fought the lions and bears with the stick, and sometimes with the sling; and if the boys of Bethlehem could throw as well as the left-handed sons of the Benjamin family near by, David could sling a stone at a hair and hit it. This was an accomplishment which he afterwards found useful.

<sup>5</sup> Most of the time, however, the tending of the sheep was so easy and peaceful that David found time to gaze at the clouds, and at the stars, and to make songs and sing them, to the great satisfaction of the sheep, accompanying himself upon a harp. He had his music lessons, and practiced several hours a day.

<sup>6</sup> One day, while David was out in the hill pasture, there came to the village an old man, driving a cow, and

having in his hand a horn° of precious oil. When the men of Bethlehem saw him they were as frightened as if the cow had been a red lion and the horn had been attached to a unicorn.° For the old man was Samuel,° the prophet,° who, they thought, could call down thunder and lightning out of the clear sky. And they said, "Do you come peaceably?"

<sup>7</sup> And Samuel said, "Peaceably. Come with me, all of you, while I offer a sacrifice to the Lord."

<sup>8</sup> So the men followed Samuel till they came to the village well. But David was minding the sheep. And after the sacrifice, Samuel held his horn of oil high above his head and looked about among the men. At first his eye lighted on Eliab,° David's oldest brother; for he looked like a king in the clothes of a farmer. But the Lord spoke in Samuel's soul and said: "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." So it was also with David's other brothers.

<sup>9</sup> Then said Samuel to Jesse, "Are these all the sons you have?"

<sup>10</sup> And Jesse answered, "There is one more, the youngest. He is keeping the sheep."

<sup>11</sup> "Send," said Samuel, "and fetch him."

<sup>12</sup> So David came, ruddy° and of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look upon. And when Samuel saw him, immediately he poured the horn of precious oil upon him. Then Samuel went away, leaving the people wondering. But David knew in his heart that he had been chosen to be the king of Israel.

<sup>13</sup> Now King Saul was every day growing worse of his disease.° Trouble and disappointment and war were telling terribly upon him. He could not sleep. At times he was beside himself,° and acted like a crazy man.

At last, the doctors told him that the best remedy for him was music.

<sup>14</sup> "Find a man," they said, "who is a cunning<sup>o</sup> player on the harp, and it shall come to pass<sup>o</sup> that when the evil spirit is upon thee he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well."

<sup>15</sup> And somebody said, "I know a young man in Bethlehem, a son of Jesse, who is cunning in playing. He is a valiant<sup>o</sup> youth, and good, and good-looking."

<sup>16</sup> The king said, "Tell him that I want him."

<sup>17</sup> And the next day there was great excitement among Jesse's neighbors. There was David at the farm gate, and his father and mother and his brothers and sisters telling him good-by, and the king's messengers in waiting. On one side of David was an ass laden with loaves from his mother's oven; on the other side was a little kid of the goats; and over his shoulders was a skin<sup>o</sup> of wine made from the grapes which grew on the warm side of the hill. These were gifts for the king. And in his hand was his harp.

<sup>18</sup> Thus the shepherd boy became the minstrel<sup>o</sup> of the king. And when the evil spirit came upon Saul, David took his harp and played with his hand, and the music quieted Saul. And the king loved the boy, and he made him his squire<sup>o</sup> to bear his armor.

come to pass,<sup>14</sup> happen

cunning<sup>14</sup> (kūn' ing), skillful

disease<sup>13</sup> (dī' zēz'), sickness

gleaner<sup>1</sup> (glēn' ēr), one who gathers grain

horn,<sup>6</sup> used in olden times to carry liquids

minstrel<sup>18</sup> (mīn' strēl), one who plays the harp and sings

prophet<sup>6</sup> (prōf' ēt), one who foretells events

ruddy<sup>12</sup> (rūd' ī), tanned reddish-

brown

skin,<sup>17</sup> dried skin used as a vessel

sling,<sup>4</sup> sling-shot

squire<sup>18</sup> (skwīr), a shield-bearer for a soldier

unicorn<sup>6</sup> (ū' nī kōrn), a horned horse (Dictionary)

valiant<sup>15</sup> (vāl' yānt), brave

vineyard<sup>2</sup> (vīn' yārd), where grapes are grown

was beside himself,<sup>13</sup> out of his mind



1. How is this farm like a farm of to-day? 2. What customs are different? 3. How should you picture David in a painting? 4. What things could he do well? Show that it paid to practice these.

5. Describe the scene with the old man. Why do the people *wonder*? 6. Act out the scene. 7. Describe the scene when David leaves home. What things would he miss?

## II. DAVID FIGHTS THE GIANT

<sup>19</sup> **T**HUS did David divide his time: part he spent in the court of King Saul, and part in the country on his father's farm.

<sup>20</sup> Then there came a war, and the king went out to battle. Instead of the music of the harp he listened to the music of the drums. But David was needed at home, for his older brothers were in the army, and he kept the sheep.

<sup>21</sup> One day his father said to David, "David, I want you to take these ten loaves of bread and this basket of parched° corn to your brothers in the army, and here are ten cheeses for their captain. Bring me word again about your brothers and about the war."

<sup>22</sup> And David made his way down a long valley till by and by he came to a level plain. There was a hill on one side of the plain to the east, and another hill on the other side to the west, and these hills were full of soldiers. On the western hill the Philistines° had their camp, and on the eastern hill were the forces of the Israelites°; and between them across the plain ran a little brook.

<sup>23</sup> And as David drew near he heard a noise of shouting. The Philistines shouted with a great shout, and the Israelites answered. And then there came a voice, like the voices of ten stout men in one, and called out something which David was too far away to understand. And when he came nearer, there he saw in the middle of

the plain, with his back to the Philistines and his face to the army of Israel,<sup>o</sup> a mighty giant.

<sup>24</sup> The giant was ten feet high, and all his clothes were made of brass. He had a helmet of brass upon his head, and a breastplate of brass upon his breast, and a target<sup>o</sup> of brass upon his back, and boots of brass upon his feet. In one hand he carried a huge spear, in the other hand a sword. Before him went his squire, bearing his shield.

<sup>25</sup> And this is what the giant said, "Choose you a man for you," he cried, "and let him come to me. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, we will be your servants; but if I prevail<sup>o</sup> against him and kill him, ye shall be our servants, and serve us."

<sup>26</sup> And not a man of all the hosts<sup>o</sup> of Israel dared to go out and fight him.

<sup>27</sup> Then the soul of David was stirred within him. He spoke to the first man whom he met. "Tell me," he said, "what does this mean?"

<sup>28</sup> And the man answered, "Yonder<sup>o</sup> is Goliath,<sup>o</sup> the giant of Gath.<sup>o</sup> Every day he comes out at this hour and defies<sup>o</sup> our army. King Saul has promised that whosoever shall face him and overcome him shall have a great reward in gold, and the hand of the princess, as well. But nobody is bold enough to try it."

<sup>29</sup> David said, "I will try it."

<sup>30</sup> So the word came to his brother Eliab that David had offered to fight Goliath, and Eliab did not like it. It seemed to him, as it often seems to older brothers, that the boy was still a child. As for King Saul, when they told him, he smiled and shook his head.

<sup>31</sup> "You are not able," he said, "to fight with this Philistine, for you are but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

<sup>32</sup> But David said, "I have fought lions and bears since I was ten years old. I have seized them by the beard and killed them. I can do the same with this Philistine. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

<sup>33</sup> Even so, it seemed like the proposal ° of a lamb to fight a wolf. But what else could be done? At last, the king took David into his own tent, and offered him his armor. But the king was the tallest man in the army, and the shepherd boy was short of stature. ° Saul's helmet came down over David's ears, and his coat of mail ° touched David's heels. He put them off.

<sup>34</sup> "I can fight best," he said, "in my own way."

<sup>35</sup> And David took his staff in his hand, — the stout stick with which he kept the sheep, — and he had his sling, and from the bank of the brook he chose him five smooth stones. And thus he went out into the plain between the armies, and faced the giant.

<sup>36</sup> And the giant in all his armor came, and his squire carried his shield before him, and when he looked to see what champion ° the Israelites had found at last, there was but a boy, — a red-cheeked boy with a staff in one hand and a sling in the other.

<sup>37</sup> The giant was very angry. "Am I a dog," he cried, "that thou comest at me with a stick? I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field, and they shall pick thy bones."

<sup>38</sup> And David answered, "Thou comest to me with sword and spear and shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, whom thou hast defied."

<sup>39</sup> Thus the champions drew together, while the two armies watched in breathless silence. And David ran to meet the giant. And even as he ran, he put his hand into his shepherd's bag, and took out a smooth stone and put it in his sling and slung it. Up went the sling, out went the stone, down went the giant. Straight as an arrow, the stone had struck him in the forehead. And David ran, and with the giant's sword cut off the giant's head.

<sup>40</sup> Then did the Philistines flee, and the men of Israel raised a great shout and chased them.

**champion** <sup>36</sup> (chăm' pī ũn), one who fights for another

**coat of mail**,<sup>33</sup> armor

**defy** <sup>28</sup> (dê fī'), dare, challenge

**host** <sup>26</sup> (hōst), a vast number

**parched** <sup>21</sup> (pärcht), dried

**prevail** <sup>25</sup> (prê vāl'), be stronger

**proposal** <sup>33</sup> (prô pōz' əl), an offer

**stature** <sup>33</sup> (stăt' ũr), height

**target** <sup>24</sup> (tär' gět), here a small shield

**yonder** <sup>28</sup> (yŏn' dēr), at that place

8. Draw a plan of the country as described in section 22. 9. Describe the giant. 10. Practice reading aloud the conversation in sections 21, 25-29, 31-32, and 37-38. 11. Make a little play of two scenes.

12. Act out the whole story in several scenes for a Friday afternoon program. (Manual.) 13. Read "The Shepherd's Song" in the Fourth Reader. 14. Where can you read further adventures of David?

## THE CARPENTER AND THE APE

*A Hindoo fable*

BIDPAI, *the sage*



Find in the large dictionary the picture of a wedge and draw it on the blackboard. Show how a wedge would prevent a door from blowing shut.

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:



AN APE one day sat watching a Carpenter who was splitting a piece of wood with two wedges. First the Carpenter drove the smaller wedge into the crack, so as to keep it open, and then when the crack was wide enough, he hammered in the larger wedge and pulled the first one out. At noon the Carpenter went home to dinner, and the Ape now thought that he would try his hand at splitting boards. As he took his seat on the Carpenter's bench, his long tail slipped into the crack in the board. The Ape did not notice this, but set to work. The first wedge he drove in exactly as he had seen the Carpenter do. But then he forgot, and pulled it out before he had driven in the second one. The two sides of the board instantly sprang together, and caught the Ape's tail between them. The poor prisoner had now nothing to do but sit there groaning with pain until the Carpenter's return, when he was given a sound beating and told that he had suffered justly for meddling with other people's business.

*Adapted by Maude Barrows Dutton*

1. Explain what the Carpenter was doing. 2. What did he do and say to the Ape when he returned? 3. Which was the smarter, this ape or the monkey in "The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts" in the Fourth Reader.

4. Conversation and discussion: (a) Stories about monkeys; (b) Another fable. 5. Read the story of Bidpai in "Where Our Fables Come From" in the Fourth Reader.

Patience is power.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

*Eastern Proverbs*



## THE BOAT-RIDE TO HADES

*From a Greek play by* ARISTOPHANES

Pronounce the following words before you read:

<b>Aristophanes</b> (ă'r' is tōf' ā nēz)	<b>Pluto</b> (plōō' tō)
<b>Bacchus</b> (băk' ūs)	<b>Styx</b> (stīks)
<b>Charon</b> (kā' rōn)	<b>Xanthias</b> (zăn' thī ūs)
<b>Hades</b> (hă' dēz)	<b>Zeus</b> (zūz)

In olden times the people of Greece thought that Zeus was the god of heaven and earth, and Pluto the god of the lower regions, which they called Hades. They worshiped six great gods and six great goddesses (called the Olympian Council); but besides these they believed in many less important gods, among whom was the god of wine and song, called Bacchus.

This selection is from a famous drama of ancient Greece. In it Bacchus and his servant Xanthias ask to be rowed, or ferried, across the river Styx by Charon, the aged boat-man, whose business it was to ferry the souls of the dead across the river to Hades.

In a play the italicized parts tell what the characters are to do and how they are to speak. These are called *by-play* and *stage directions*. Read aloud the italicized parts for sections I-18, 19-33, 34-68. Find out what *chanting*,<sup>36</sup> *unison*,<sup>41</sup> and *treble*<sup>39</sup> mean. (Glossary.) In this queer boat-ride Bacchus is teased by the frogs. You will enjoy imitating them. See who can do it the best. Drill on these speeches for clear and distinct enunciation:

## SCENE I. ON THE BANKS OF THE STYX

<sup>1</sup> (*Bacchus and Xanthias stand on the shore of the river Styx. Charon rows towards the shore in his boat.*)

<sup>2</sup> CHARON (*shouting from a distance*). Ho! Bear a hand, there! Heave ashore!

<sup>3</sup> BACCHUS. What's this?

<sup>4</sup> XANTHIAS (*timidly*). The river Styx it is, Master — the place he told us of. There's the boat — and here's old Charon.

<sup>5</sup> (*The boat approaches the shore.*)

<sup>6</sup> BACCHUS. Well, Charon! — welcome, Charon! Welcome kindly!

<sup>7</sup> CHARON. Who wants the ferryman? Anybody to go to the lower regions? To Hades? Anybody?

<sup>8</sup> BACCHUS. Yes, I.

<sup>9</sup> CHARON. Get in then.

<sup>10</sup> BACCHUS (*hesitating*). Tell me, where are you going? To Hades, really?

<sup>11</sup> CHARON (*gruffly*). Yes, to Hades. Step in there.

<sup>12</sup> BACCHUS (*cautiously*). Have a care! Take care, good Charon! Charon, have a care! (*Bacchus gets into the boat.*) Come, Xanthias, come!

<sup>13</sup> CHARON. I take no servant aboard unless he's volunteered for the naval victory.

<sup>14</sup> XANTHIAS (*making excuses*). I could not — I was suffering with sore eyes.

<sup>15</sup> CHARON (*scornfully*). You must trudge away then, round by the bend of the river there. I row no slackers across.

<sup>16</sup> XANTHIAS (*anxiously*). And where shall I wait?

<sup>17</sup> CHARON (*sternly*). At the Stone of Repentance. You understand me?

<sup>18</sup> XANTHIAS (*ashamed*). Yes, I understand you. I should have fought for my country, you mean. Yes, I wish I had. (*Goes off to the right.*)

<sup>19</sup> CHARON (*to Bacchus*). Get in! Sit at the oar.

<sup>20</sup> (*Bacchus seats himself in a clownish attitude on the side of the boat where the oar is fastened.*)

<sup>21</sup> CHARON (*surprised*). What's that you're doing?

<sup>22</sup> BACCHUS (*trying to be funny*). What you told me. I'm sitting at the oar.

<sup>23</sup> CHARON. Sit there, I tell you. (*Pointing.*) That's your place.

<sup>24</sup> BACCHUS (*changing his place*). Well, so I do.

<sup>25</sup> CHARON. Now use your hands and arms.

<sup>26</sup> BACCHUS (*making a silly motion with his arms*). Well, so I do.

<sup>27</sup> CHARON (*scolding*). You'd best leave off your fooling. Take to the oar and pull away.

<sup>28</sup> BACCHUS (*pretending to be stupid*). But how shall I do? I've never served on shipboard. I'm only a landsman — I'm quite unused to it —

<sup>29</sup> CHARON (*interrupting*). We can manage it. As soon as you begin you shall have some music that will teach you to keep time in rowing.

<sup>30</sup> BACCHUS. What music is that?

<sup>31</sup> CHARON. A Chorus of Frogs — uncommon musical frogs.

<sup>32</sup> BACCHUS (*scornfully*). Frogs? — They can't make music! Well, give me the word to start and the time!

<sup>33</sup> CHARON (*calling to the frogs*). Whooh up, up! Whooh up, up!

1. Practice reading sections 1-18 aloud to show what kind of persons Charon, Bacchus, and the servant were.

2. Practice sections 19-33. Make Bacchus's speeches sound "smarty," stupid, or scornful. 3. What is the purpose of the chorus of frogs?





## SCENE II. THE FROG CHORUS



<sup>34</sup> (*The heads of frogs appear in all directions in the gloom beyond the boat.*)

<sup>35</sup> FROGS (*all together, softly*). Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!!

<sup>36</sup> BIG BULLFROG (*chanting*).

Shall the Chorus of Bullfrogs of the Marsh  
Be taunted by Bacchus as hoarse and harsh,  
And our Bullfrog Song  
Be called all wrong!  
Let us sing afresh  
Our Brékeke-késh!



<sup>37</sup> FROGS (*deep voices, boys, chanting*). Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>38</sup> BACCHUS (*rowing with one hand and holding the other over an ear in great misery at the sounds*).

How I'm mauled!

How I'm galled!

Worn and mangled to a mash —

There they go! — “Ko-ásh! Ko-ásh!”

<sup>39</sup> FROGS (*treble voices, girls, chanting*). Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

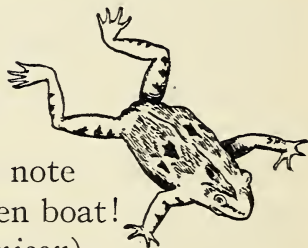
<sup>40</sup> BACCHUS (*angrily*).

Are n't you done

With your fun!

You can no more sing a note

Than can this old wooden boat!



<sup>41</sup> FROGS (*deep voices, boys, in unison*).

Now for a sample of our Art!

Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>42</sup> BACCHUS (*holding both ears*). I wish you hanged with all my heart (*sarcastically*). Have you nothing else to say but “Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh” all day?

<sup>43</sup> FROGS (*treble voices, girls, chanting in unison*).

We've a right!

We've a right!

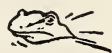
And we croak at-ye for spite!!

<sup>44</sup> FROGS (*deep voices, boys, chanting in unison*).

We've a right,

Day and night,

Night and day,



Still to croak and croak away!

<sup>45</sup> THREE FROGS (*girls, speaking all together*).

With the vernal heat reviving,

Our aquatic crew repair

From their periodic sleep,

In the dark and chilly deep,

To the cheerful upper air.

<sup>46</sup> THREE FROGS (*boys, speaking all together*).

Then we frolic here and there

All amidst the meadows fair,

Chanting in the leafy bowers

All the livelong summer hours,

Till the sudden gusty showers

Send us headlong, helter-skelter!

To the pool to seek for shelter.

<sup>47</sup> SIX FROGS (*three deep voices, boys, and three treble voices, girls, all speaking together*).

Meagre, eager, leaping, lunging,

From the grassy banks a-plunging

To the tranquil depths below!

There we muster, all a-row;

Where, secure from toil and trouble,

With a tuneful hubble-bubble

Our symphonious accents flow.



<sup>48</sup> FROGS (*deep voices, boys, chanting in unison*).

Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>49</sup> BACCHUS (*sternly*). I forbid you to proceed.

<sup>50</sup> FROGS (*treble voices, girls, in unison*).

That would be severe indeed,  
Silly fellow, bold and rash —  
Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>51</sup> BACCHUS (*turning around furiously and hitting himself with the oar*).



I command you to desist —  
Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!  
What a twist!  
What a sprain!

<sup>52</sup> FROGS (*deep voices, boys, chanting in unison*).

Once again — once again —  
We renew the tuneful strain!  
Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>53</sup> BACCHUS. I disdain — (Hang the pain!)

All your nonsense, noise, and trash!  
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!

<sup>54</sup> FROGS (*treble voices, girls, chanting in unison*).

Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>55</sup> THREE BULLFROGS (*addressing the other frogs solemnly, in unison*).

Friends and Frogs, we must display  
All our powers of voice to-day.  
Suffer not this stranger here,  
With fastidious foreign ear,  
To confuse us and abash —

<sup>56</sup> FROGS (*treble voices, girls, in unison*).

Our Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>57</sup> BACCHUS. Well, my spirit is not broke

If it's only for the joke.

I'll outdo you with a croak,

Here it goes — (*shouting loudly*) “Ko-  
ásh, ko-ásh!”

<sup>58</sup> BULL FROG. Now for a glorious croaking crash.

<sup>59</sup> FROGS (*all, in unison*). Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>60</sup> BACCHUS (*splashing with his oar*). I'll disperse you with a splash!

<sup>61</sup> FROGS (*all, mocking in unison*). Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

<sup>62</sup> BACCHUS (*standing up*).

I'll subdue — I'll subdue  
Your rebellious, noisy crew —  
I'll get at you now, slap-dash!

<sup>63</sup> (*Bacchus strikes at the frogs.*)

<sup>64</sup> FROGS (*all, in unison*).

Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!  
We defy your oar and you!

<sup>65</sup> CHARON (*gruffly*). Hold on! We're ashore!  
So bank your oar!

<sup>66</sup> (*Bacchus lays his oar in place in the boat*)  
Now pay your fare!

<sup>67</sup> (*Bacchus pays and steps to the shore*)

<sup>68</sup> FROGS (*faintly, as if from a distance*).

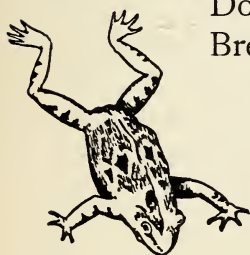
Don't be rash! Don't be rash!  
Brékeke-késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!  
(*more faintly*)

Késh, ko-ásh, ko-ásh!  
(*more faintly yet*)

Ko-ásh, ko-ásh!

(*dying out*)

Ko-ásh!



4. How do the frogs make fun of Bacchus? 5. Which lines describe the life of a frog? 6. Where is the climax, or most exciting point? 7. Which frog calls will be the loudest?



8. Let the class read softly in unison, the frogs' speeches in sections 35, 37, 39, 48, 54, 59, and 61, as the teacher beats time. How do these speeches differ? Practice cutting off each syllable sharply.

9. Assign parts for sections 35-48, and practice the speeches. See who enunciate most clearly. Let the groups of three and six frogs get together after school and practice speaking so that they sound each syllable together. 10. Practice reading aloud sections 49-66 in the same way. 11. Make the last speeches die out faintly.

12. Conversation and discussion: The life of a frog. 13. Act out the play for a Friday afternoon performance. (Manual.) 14. Write an invitation to another class to hear the play.

## THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

*A Hindoo fable adapted by*

P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU (rä' mä swä' mī rä' jū)

Read the following selection silently, as fast as you can, but get the meaning from what you read:

<sup>1</sup> **A** CAMEL said, "Nothing like being tall! See how tall I am!"

A Pig who heard these words said, "Nothing like being short! See how short I am!"

<sup>2</sup> The Camel said, "Well, if I fail to prove the truth of what I said, I will give up my hump."

The Pig said, "If I fail to prove the truth of what I have said, I will give up my snout."

<sup>3</sup> "Agreed!" said the Camel.

"Just so!" said the Pig.

<sup>4</sup> They came to a garden inclosed by a low wall without any opening. The Camel stood on this side the wall, and, reaching the plants within by means of his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned jeeringly to the Pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, without even

having a look at the good things in the garden, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

<sup>5</sup> Next they came to a garden inclosed by a high wall, with a wicket-gate at one end. The Pig entered by the gate, and, after having eaten his fill of the vegetables within, came out, laughing at the poor Camel, who had had to stay outside, because he was too tall to enter the garden by the gate, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

<sup>6</sup> Then they thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the Camel should keep his hump and the Pig his snout, observing, —

"Tall is good, where tall would do;  
Of short, again, 't is also true!"

1. Read aloud the dialogue. 2. Think of other ways in which each animal could prove himself right. 3. Were the hump and the snout of great use to these animals? How? 4. Apply the rhyme at the end to tall and short people.

5. Class composition: Make up the dialogue for section 6, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as the best.

## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS +

*A story from Sweden by SELMA LAGERLÖF (lä' gěr lûf)*

The boy in this story was just a plain boy, like any mischievous young American. He was a Swedish boy, however, and lived in a land where the simple country folk still believed in elves and such queer fairy people. This story begins at the point where something terrible has happened to Nils.

As you read silently, put yourself in his place. If such a thing happened to you, how would the animals about your home treat you?

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+ From *Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, copyrighted, 1910. Used by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

## I. SOMETHING HAPPENS TO NILS

<sup>1</sup> IN the glass he saw plainly a little, little creature who was dressed in a hood and leather breeches.

<sup>2</sup> "Why, that one is dressed exactly like me!" said the boy, and clasped his hands in astonishment. But then he saw that the thing in the mirror did the same thing. Then he began to pull his hair and pinch his arms and swing round; and instantly he did the same thing after him; he, who was seen in the mirror.

<sup>3</sup> The boy ran around the glass several times, to see if there was n't a little man hidden behind it, but he found no one there; and then he began to shake with terror. For now he understood that the elf had bewitched him, and that the creature whose image he saw in the glass — was he, himself.

<sup>4</sup> The boy simply could not make himself believe that he had been transformed into an elf. "It can't be anything but a dream — a queer fancy," thought he. "If I wait a few moments, I'll surely be turned back into a human being again."

<sup>5</sup> He placed himself before the glass and closed his eyes. He opened them again after a couple of minutes, and then expected to find that it had all passed over — but it had n't. He was — and remained — just as little. In other respects, he was the same as before. The thin, straw-colored hair; the freckles across his nose; the patches on his leather breeches and the darns on his stockings, were all like themselves, with this exception — that they had become diminished.

<sup>6</sup> No, it would do no good for him to stand still and wait, of this he was certain. He must try something else. And he thought the wisest thing he could do was to try and find the elf, and make peace with him.

<sup>7</sup> And while he sought, he cried and prayed and promised everything he could think of. Nevermore would he break his word to any one; never again would he be naughty; and never, never would he fall asleep again over the sermon. If he might only be a human being once more, he would be such a good and helpful and obedient boy. But no matter how much he<sup>o</sup> promised — it did not help him the least.

<sup>8</sup> Suddenly he remembered that he had heard his mother say, all the tiny folks made their home in the cowsheds; and, at once, he concluded to go there, and see if he could n't find the elf. It was a lucky thing that<sup>o</sup> the cottage door stood partly open, for he never could have reached the bolt and opened it; but now he slipped through without any difficulty.

<sup>9</sup> When he came out in the hallway, he looked around for his wooden shoes; for in the house, to be sure, he had gone about in his stocking feet. He wondered how he should manage with these big, clumsy wooden shoes; but just then, he saw a pair of tiny shoes on the doorstep. When he observed that the elf had been so thoughtful that he had also bewitched the wooden shoes, he was even more troubled. It was evidently his intention that this affliction should last a long time.

<sup>10</sup> On the wooden board-walk in front of the cottage, hopped a gray sparrow. He had hardly set eyes on the boy before he called out: "Teetee! Teetee! Look at Nils goosey-boy! Look at Thumbietot! Look at Nils Holgersson Thumbietot!"

<sup>11</sup> Instantly, both the geese and the chickens turned and stared at the boy; and then they set up a fearful cackling. "Cock-el-i-coo," crowed the rooster, "good enough for him! Cock-el-i-coo, he has pulled my comb." "Ka, ka, kada, serves him right!" cried



the hens; and with that they kept up a continuous cackle. The geese got together in a tight group, stuck their heads together and asked: "Who can have done this? Who can have done this?"

<sup>12</sup> But the strangest thing of all was that the boy understood what they said. He was so astonished that he stood there as if rooted to the doorstep, and listened. "It must be because I am changed into an elf," said he. "This is probably why° I understand bird-talk."

<sup>13</sup> He thought it was unbearable that the hens would not stop saying that it served him right.° He threw a stone at them and shouted: "Shut up, you pack!"

<sup>14</sup> But it had n't occurred to him° before, that he was no longer the sort of boy the hens need fear. The whole henyard made a rush for him, and formed a ring around him; then they all cried at once: "Ka, ka, kada, served you right!"

<sup>15</sup> The boy tried to get away, but the chickens ran after him and screamed, until he thought he'd lose his hearing. It is more than likely that° he never could have gotten away from them, if the house cat had n't come along just then. As soon as the chickens saw the cat, they quieted down and pretended to be thinking of nothing else than just to scratch in the earth for worms.

<sup>16</sup> Immediately the boy ran up to the cat. "You dear pussy!" said he, "you must know all the corners and hiding places about here? You'll be a good little kitty and tell me where I can find the elf."

<sup>17</sup> The cat did not reply at once. He seated himself, curled his tail into a graceful ring around his paws — and stared at the boy. It was a large black cat with one white spot on his chest. His fur lay sleek and soft,

and shone in the sunlight. The claws were drawn in, and the eyes were a dull gray, with just a little narrow dark streak down the center. The cat looked thoroughly good-natured and inoffensive.

<sup>18</sup> "I know well enough where the elf lives," he said in a soft voice, "but that does n't say that I'm going to tell *you* about it."

<sup>19</sup> "Dear pussy, you must tell me where the elf lives!" said the boy. "Can't you see he has bewitched me?"

<sup>20</sup> The cat opened his eyes a little, so that the green wickedness began to shine forth. He spun round and purred with satisfaction before he replied. "Shall I perhaps help you because you have so often grabbed me by the tail?" he said at last.

<sup>21</sup> Then the boy was furious and forgot entirely how little and helpless he was now. "Oh! I can pull your tail again, I can," said he, and ran toward the cat.

<sup>22</sup> The next instant the cat was so changed that the boy could scarcely believe it was the same animal. Every separate hair on his body stood on end. The back was bent; the legs had become elongated; the claws scraped the ground; the tail had grown thick and short; the ears were laid back; the mouth was frothy; and the eyes were wide open and glistened like sparks of red fire.

<sup>23</sup> The boy did n't want to let himself be scared by a cat, and he took a step forward. Then the cat made one spring and landed right on the boy; knocked him down and stood over him — his forepaws on his chest, and his jaws wide apart — over his throat.

<sup>24</sup> The boy felt how the sharp claws sank through his vest and shirt and into his skin; and how the sharp eye-teeth tickled his throat. He shrieked for help, as

loudly as he could, but no one came. He thought surely that his last hour had come. Then he felt that the cat drew in his claws and let go the hold on his throat.

<sup>25</sup> "There!" he said, "that will do now. I'll let you go this time, for my mistress's sake. I only wanted you to know which one of us two has the power now."

<sup>26</sup> With that the cat walked away — looking as smooth and pious as he did when he first appeared on the scene. The boy was so crestfallen that he did n't say a word, but only hurried to the cowhouse to look for the elf. There were not more than three cows, all told. But when the boy came in, there was such a bellowing and such a kick-up, that one might easily have believed that there were at least thirty.

<sup>27</sup> "Moo, moo, moo!" bellowed Mayrose. "It is well there is such a thing as justice in this world."

<sup>28</sup> "Moo, moo, moo!" sang the three of them in unison. He could n't hear what they said, for each one tried to out-bellow the others.

<sup>29</sup> The boy wanted to ask after the elf, but he could n't make himself heard because the cows were in full uproar. They carried on as they used to do when he let a strange dog in on them. They kicked with their hind legs, shook their necks, stretched their heads, and measured the distance with their horns.

<sup>30</sup> "Come here, you!" said Mayrose. "And you'll get a kick that you won't forget in a hurry!"

<sup>31</sup> "Come here," said Gold Lily, "and you shall dance on my horns!"

<sup>32</sup> "Come here, and you shall taste how it felt when you threw your wooden shoes at me, as you did last summer!" bawled Star.

<sup>33</sup> "Come here, and you shall be repaid for that wasp you let loose in my ear!" growled Gold Lily.

<sup>34</sup> Mayrose was the oldest and the wisest of them, and she was the very maddest. "Come here!" said she, "that I may pay you back for the many times that you have jerked the milk pail away from your mother; and for all the snares you laid for her, when she came carrying the milk pails; and for all the tears which she has stood here and wept over you!"

<sup>35</sup> The boy wanted to tell them how he regretted that he had been unkind to them; and that never, never — from now on — should he be anything but good, if they would tell him where the elf was. But the cows did n't listen to him. They made such a racket that he began to fear one of them would succeed in breaking loose; and he thought that the best thing for him to do, was to go quietly away from the cowhouse.

<sup>36</sup> When he came out, he was thoroughly disheartened. He could understand that no one on the place wanted to help him find the elf. And little good would it do him, probably, if the elf were found.

<sup>37</sup> He crawled up on the broad hedge which fenced in the farm, and which was overgrown with briars and lichen. There he sat down to think about how it would go with him, if he never became a human being again. When father and mother came home from church, there would be a surprise for them. Yes, a surprise — it would be all over the land; and people would come flocking from East Vemminghög, and from Torp, and from Skerup. The whole Vemminghög township would come to stare at him. Perhaps father and mother would take him with them, and show him at the market place in Kivik. No, that was too horrible. He would rather that no human being should ever see him again.



<sup>38</sup> His unhappiness was simply frightful! No one in all the world was so unhappy as he. He was no longer a human being — but a freak. Little by little he began to comprehend what it meant — to be no longer human. He was separated from everything now; he could no longer play with other boys, he could not take charge of the farm after his parents were gone; and certainly no girl would think of marrying *him*.

<sup>39</sup> He sat and looked at his home. It was a little log house, which lay as if it had been crushed down to earth, under the high, sloping roof. The outhouses were also small; and the patches of ground were so narrow that a horse could barely turn around on them. But little and poor though the place was, it was much too good for him *now*. He could n't ask for any better place than a hole under the stable floor.

1. What was the first thing that showed Nils what had happened to him? Why? 2. If the door had been shut, how might he have got out? 3. What did the sparrow mean by her nickname for him? 4. What things would Nils miss in his new life?

5. Read aloud the scenes with the various animals. Imitate them. 6. Which was the worst experience? Why? 7. What are some of the mean things that Nils must have done? How do you know? 8. Why is it cowardly to hurt an animal? Tell of things boys sometimes do to animals. Why are they wrong?

9. The following expressions are good ways of saying things. Use them in other sentences about Nils.

but no matter how much he <sup>7</sup> —	it served him right that <sup>13</sup> —
it had n't occurred to him that <sup>14</sup> —	it was a lucky thing that <sup>8</sup> —
it is more than likely that <sup>15</sup> —	this is probably why <sup>12</sup> —

## II. THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AIR

<sup>40</sup> **I**T was wondrously beautiful weather! It budded, and it rippled, and it murmured, and it twittered — all around him. But he sat there in heavy sorrow.

<sup>41</sup> Never had he seen the skies as blue as they were to-day. Birds of passage came on their travels. They came from foreign lands, and had traveled over the East sea, by way of Smygahuk, and were now on their way north. They were of many different kinds; but he was only familiar with the wild geese, who came flying in two long rows, which met at an angle.

<sup>42</sup> Several flocks of wild geese had already flown by. They flew very high, still he could hear how they shrieked: "To the hills! Now we're off to the hills!" When the wild geese saw the tame geese, who walked about the farm, they sank nearer the earth, and called: "Come along! Come along! We're off to the hills!"

<sup>43</sup> The tame geese could not resist the temptation<sup>o</sup> to raise their heads and listen, but they answered very sensibly: "We're pretty well off where we are. We're pretty well off where we are."

<sup>44</sup> It was, as we have said, an uncommonly fine day, with an atmosphere that it must have been a real delight to fly in, so light and bracing. And with each new wild geese-flock that flew by, the tame geese became more and more unruly. A couple of times they flapped their wings, as if they had half a mind to fly along. But then an old mother-geese would always say to them: "Now don't be silly. Those creatures will have to suffer both hunger and cold."

<sup>45</sup> There was a young gander whom the wild geese had fired with a passion for adventure. "If another flock comes this way, I'll follow them," said he.

<sup>46</sup> Then there came a new flock, who shrieked like the others, and the young gander answered: "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm coming." He spread his wings and raised himself into the air; but he was

so unaccustomed to flying, that he fell to the ground again.

<sup>47</sup> At any rate,° the wild geese must have heard his call, for they flew back slowly to see if he was coming.

<sup>48</sup> "Wait, wait!" he cried, and made another attempt to fly.

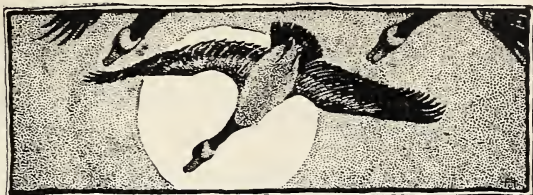
<sup>49</sup> All this the boy heard, where he lay on the hedge. "It would be a great pity," thought he, "if the big goosey-gander should go away. It would be a big loss to father and mother if he was gone when they came home from church." When he thought of this, once again he entirely forgot that he was little and helpless. He took one leap right down into the goose-flock, and threw his arms around the neck of the goosey-gander. "Oh, no! You don't fly away this time, sir!" cried he.

<sup>50</sup> But just about then, the gander was considering how he should go to work to raise himself from the ground. He could n't stop to shake the boy off, hence he had to go along with him — up in the air.

<sup>51</sup> They bore on towards the heights so rapidly, that the boy fairly gasped. Before he had time to think that he ought to let go his hold around the gander's neck, he was so high up that he would have been killed instantly, if he had fallen to the ground. The only thing that he could do to make himself a little more comfortable, was to try and get upon the gander's back. And there he wriggled himself forthwith; but not without considerable trouble. And it was not an easy matter, either, to hold himself secure on the slippery back, between two swaying wings. He had to dig deep into feathers with both hands, to keep from tumbling to the ground.

<sup>52</sup> The boy had grown so giddy that it was a long while before he came to himself. The winds howled and beat against him, and the rustle of feathers and swaying of

wings sounded like a storm. Thirteen geese flew round him, flapping their wings and honking.



<sup>53</sup> After a bit, he tried to find out where the geese were taking him. But this was not so easy, for he did n't know how he should ever muster up courage enough° to look down. He was sure he'd faint if he attempted it. The wild geese were not flying very high because the new traveling companion could not breathe in the very thinnest air. For his sake they also flew a little slower than usual. At last the boy just made himself cast one glance down to earth. Then he thought that a great big rug lay spread beneath him, which was made up of an incredible number of large and small checks.

<sup>54</sup> "Where in all the world am I now?" he wondered.

<sup>55</sup> He saw nothing but check upon check. Some were broad and ran crosswise, and some were long and narrow — all over, there were angles and corners. Nothing was round, and nothing was crooked.

<sup>56</sup> "What kind of big, checked cloth is this that I'm looking down on?" said the boy to himself without expecting any one to answer him.

<sup>57</sup> But instantly, the wild geese who flew about him, called out: "Fields and meadows. Fields and meadows."

<sup>58</sup> Then he understood that the big, checked cloth he was traveling over was the flat land of southern Sweden; and he began to comprehend why it looked so checked and multi-colored. The bright green checks he recognized first; they were rye fields that had been sown in the fall, and had kept themselves green under the winter



snows. The yellowish-gray checks were stubble-fields — the remains of the oat-crop which had grown there the summer before. The brownish ones were old clover meadows: and the black ones, deserted grazing lands or ploughed-up fallow pastures. The brown checks with the yellow edges were, undoubtedly, beech-tree forests; for in these you'll find the big trees which grow in the heart of the forest — naked in winter; while the little beech-trees, which grow along the borders, keep their dry, yellowed leaves way into the spring. There were also dark checks with gray centres: these were the large, built-up estates encircled by the small cottages with their blackening straw roofs, and their stone-divided land-plots. And then there were checks green in the middle with brown borders: these were the orchards, where the grass-carpet was already turning green, although the trees and bushes around them were still in their nude, brown bark.

*And then —*

Suppose you get the book, *Adventures of Nils*, from the library and read for yourself how this queer adventure turned out.

10. Read aloud the parts that tell (a) how Nils felt, and (b) what he saw. 11. What time of the year was it? How do you know? 12. If you flew over your county in an aeroplane, what should you see? 13. Make up an adventure that could happen to Nils.

14. Use the following expressions in other sentences about Nils: *resist the temptation to*,<sup>43</sup> *at any rate*,<sup>47</sup> *muster up courage enough*.<sup>53</sup>

15. Conversation and discussion: (a) How, why, and when birds migrate, (b) Different uses of aeroplanes, (c) The animals most serviceable to man and how they should be treated. 16. Draw and color pictures of Nils in the two scenes you like best.

Square thyself for use. A stone that may  
Fit in the wall is not left by the way.

— *A Persian Proverb*

## HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD

*A Story from Norway*

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (byûrnst' yûrn á byûrn' sün)

Have you ever seen a forest after a fire has swept through it? Only the blackened trunks and stumps of the trees are standing. How will such damaged timber land renew itself? Have you any idea of how long it takes such trees to grow?

Imagine a young forest's pushing itself up a steep precipice. Would that be easier than making the burnt-out forest grow again?

See what this story tells you about it.

<sup>1</sup> BETWEEN two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

<sup>2</sup> "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North Wind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures; and the bare Cliff felt the cold.

<sup>3</sup> "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

"Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "What dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

"By all means let's clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly toward the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff.

<sup>4</sup> The Juniper went first. When they had gone a little way, they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by.

"Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip.

"Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and when she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

<sup>5</sup> Now the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clamoring up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

"Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me past? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her and ran onward.

<sup>6</sup> "Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me past? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do as well. The Brook slipped under him and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

<sup>7</sup> "Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me past? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on

his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

<sup>8</sup> "He, he, he!" laughed the Brook, as she grew larger. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down, on the many crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

<sup>9</sup> It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on.

"Never mind, take courage," said the Heather. The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head a moment, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it.

"If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he.

The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

<sup>10</sup> "But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone. The dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the wood-mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid among the trees.

<sup>11</sup> Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge.



"Oh dear me!" said she, and over she went.

"What is it the heather sees, dear?" asked the Juniper, and came forward till he, too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went.

<sup>12</sup> "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over. "Ah!" — every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

<sup>13</sup> "What is it they all see and not I?" asked the Birch, lifting up her skirt and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain"; and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell.

"This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

1. What are spoken of as if they were people? 2. What do they look like? 3. In what order do they climb the cliff? Why do they go in this order? 4. Did the Oak help? Why? 5. Which tree gave most help? Quote to prove your point. 6. How long were the trees climbing?

7. Does *Juniper* stand for one tree or for many? 8. Prove that the Brook was cunning. Quote to prove your point. 9. Why did the Cliff smile. Make up a moral for the story.

10. What made the Stream look "white"? <sup>2</sup> when he worked hard? 11. Explain "beard" <sup>3</sup> of the Fir. 12. Look up *boulder*,<sup>1</sup> *cliff*,<sup>1</sup> *crag*,<sup>6</sup> *crevice*,<sup>4</sup> *fissure*,<sup>2</sup> *ravine*,<sup>1</sup> and *weasel*,<sup>10</sup> and use the words in retelling the story.

13. Why are forests valuable? 14. Where are our greatest national forests? 15. What are the duties of foresters? 16. Which forest trees can you recognize? Describe one. 17. If you were lost in a forest could you find your way out? How?

18. Dramatize the story for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.) 19. Make a tree booklet. (Manual.) 20. Read Björnson's "The Tree," Larcom's "Swinging on the Birch" (Riverside Reader IV), or Holland's "Gradatim." 21. Conversation and discussion: (a) Reasons for planting a certain kind of tree; (b) An adventure in a forest.

**A·PLAY****WILLIAM TELL**  
**AUGUSTA STEVENSON****TO·ACT**

Switzerland is now a republic, but there was a time when she was not free. Austria owned her and ruled through a governor. At the time of this play Gessler, the governor, was treating the people so cruelly that every freedom-loving Swiss hated him and longed for a patriot to rise up and drive him out.

Here in a play we see this ruler at close range. One of the characters freed Switzerland, later, from Austria's cruel rule. See if you can guess who it was.

WILLIAM TELL.	FIRST SOLDIER.
WALTER, HIS SON.	SECOND SOLDIER.
HEDWIG, HIS WIFE.	THIRD SOLDIER.
FIRST FRIEND.	FOURTH SOLDIER.
SECOND FRIEND.	FIFTH SOLDIER.
THIRD FRIEND.	SIXTH SOLDIER.
GESSLER.	DRUMMER.

SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.

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**SCENE I**

**Time:** *When Gessler ruled over Switzerland.*

**Place:** *Tell's home in the mountains of Switzerland.*

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<sup>1</sup> [TELL and HEDWIG<sup>o</sup> stand in the door of their cottage, watching WALTER shoot at a mark with arrows.]

<sup>2</sup> WALTER. Now, father, look!

<sup>3</sup> [He shoots, hitting the mark, but not in the center.]

<sup>4</sup> TELL. 'T was not exact. Try again.

(Walter shoots, hitting the mark in the center.)

Good! Good!

<sup>5</sup> WALTER. I'd like to be such a marksman as you are, father.

<sup>6</sup> TELL. Then you must never miss the center. Go on with your practice, Walter.

<sup>7</sup> [*Walter continues to shoot.*]

<sup>8</sup> HEDWIG. He uses the bow early!

<sup>9</sup> TELL. He must, to be master of it.

<sup>10</sup> HEDWIG. Master! I would he did not learn at all! So soon as he feels his skill, so soon will he leave home to prove it.

<sup>11</sup> TELL. Will the chamois<sup>o</sup> come here to be aimed at?

<sup>12</sup> HEDWIG. 'T is enough that you go forth to hunt, up in those frozen mountains. I tremble with fear from the time you leave this door. I know how you leap from cliff to cliff, with naught but the jagged ice below! Every one tells me of your daring.

<sup>13</sup> TELL. Do they tell you of my poor marksmanship?

<sup>14</sup> HEDWIG. How could they? You have no equal with the bow. That's known the country through.

<sup>15</sup> TELL. 'T is my bow has made me fearless.

<sup>16</sup> HEDWIG. Go not to hunt! Then there will be no dangers to brave.

<sup>17</sup> TELL. I'm not so sure of that, Hedwig. There may be those who may soon hunt me.

<sup>18</sup> HEDWIG. What do you mean?

<sup>19</sup> TELL. I have offended the Viceroy!<sup>o</sup>

<sup>20</sup> HEDWIG. You have offended Gessler?<sup>o</sup>

<sup>21</sup> TELL. Deeply.

<sup>22</sup> HEDWIG. Tell me how it happened! Quick!

<sup>23</sup> TELL. Yesterday I stopped at Altdorf.<sup>o</sup> You knew that?

<sup>24</sup> HEDWIG. Yes, yes! Go on!

<sup>25</sup> TELL. I was leaving when I saw Gessler coming. Rather than bow to him, I turned a corner, but I was too late.

<sup>26</sup> HEDWIG. He had seen you?

<sup>27</sup> TELL. Yes, I heard him ask a guard my name.

<sup>28</sup> HEDWIG. And was told?

<sup>29</sup> TELL. By bad luck, the guard chanced to know.

<sup>30</sup> HEDWIG. He will never forgive you!

<sup>31</sup> TELL. The tyrant<sup>o</sup> forgives no one who will not bow before him.

<sup>32</sup> HEDWIG. Perhaps you should not have turned the corner.

<sup>33</sup> TELL. And met him face to face?

<sup>34</sup> HEDWIG. It might have been better.

<sup>35</sup> TELL. It would have been worse. Do you think I would take off my hat to any tyrant?

<sup>36</sup> HEDWIG. No! You were right to turn away! Else, you would now be in prison.

<sup>37</sup> TELL. He only waits his chance to put me there.

<sup>38</sup> HEDWIG. Then go not again to Altdorf!

<sup>39</sup> TELL. I must be there again this day. 'T is a matter of business, Hedwig.

<sup>40</sup> HEDWIG. Tell! Tell! Stay here!

<sup>41</sup> TELL. I have given my promise.

<sup>42</sup> HEDWIG. Then you must go.

<sup>43</sup> TELL. When I am away, 't is Walter who, by and by, must defend our home.

<sup>44</sup> HEDWIG. I understand now why Walter must become a master.

<sup>45</sup> [TELL takes up his bow and arrows.]

<sup>46</sup> WALTER. Father, do you go to hunt?

<sup>47</sup> TELL. No, to Altdorf. Will you go?

<sup>48</sup> WALTER. I would, but mother does not like me to leave home.



<sup>49</sup> HEDWIG. She will keep you at home no longer. You must go forth now, as does your father. This day you shall begin! Quick! Get your arrows, son!

<sup>50</sup> [WALTER goes.]

<sup>51</sup> TELL. You are brave, my Hedwig!

<sup>52</sup> HEDWIG. Who knows when the lad himself may meet that tyrant? He must be ready.

<sup>53</sup> TELL. I'll not take him to Altdorf this time. I'll let him go to his grandfather's.

<sup>54</sup> HEDWIG. That will give him a taste of the mountains alone.

<sup>55</sup> TELL. He will journey with me for an hour. Then our ways part.

<sup>56</sup> [Enter WALTER, with arrows.]

<sup>57</sup> WALTER. I am ready, father. Good-bye, mother!

<sup>58</sup> HEDWIG. Good-bye, my son! Good-bye, Tell!

<sup>59</sup> [They start down the mountain, waving back to Hedwig.]

## SCENE II

**Time:** *An hour later.*

**Place:** *In the mountains.*

---

<sup>60</sup> [TELL and WALTER come singly along the narrow pass.]

<sup>61</sup> TELL. Soon we part, Walter, you to grandfather's, I to Altdorf.

<sup>62</sup> WALTER. I know what grandfather will ask me the first thing!

<sup>63</sup> TELL. What?

<sup>64</sup> WALTER. If I have met any strangers.

<sup>65</sup> TELL. Strangers?

<sup>66</sup> WALTER. He always asks me that. And then he tells me what to say to them.

<sup>67</sup> TELL. And what is that?

<sup>68</sup> WALTER. Nothing.

<sup>69</sup> TELL. That's easily done.

<sup>70</sup> WALTER. Grandfather says it is n't easy, though. He says that strangers sometimes will ask questions, in spite of everything.

<sup>71</sup> TELL. What kind of questions?

<sup>72</sup> WALTER. Questions about you, father — your name and where you live.

<sup>73</sup> TELL. Ah!

<sup>74</sup> WALTER. And grandfather says that I must never tell any one where you are, nor who you are, nor who I am.

<sup>75</sup> TELL. Grandfather is right, my son.

<sup>76</sup> WALTER. But that seems a queer thing, father.

<sup>77</sup> TELL. It is a sad thing. Walter. It is all because of this Gessler, this Viceroy. Listen, and I will tell what you needs must, sooner or later, know. This Gessler hates us Swiss.

<sup>78</sup> WALTER. Hates his own people!

<sup>79</sup> TELL. He is not of Switzerland, my son. He was sent here by the emperor to rule over us.

<sup>80</sup> WALTER. But why does he hate us?

<sup>81</sup> TELL. Because he is trying to make slaves of us, and he finds the task a hard one.

<sup>82</sup> WALTER. Is he the stranger grandfather fears?

<sup>83</sup> TELL. Yes, my lad, and I pray you may never meet him! Now we must part. Your way lies upward. Do you remember the turn to the left?

<sup>84</sup> WALTER. Aye, father! I could go upward to grandfather's or downward to Altdorf with my eyes shut.



WALTER BIDDING HIS FATHER GOOD-BYE

<sup>85</sup> TELL. Be careful of your footing, my son!

<sup>86</sup> WALTER (*going*). I'll be careful, father. Good-bye!

<sup>87</sup> [*He goes.*]

<sup>88</sup> TELL (*calling*). Mind your footing, lad!

<sup>89</sup> WALTER (*off*). Aye,° father!

<sup>90</sup> [TELL *begins the descent to Altdorf.*]

### SCENE III

**Time:** *A half hour later.*

**Place:** *In the mountains.*

<sup>91</sup> [WALTER *picks his way upward*. GESSLER *comes down toward him.*]

<sup>92</sup> GESSLER. Stop, boy! Can you show me the way to Altdorf?

<sup>93</sup> WALTER. Take that pass° to the right, and downward, sir.

<sup>94</sup> GESSLER. Are you certain?

<sup>95</sup> WALTER. I have been there often with my father.

<sup>96</sup> GESSLER. Then you shall guide me down.

<sup>97</sup> WALTER. I must go upward, sir.

<sup>98</sup> GESSLER. You'll guide me down to Altdorf, and at once! I am the Viceroy.

<sup>99</sup> WALTER. I'll do my best, my lord.

<sup>100</sup> GESSLER. What is your name, boy?

<sup>101</sup> WALTER. Walter.

<sup>102</sup> GESSLER. What is your father's name?

<sup>103</sup> WALTER. I cannot say.

<sup>104</sup> GESSLER. Ah! Then your father must be an enemy of mine.

<sup>105</sup> WALTER. No, no!

<sup>106</sup> GESSLER. Then tell me his name.



<sup>107</sup> WALTER. I cannot.

<sup>108</sup> GESSLER. You dare to disobey me?

<sup>109</sup> WALTER. Yes, my lord.

<sup>110</sup> GESSLER. You shall go to prison, then! Do you hear that, boy?

<sup>111</sup> WALTER. Yes, my lord.

<sup>112</sup> GESSLER. Then speak! His name, I say!

<sup>113</sup> WALTER. I'll go to prison, sir.

<sup>114</sup> GESSLER. Well, you shall. And you'll stay there till you tell me what I ask.

<sup>115</sup> WALTER. I'll never tell you!

<sup>116</sup> GESSLER. We'll see about that! Now lead on to Altdorf! (WALTER goes.) They are all like that — these Swiss! Well, I'll bend them yet! I'll bend them or I'll break them!

<sup>117</sup> [*He follows WALTER.*]

#### SCENE IV

**Time:** *One hour later.*

**Place:** *Altdorf — an open square.*

<sup>118</sup> [*TELL talks with three FRIENDS.*]

<sup>119</sup> TELL. Well, then, the matter is settled. I must return at once.

<sup>120</sup> FIRST FRIEND. I would you could stay longer, Tell. There are other things than business.

<sup>121</sup> TELL. Do you mean Gessler?

<sup>122</sup> SECOND FRIEND. Be careful, man! Speak not that name aloud!

<sup>123</sup> TELL. What new has happened?

<sup>124</sup> THIRD FRIEND. Not a day passes that the tyrant does not put some of us to shame!

<sup>125</sup> FIRST FRIEND. We are no longer free men!

<sup>126</sup> [*A drum is heard.*]

<sup>127</sup> SECOND FRIEND (*looking off*). Gessler's soldiers!

<sup>128</sup> TELL (*looking*). They carry a cap on a pole!  
What does that mean?

<sup>129</sup> THIRD FRIEND. 'T is Gessler's cap! I know it well.

<sup>130</sup> FIRST FRIEND. The people bow to it as if it were Gessler himself.

<sup>131</sup> TELL. They are made to do it! See how the soldiers threaten them!

<sup>132</sup> SECOND FRIEND. See how he humbles a free people!

<sup>133</sup> THIRD FRIEND. Soon it will be our turn to bow to an empty cap!

<sup>134</sup> TELL. I will not bow to that tyrant's cap! I'll go!

<sup>135</sup> FIRST FRIEND. It is too late, Tell!

<sup>136</sup> [*Enter the DRUMMER and SOLDIERS, who carry a cap on a pole. A crowd of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN follow.*]

<sup>137</sup> SECOND FRIEND. Let's turn our backs on them, as if we did not see them. We'll then walk slowly away.

<sup>138</sup> [*They start from the square. The SOLDIERS stop.*]

<sup>139</sup> FIRST SOLDIER (*calling*). Honor this cap! You must honor it, as if it were the Viceroy himself! Bow to it, all of you! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

<sup>140</sup> [*The PEOPLE bow to the cap.*]

<sup>141</sup> SECOND SOLDIER. Yonder go Swiss men who have not bowed!

<sup>142</sup> THIRD SOLDIER. 'T is Tell, the one who turned the corner from us yesterday!

<sup>143</sup> FOURTH SOLDIER. The very man! You saw how it angered Gessler?

<sup>144</sup> SOLDIERS. Aye!

<sup>145</sup> FIFTH SOLDIER. It would please Gessler could we make him bow to the cap.

<sup>146</sup> SIXTH SOLDIER. Aye, for since yesterday he has hated Tell!

<sup>147</sup> FIRST SOLDIER. We'll cross the square and meet him face to face!

<sup>148</sup> SOLDIERS. Aye! Aye!

<sup>149</sup> [*They cross the square; meet TELL and FRIENDS.*]

<sup>150</sup> FIRST SOLDIER. Honor the cap! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

(*TELL and FRIENDS do not move. Pause.*)

I bid you bow to the cap! 'T is the Viceroy's command!

<sup>151</sup> [*TELL and FRIENDS turn to go.*]

<sup>152</sup> SECOND SOLDIER. To prison with him!

<sup>153</sup> [*SOLDIERS start to seize TELL. Enter GESSLER with WALTER.*]

<sup>154</sup> GESSLER. What is this?

<sup>155</sup> FIRST SOLDIER. He will not honor your cap, sir!

<sup>156</sup> [*WALTER sees his father. He starts, but utters no sound.*]

<sup>157</sup> GESSLER. You would not salute me yesterday, eh? To prison with him! No — stop!

(*He looks from TELL to WALTER and from WALTER to TELL.*)

Is that boy yours, Tell?

(*Silence.*)

Again, I ask — Is that boy yours?

(*Silence. GESSLER turns to WALTER.*)

Is this man your father?

(*Silence.*)

Speak, my lad, and you'll go free.

(*Silence.*)

Speak, I say!

(*Silence.*)

Well, I know a way to break your spirit! Tell, I hear you are a master with the bow. You shall prove your skill to me. You shall shoot an apple from this lad's head.

<sup>158</sup> TELL. What do you say? From his head?

<sup>159</sup> GESSLER. Yes! And now!

(*To SOLDIERS.*)

An apple — quick!

<sup>160</sup> TELL. No, no! I'll speak! The boy is my own!

<sup>161</sup> GESSLER. I knew it! There is the same spirit in you both.

<sup>162</sup> TELL. You knew it, you say?

<sup>163</sup> GESSLER. Why, yes!

<sup>164</sup> TELL. You knew it, and asked me to shoot at my own child?

<sup>165</sup> GESSLER. Will you shoot?

<sup>166</sup> TELL. No! A thousand times, no!

<sup>167</sup> GESSLER. Then your child shall go to prison.

<sup>168</sup> TELL. Rather let me die!

<sup>169</sup> GESSLER. Shoot the apple from his head, and you'll both go free. Refuse, and you'll both go to prison.

(*To SOLDIERS.*)

Bind the boy to yonder tree!

<sup>170</sup> WALTER. No, you shall not bind me! I will be still — I will not move.

<sup>171</sup> GESSLER. Place the apple upon his head! Tell, take your distance — eighty paces.

(*TELL takes his place; he is trembling.*)

Now!

<sup>172</sup> [TELL bends his bow, and fixes an arrow with shaking hands. He levels the bow; lets it fall.]

<sup>173</sup> TELL. I cannot! I cannot! Call your soldiers, Gessler. Let them strike me down!



<sup>174</sup> GESSLER. I want only the shot! I've set my heart upon it!

<sup>175</sup> WALTER. Shoot, father! I'm not afraid!

<sup>176</sup> TELL. You're not afraid, boy? Say that again!

<sup>177</sup> WALTER. Do you think I fear an arrow from your hand? Quick, father! Show him your skill!

<sup>178</sup> TELL. It must be.

(*He takes long, careful aim and shoots, hitting the apple.*)

Is the boy alive? I cannot see! My boy, my boy! Where are you?

<sup>179</sup> WALTER (*running to him*). Here, father!

<sup>180</sup> TELL (*embracing WALTER*). My boy — my boy!

<sup>181</sup> WALTER. I knew you would n't harm me, father!

<sup>182</sup> GESSLER. It was a master shot, and I'll keep my word. You both are free.

**Altdorf** <sup>23</sup> (ält' dôrf), a Swiss town  
**aye** <sup>89</sup> (i), yes

**chamois** <sup>11</sup> (shăm' i), a small goat-like deer that lives in the highest mountains

**Gessler** <sup>20</sup> (gës' lër), the man who

ruled Switzerland for Austria

**Hedwig** <sup>1</sup> (hât' vik), wife of Tell

**pass**, <sup>93</sup> an opening through mountains

**tyrant** <sup>31</sup> (tī' rānt), a cruel ruler

**viceroi** <sup>19</sup> (vīs' roi), governor

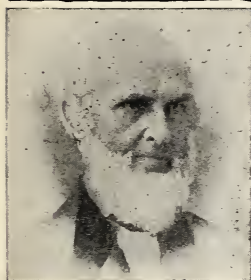
1. Why was Gessler angry at William Tell? 2. Why did the grandfather tell Walter how to act towards strangers? 3. Why did the father give such careful directions? 4. How else might Walter have acted when he met Gessler?

5. Did Tell do right to refuse to bow to the cap? Why? 6. What did Gessler learn when he looked from Tell to Walter? 7. For what two reasons was Gessler's order cruel? 8. How did the boy steady his father? 9. Would Walter make a good Boy Scout?

10. Why did Gessler have so much trouble with the Swiss people? 11. What further complaints were made of him? 12. What other things would people despise in a ruler? 13. Look at the picture and tell how it differs from a scene in our country.

14. Which sections tell what was done? These are called *by-play*. How are they printed? 15. Practice reading the speeches, different pupils taking part each time. Vote for fourteen pupils to act the parts. The rest of the class will serve as "soldiers and people." 16. Memorize the parts and present the play before the school. (Manual.)

# VISITS TO AMERICAN AUTHORS



## THE QUAKER POET WHITTIER



Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

<sup>1</sup> **A**ROUND the open fireplace in the big kitchen of the Whittier homestead a few neighbors of the Quaker faith had gathered for a religious service. Suddenly the young people present looked up startled, and then they half smiled. Although they tried to look very solemn, they could not keep their eyes from the kitchen window, for the pet ox of the family had thrust his great head into the room and was looking calmly in at the assembled Friends.<sup>o</sup> As long as a low-voiced woman spoke he stood quiet, as if listening attentively; but when a man with a loud voice arose and continued the service, the ox drew his head from the window, tossed his tail in the air, and went off bellowing. That was too much! *What do you suppose happened?*

<sup>2</sup> One of the boys in the kitchen was John Greenleaf Whittier. He was born in that very house on December 17, 1807, — over one hundred years ago. The old

Whittier homestead still stands in East Haverhill,<sup>+</sup> Massachusetts, and is now kept open for visitors to see. In Whittier's boyhood it was very lonely there with no neighbors in sight and the roar of the waves on the beach ten miles away plainly to be heard.

<sup>3</sup> There were four children in the family, Mary, the eldest, John Greenleaf, usually called "Greenleaf," Matthew, and Elizabeth, the little sister who was later the poet's special pet. An uncle and an aunt also lived with them. Uncle Moses was a splendid comrade to the boys, for he took them hunting, fishing, and exploring, and told them fine stories. Aunt Mercy was as sweet as her name implied. *Should you be likely to find to-day a family like this one? Why?*

<sup>4</sup> Think how differently from the boys and girls of the present these Whittier young folks spent their days! The only amusement they had away from home was the weekly drive to the Friends' meeting-house eight miles away. They wore homespun<sup>o</sup> clothes, and on the coldest days of winter had neither flannels nor overcoats but only short sweaters, mufflers, and mittens. Their mother made the butter and cheese, and used rye and Indian corn meal largely instead of wheat. There were many chores to do, so that everybody had some tasks. *What would these tasks be in those days?*

<sup>5</sup> When Greenleaf was fifteen years old, he was five feet, ten and a half inches tall, — a big, husky lad, who looked much stronger than he really was. He milked seven cows every day, had a yoke of oxen to care for, and also looked after the sheep and one horse. *How would these animals feel towards him?*

<sup>6</sup> Every living thing on the farm loved John Greenleaf Whittier. He made great pets of the oxen, Buck and

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<sup>+</sup> Haverhill <sup>2</sup> (hā' vēr ĭl). /



Old Butler, and they returned his love. Old Butler once saved his life by what we should call presence of mind in a person. The boy had come out to give salt to the animals and was bent over at the foot of a steep hill emptying his bag. Old Butler saw him from the top of the hill and came galloping down in great leaps with a speed so terrific that he could not check himself. He would have crushed his young master, but by a supreme effort the great ox gathered himself together and leaping straight up into the air over the boy came down on the ground beyond with a fearful crash. The only wonder is that the brave animal, in saving his master, was not killed himself. Greenleaf and Matthew often sat upon the foreheads of these two fine old oxen, while they lay at rest under the trees at the top of the hill. A great throne for two boys! *What might these boys be doing when not outdoors?*

<sup>7</sup> This Quaker boy Whittier had very little schooling beyond a term or two at the district school. It was always a festive occasion when the schoolmaster paid a visit to the Whittier home. Once he brought a copy of the poems of Robert Burns with him and read them to the family gathered about the roaring fire in the kitchen. The Quaker lad listened so spellbound, that when the schoolmaster was leaving that evening, he offered to lend him the book. Those poems of the Scotch poet opened the world of books for the boy Whittier. *What might that book of poems make him want to do?*

<sup>8</sup> About this time he made his first visit away from home. It was to Boston. See if you can picture him to yourselves. He wore a homespun Quaker coat and a broad-rimmed Quaker hat which Aunt Mercy had made with her own hands out of pasteboard and covered with drab-colored<sup>o</sup> velvet. On this wonderful



trip he bought a copy of Shakespeare's plays. At that time Greenleaf and his sister got hold of one of Scott's novels and sat up late night after night reading it together after the rest had gone to bed. The candle always died down at the most exciting moment.

<sup>9</sup> It was books like the Bible, Burns, Shakespeare, and Scott that awakened in the boy the talent for writing that was in him. Burns's poems led Greenleaf to begin to experiment in writing verses for himself. He covered his slate with rhymes at school, and many a time these were passed from desk to desk for pupils to read. The country newspaper had a corner in it where a poem was printed every week, and Whittier's sister Mary thought that Greenleaf's rhymes were as good as some of the verses printed there. *What do you think she did?*

<sup>10</sup> She copied several poems very carefully and sent them to this newspaper at Newburyport. And that is how it happened that one day as he stood in the field working, this boy of sixteen paused to open the newspaper, which had been flung to him by a neighbor who had brought the mail, and there saw his verses in print.

<sup>11</sup> The editor of the newspaper, William Lloyd Garrison, was a young man only a few years older than John Greenleaf Whittier. He was so much interested in the boy that he came to see him and finally persuaded Mr. Whittier to let his son go to the Haverhill Academy. Greenleaf had to pay his own way, for his father had no money to give him. So, in 1827, when he was twenty years old, he went to Haverhill where he worked at the shoemaker's trade and studied at the Academy. After a little more than a year's schooling he began working on newspapers and at his own poems.

<sup>12</sup> It did not take people long to see that the young newspaper man was not afraid to speak his own mind.

All through those bitter days before the Civil War his pen was active in writing burning editorials<sup>o</sup> or fearless verse in defense of freedom for all men, black or white.

<sup>13</sup> Several years after the death of his father, the family sold the old homestead and bought a little cottage at Amesbury not far away. There the poet-editor had, as a study, a room on the first floor, which he called "the garden room." In 1840-1850 he worked there, writing constantly and enjoying the companionship of his sister Elizabeth. During the Civil War this dear sister died and left her brother nearly heartbroken. Then it was that he revived memories of the old boyhood home in that lovely poem "Snow-Bound," in which is pictured the Whittier family gathered around the fire, while the snowstorm raged outside. *What would he recall?*

- <sup>14</sup> Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed;  
The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

*Which of these lines do you like best?*

<sup>15</sup> Whittier never traveled as much as Cooper, Hawthorne, Bryant, or Longfellow. Most of his days were spent close to his own home.

<sup>16</sup> In his poems, therefore, New England plays a great part. He knew her legends, he loved her hills and valleys, and he admired the spirit of the workers in their various trades. In his own life was all the simplicity, gentleness, and stern honesty that we think of in connection with the Quaker faith. That he was a good story-teller is shown in "Barbara Frietchie," "The Three Bells," "Maud Muller," and "The Brown Dwarf of Rügen." His keen observation and love of nature are shown in "Snow-Bound," "The Frost Spirit," and "The Corn Song." His love of boyhood memories appears in "The Barefoot Boy," "In School-Days," and in "Snow-Bound."

<sup>17</sup> To a boy of fifteen Whittier once said:

"My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

*What are some unpopular causes that people have worked for, or are working for to-day?*

This championship of an unpopular cause the Quaker poet undertook by writing stirring verse for the cause of Abolition,<sup>o</sup> or freedom of the slave. He was no half-way defender of principles,<sup>o</sup> and this strength of purpose brought him many friends. His love for equal rights for rich and poor is shown in "The Poor Voter on Election Day," from which the following lines give Whittier's idea of a real democracy:

To-day alike are great and small,  
The nameless and the known;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne!

*What was Lincoln's idea of a people's government?*

<sup>18</sup> Whittier lived to a good old age, for he died in 1892, when eighty-four years old. On his eighty-second birthday the children held exercises in his honor in the schools of the country. *Why did they honor him thus?*

<sup>19</sup> Whittier was New England's own poet. Labor, nature, New England customs and locality, and strong patriotism — these were the absorbing things in his life and in his poetry. He dignified them and made them great. But Whittier is also a poet of the world, for when he wrote about the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, the Bartholdi statue which was presented to this country in 1886 by France, he seemed to have looked into the future and to have written something true of the Great War. *What would he think of France to-day?*

<sup>20</sup> Read and see for yourself:

The land, that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty.

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplift!



<sup>21</sup> Thus did Whittier look far into the future and see what the Goddess of Liberty would come to mean to the millions of immigrants that seek our shores.

**Abolition** <sup>17</sup> (ăb' ō lish' ŷn), getting rid of something, as slavery  
**drab**,<sup>8</sup> dull brownish-gray  
**editorial**,<sup>12</sup> an article that gives the opinion of the editor  
**Friends**,<sup>1</sup> Quakers, people of simple

dress and speech, who desire to live at peace with all mankind.  
**homespun** <sup>4</sup> (hōm' spūn'), spun at home  
**principle** <sup>17</sup> (prin' sī p'l), rule of conduct

1. Outline on the blackboard: (a) When and where Whittier was born, (b) How he was educated, (c) Of whom his family consisted,



(d) What his life work was, (e) For what he is best remembered, and (f) When he died. 2. Apply each of the above words to Whittier.

3. Read the story of his life (Riverside Reader VI). 4. Let volunteers read aloud "In School-Days" and "Snow-Bound" (Riverside Reader VI), "The Three Bells," "Barbara Frietchie," or "The Corn Song."

5. For oral composition have a Whittier Day and let each pupil tell something interesting about the poet. 6. Memorize section 6 as a declamation on "Whittier and Old Butler."

### A READING CLUB

Why not have a Reading Club in your classroom. You can borrow some books from your school library or from the public library and keep them on a special table, desk, or shelf in your room. The pupils that finish their other work in good time and belong to the Reading Club can then get permission to take books to their desks to read. (Manual.)

1. Form a Reading Club in your class, Select a name for it. Choose a president and a secretary. (Manual.) 2. Keep a list of the stories and books that you read. 3. Read "The Eastern United States and Its Writers" in the Fourth Reader.

## THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Whittier was a boy over a hundred years ago, before we had railroad trains, street cars, telegraph wires, telephones, or automobiles. The old homestead in which he was born was over a hundred years old then, — it had been built long before the Revolutionary War.

The boys and girls of the Whittier family had woods, ravines, and brooks to explore to their hearts' content. As you read, watch for the things that you would like to see or do with the boy John Greenleaf, if you could go back one hundred years and be on the farm with him:

<sup>1</sup> OUR old homestead nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista<sup>o</sup> of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland.<sup>o</sup> Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound silently and scarcely visible to a still larger stream known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

<sup>2</sup> I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs,<sup>o</sup> for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass. There is a tradition that the hay-harvesters of two adjoining towns quarrelled about a boundary question, and fought a hard battle one summer morning in that old time, not altogether bloodless. I used to wonder at their folly, when I was stumbling over the rough hassocks,<sup>o</sup> and sinking knee-deep in the black mire,<sup>o</sup> raking the sharp sickle-edged grass which we used to feed to the young cattle in winter when the bitter cold gave them appetite for even such fodder.

<sup>3</sup> I had an almost Irish hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them,—striped, green, dingy water-snakes, and now and then an ugly spotted adder by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet. There were great black snakes, too, in the ledges<sup>o</sup> of the neighboring knolls<sup>o</sup>; and on one occasion in early spring I

found myself in the midst of a score at least of them, — holding their wicked meeting of a Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows. One glimpse at their fierce shining heads in the sunshine, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed towards the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and, looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

<sup>4</sup> Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in the evenings great bullfrogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon° signals of their coming.

<sup>5</sup> But the Brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing-places, clear and white sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy pickerel° loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. I had followed it all the way from its birthplace among the pleasant New Hampshire hills, through the sunshine of broad, open meadows, and under the shadow of thick woods. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river; but at intervals it broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks, of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us,

at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight. On its banks we could always find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale blue, three-lobed hepatica,<sup>o</sup> and small, delicate wood-anemone,<sup>o</sup> to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

<sup>6</sup> Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the Brook to my brother and me was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing. It was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying-lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

<sup>7</sup> I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts<sup>o</sup> of pickerel, placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it.

"Try again," said my uncle.



Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly.

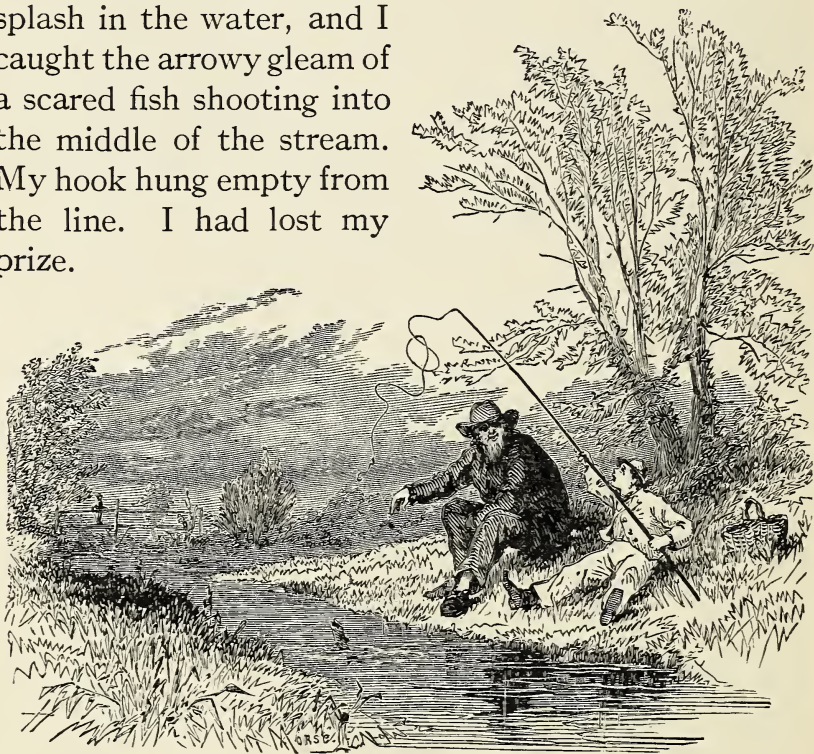
"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun.

"Uncle!" I cried, "I've got a fish."

"Not yet," said my uncle.

As he spoke there was a splash in the water, and I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream. My hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.



<sup>8</sup> Overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that

there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

<sup>9</sup> How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle:

"NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

**anemone** <sup>5</sup> (â nēm' ô nê), pinkish-white wild flower

**bog**,<sup>2</sup> marsh, swamp

**ever and anon**,<sup>4</sup> again and again

**hassock** <sup>2</sup> (hăs' ŭk), small tuft of bog grass

**haunt** <sup>7</sup> (hôn't), a place where animals stay

**hepatica** <sup>5</sup> (hê păt' i kâ), a spring flower

**knoll** <sup>3</sup> (nōl), a little round hill

**ledge** <sup>3</sup> (lěj), a projecting rock

**mire** <sup>2</sup> (mîr), soft, deep mud

**pickerel** <sup>5</sup> (pîk' êr ěl), a fish

**upland** <sup>1</sup> (ŭp' lănd), high land

**vista** <sup>1</sup> (vîs' tâ), view

1. Draw on the blackboard a map of the farm as described in the first paragraph. 2. Mention the different things in the meadow and tell why Whittier liked them. 3. Why was the brook so important? 4. How was the Uncle like a Scout Master? 5. Tell about the fishing excursion. What point in the story does the picture illustrate?

6. Do you agree with the boy Whittier about snakes? Why? Are all snakes harmful? Prove your point. 7. Find a fable in the Fourth Reader that this story illustrates, and read it to the class. 8. What birds, flowers, or animals does Whittier mention? Which ones can you tell him about? 9. What things should you like to do best at the Whittier farm?

10. Memorize section 7 as a declamation on "The Fish I Did n't Catch." 11. Read Warner's "Being a Boy," Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy," or "In School-Days" (Riverside Readers V and VI). 12. Oral or written composition: (a) What I Saw when I followed a Brook, or (b) An Experience with a Snake.



## THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN (rū' gĕn)

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Many years ago — before they knew better — the people of Northern Europe believed that dwarfs, or elves, or goblins, lived inside the mountains. They called these queer little creatures *trolls*. Even the Amptman, or head man of the village, was afraid of them. The following tale was told so often that it became a legend.

What trick did the trolls play in the story?

<sup>1</sup> **T**HE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic  
water o'er,  
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeran-  
ian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and  
maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the  
sea surf° played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their de-  
gree:  
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's  
child was she.

<sup>2</sup> Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs  
and Trolls,



The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people  
without souls;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's is-  
land found

Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-  
ground.

<sup>3</sup> It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled  
away

Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves  
and goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters  
had known

Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small  
horns blown.

<sup>4</sup> She came not back; the search for her in field  
and wood was vain:

They cried her east, they cried her west, but she  
came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said  
the dream-wives wise and old,

And prayers were made, and masses<sup>o</sup> said, and  
Rambin's church bell tolled.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Five years her father mourned her; and then John  
Deitrich said:

"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or  
dead."

<sup>6</sup> He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the  
Brown Dwarfs sing

And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a  
ring.



And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his  
cap of red,  
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it  
on his head.

<sup>7</sup> The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept  
for lack of it.

“Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great  
head unfit!”

“Nay,” Deitrich said, “the Dwarf who throws  
his charmèd cap away,  
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly<sup>o</sup>  
pay.

“You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in  
the earth;  
And you shall ope<sup>o</sup> the door of glass and let me  
lead her forth.”

“She will not come; she’s one of us; she’s mine!”  
the Brown Dwarf said;

“The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we  
shall wed.”

“The fell fiend<sup>o</sup> fetch thee!” Deitrich cried, “and  
keep thy foul tongue still.  
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of  
the hill!”

<sup>8</sup> The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down  
the long stairway passed,  
And saw in dim and sunless light a country  
strange and vast.

Weird,<sup>o</sup> rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin  
underland, —

Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of  
golden sand.

<sup>9</sup> He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly  
spread,

Where a young maiden served to him the red  
wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly  
and so wild!

Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never  
smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her  
tender blue eyes seemed

Like something he had seen elsewhere or some-  
thing he had dreamed.

<sup>10</sup> He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew  
the long-lost one;

“O Lisbeth! See thy playmate — I am the  
Amptman’s son!”

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and  
through her sobs she spoke:

“Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the  
elfin folk!

“And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell  
the flowers again,

And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear  
the dropping rain!

“And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling  
of the tree,

The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices  
of the sea;

“And oh, upon my father’s knee to sit beside  
the door,  
And hear the bell of vespers° ring in Rambin  
church once more!”

<sup>11</sup> He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the  
Brown Dwarf groaned to see,  
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long  
teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: “For five long years this  
tender Christian maid  
Has served you in your evil world, and well must  
she be paid!

“Haste! — hither bring me precious gems, the  
richest in your store;  
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you’ll take  
your cap once more.”

<sup>12</sup> No choice was left the baffled° Troll, and, mur-  
muring, he obeyed,  
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron  
of the maid.

<sup>13</sup> They left the dreadful under-land and passed  
the gate of glass;  
They felt the sunshine’s warm caress, they trod  
the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch  
up to them his brown  
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red  
cap down.

<sup>14</sup> Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky  
so blue,

As hand in hand they homeward walked the  
pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's  
woods before,

And never washed the waves so soft along the  
Baltic shore;

<sup>15</sup> And when beneath his door-yard trees the father  
met his child,

The bells rang out their merriest peal, the folks  
with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain<sup>o</sup>  
came forth as one,

The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller  
blest a son.

<sup>16</sup> John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and  
nurse and maid crooned o'er

Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the  
Trolls shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of  
stone;

And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door  
where door was none.

<sup>17</sup> The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride  
and boast,

Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian  
coast;

And for his worth ennobled,<sup>o</sup> and rich beyond  
compare,

Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long  
and happy there.



**baffled** <sup>12</sup> (băf' 'ld), defeated  
**ennobled** <sup>17</sup> (ě nō' b'ld), made a  
 noble; raised to rank of count  
**fell fiend** <sup>7</sup> (fěł' fěnd'), cruel demon  
**folly** <sup>7</sup> (fōl' i), a foolish act  
**mass** <sup>4</sup> (mās), a service in the Cath-  
 olic Church  
**ope** <sup>7</sup> (ōp), a poetic word for *open*

**surf** <sup>1</sup> (sûrf), waves of the sea break-  
 ing upon the shore  
**toll** <sup>4</sup> (tōl), ring solemnly for a  
 death  
**twain** <sup>15</sup> (twān), two  
**vespers** <sup>10</sup> (vēs' pērz), church serv-  
 ice at sundown  
**weird** <sup>8</sup> (wērd), unearthly, strange

1. Where did this story happen? Who are in it? 2. What did the people of Rügen believe in those days? How did the trolls look and act? 3. Why did John Deitrich hunt Lisbeth? What did he do? Let two pupils read the dialogue aloud. 4. Read the stanzas that tell what Lisbeth missed during the five years.

5. Describe the return. 6. How did John punish the trolls? 7. What three rewards did he get? 8. Write on the board as dialogue sections 4, 6-7, and 9-13, and act out the story of "The Magic Cap." (Manual.) 9. What sections are illustrated in the picture?

10. Who can memorize the poem to recite for Valentine's Day? 11. Read aloud Allingham's "The Fairy Folk," Mary Howitt's "The Fairies of the Caldon-Low," or read silently Hawthorne's "The Pygmies" (Riverside Reader V).

12. Oral and written composition: Tell (a) How the Trolls captured Lisbeth, or (b) An Adventure with the Trolls Underground. 13. Make cut-outs of the trolls. 14. Have a Valentine program in class. (Manual.)

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Before a boy of the Algonquin tribe of Indians was taken in as a "brave" he was tested to prove his physical strength. In a lodge, or tent, the boy had to remain for a number of days without food, drink, or sleep. If he stood the test, he was supposed to be ready for manhood's duties as a hunter and warrior. If he failed, he was scorned as weak by the squaws and the other boys.

This tale is about the son of a great Indian chief who longed for his boy to become a mighty warrior. As you listen to the poem, see which had the better idea of the worth-while things in life. How did he prove it?

1     **H**APPY young friends, sit by me,  
Under May's blown apple-tree,  
While these home-birds in and out  
Through the blossoms flit about.  
Hear a story, strange and old,  
By the wild red Indians told.  
How the robin came to be:



2     Once a great chief left his son, —  
Well-beloved, his only one, —  
When the boy was well-nigh grown,  
In the trial-lodge alone.  
Left for tortures long and slow  
Youths like him must undergo,  
Who their pride of manhood test,  
Lacking water, food, and rest.  
Seven days the fast he kept,  
Seven nights he never slept.  
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
Weak from nature's overstrain,  
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:  
"Spare me, father, for I faint!"

3     But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
Hid his pity in his pride.  
"You shall be a hunter good,  
Knowing never lack of food:  
You shall be a warrior great,  
Wise as fox and strong as bear;  
Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
If with patient heart you wait  
Bravely till your task is done.  
Better you should starving die  
Than that boy and squaw should cry  
Shame upon your father's son!"

4           When next morn the sun's first rays  
          Glistened on the hemlock° sprays,°  
          Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
          And boiled samp° and moose° meat brought.

5           "Rise and eat, my son!" he said.  
          Lo, he found the poor boy dead.

6           As with grief his grave they made,  
          And his bow beside him laid,  
          Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,  
          On the lodge-top overhead,  
          Preening° smooth its breast of red  
          And the brown coat that it wore,  
          Sat a bird, unknown before.

7           And as if with human tongue,  
          "Mourn me not," it said, or sung;  
          "I, a bird, am still your son,  
          Happier than if hunter fleet,  
          Or a brave, before your feet  
          Laying scalps in battle won.  
          Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
          Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,  
          To each wigwam I shall bring  
          Tidings of the coming spring;  
          Every child my voice shall know  
          In the moon of melting snow,  
          When the maple's red bud swells,  
          And the wind-flower° lifts its bells.  
          As their fond companion  
          Men shall henceforth own your son,  
          And my song shall testify°  
          That of human kin° am I."



8 Thus the Indian legend° saith  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life than death,  
 Bird for boy, and still the same.  
 If my young friends doubt that this  
 Is the robin's genesis,°  
 Not in vain is still the myth°  
 If a truth be found therewith:  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;  
 Happier far than hate is praise, —  
 He who sings than he who slays.

**genesis** <sup>8</sup> (jĕn' ě sis), beginning  
**hemlock** <sup>4</sup> (hĕm' lŏk), an evergreen  
 tree

**kin** <sup>7</sup> (kĭn), family

**legend** <sup>8</sup> (lĕj' ěnd), a story that  
 comes down from the past

**moose** <sup>4</sup> (mŏs), a deer with im-  
 mense horns. (Picture, dictionary)

**myth** <sup>8</sup> (mĭth), a story that explains

a belief

**preen** <sup>6</sup> (prĕn), to dress with the beak

**samp** <sup>4</sup> (sămp), hominy; Indian corn  
 boiled, and eaten with milk

**spray** <sup>4</sup> (sprā), small branches of  
 foliage

**testify** <sup>7</sup> (tĕs' tĭ fi), bear witness

**wind-flower**, <sup>7</sup> the anemone, a pretty,  
 pinkish spring flower

1. To whom was the poet telling this story? Where? 2. Why was the test hard for the chief? For the boy? 3. Which was stronger in the chief, love or haughty pride? Why? 4. Find lines to show that the boy loved the woods. 5. What did the strange bird promise to do? 6. Explain "May's blown apple trees," <sup>1</sup> "nature's overstrain," <sup>2</sup> "preening smooth," <sup>6</sup> and "robin's genesis." <sup>8</sup>

7. Read aloud the speeches that tell (a) the chief's ambition for his son, and (b) what the boy wanted to be and do. 8. Read aloud the dialogue in sections 2-3 and 5-7.

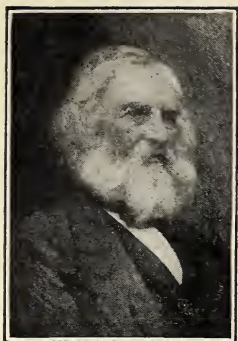
9. Is physical strength the only thing that makes manliness? 10. How can a boy of to-day show that he is manly? 11. Contrast the horrors of war with the joys of peace. Which did the chief like better? Which did the son prefer?

12. Conversation and discussion: A day in a robin's life; How to make bird houses; How to attract robins to our backyards.

13. Make cut-outs of the Indian boy, the chief, and the robin.

14. Make a stage setting of the trial lodge and the hemlocks. (Manual.) 15. Make a play of three scenes out of the poem and act it for a Friday afternoon. (Manual.)





## THE HOME POET LONGFELLOW



Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book after you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

<sup>1</sup> **H**ENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. As you have read about the life of John Greenleaf Whittier on page 233, some of you may remember that the Quaker Poet was born in the same year. His birthday came on December 17, however, so he was ten months younger than Longfellow. Both of these poets were boys like you over a century ago. *How would life in a village one hundred years ago differ from life to-day?*

<sup>2</sup> During Longfellow's boyhood men with cocked hats,<sup>o</sup> wigs, and knee-breeches were still seen on the streets. There were few amusements except "spinning-bees" for the grown-up people and sleighing or sailing parties for the girls and boys. Houses had no stoves, for brick ovens and fireplaces were used. Candles furnished the light at night. Each house had a barn behind it, where a cow was kept, and every evening the boys went after the cows and drove them home through the streets from the hill at the end of the village where they were pastured during the day.

<sup>3</sup> Portland, where Longfellow was born, was a bustling village in those days. There was a brisk lumber trade. A tannery and a pottery were also busy centers of work. People did not have the many newspapers then that they have now, but the "Portland Gazette" and the "Eastern Argus" came out once a week, and on the other days the town crier<sup>o</sup> called out the bits of news as they came in from Boston. Portland was on the sea, so it had a good harbor, where ships came in to anchor after a fishing trip or a voyage to some foreign port. *What would the Portland boys like to do?*

<sup>4</sup> When Longfellow was a boy, one of the busiest spots in Portland was the wharves and "slips" where the ships were. The sailors sang or shouted as they unloaded their cargoes. The Portland boys listened to the tales of the sea captains and longed to sail with the wind and see for themselves the new, strange lands described. Years later, thinking of this, the poet wrote:

- <sup>5</sup> I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

<sup>6</sup> When young Longfellow's grandfather, General Wadsworth, moved from Portland out to the Saco River, where he had over 7000 acres of wilderness, the Longfellow family took the Wadsworth house on Congress Street for themselves. Henry loved to visit his grandfather, because there he could roam through the dense forest, and go gunning in the woods.

<sup>7</sup> One hundred years ago it took two days to go by stage-coach from Boston to Brunswick, Maine, where Bowdoin<sup>o</sup> College was located. The coach passed through Portland on its way, and one day in 1821, when it stopped at the inn, Master Henry Longfellow climbed up over the wheel with his carpet-bag in hand, on his way to college. He was a boy of fourteen. *What things would a boy like Longfellow enjoy at college?*

<sup>8</sup> At Bowdoin College one of the professors described young Longfellow as "an attractive youth, with auburn<sup>o</sup> locks, clear, fresh, blooming complexion, and, as might be expected, well-bred manners and bearing."

<sup>9</sup> The boy was a good student and was graduated second in a class of thirty-seven. He took a great interest in college activities and developed his various talents. For instance, he was a member of the Peucinian<sup>+</sup> Literary Society; he played the flute; he began to write poems in his Junior year. His teachers saw that he was especially good in languages and resolved to keep an eye on him, for they felt sure that he was meant for a noteworthy career. *What might Longfellow like to choose for his life-work?*

<sup>10</sup> When Mr. Longfellow talked with his son about his life-work, the young man asked to take up literature as a career, but his father, knowing that the profession of literature was not yet well established, urged his son to study law. This Henry tried to do, but he was not happy in his father's law-office.

<sup>11</sup> In his first year out of college a little volume of poems written by six different poets was published. In it were some of Bryant's poems and fourteen by a young writer then unknown, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This shows that he still had the desire to write.

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<sup>+</sup> Peucinian (pū sîn' ĭ ān).

<sup>12</sup> Then such a splendid thing happened. The professors at Bowdoin College remembered how good a student Longfellow had been and how interested in languages, so they made a department of modern languages at Bowdoin College and asked him to come there as its professor. Some people at the college said that the appointment was given to Longfellow because of the impression made upon a member of the college examination committee by his careful translation<sup>o</sup> of a Latin poem. The professor naturally concluded that if Henry was so particular to get the exact thought in putting a Latin poem into English he would be equally careful to get the thought in a modern language. This instance shows that it always pays to do things — even one's lessons — as well as possible. We can never tell what may come from our everyday work.

<sup>13</sup> Longfellow felt that he did not know enough about these languages to teach them, and he said so frankly. *What would these modern languages be? What might he do to prepare himself to teach them?*

<sup>14</sup> It was suggested that he should go abroad for several years to study modern languages so that he could teach them well. He therefore sailed for Europe when he was nineteen years old; and spent four years in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, where he studied the languages of these countries and read their books.

<sup>15</sup> When he returned to Bowdoin College, he had to make his own textbooks for the modern language classes to use, because it was a new thing to teach these languages. His classes of boys especially enjoyed reading Cervantes<sup>o</sup> in Spanish. You will find an adventure from this book in the Sixth Reader.

<sup>16</sup> Several years later Harvard College offered him a professorship of modern languages. So, again he went



abroad — this time with his wife — to study Danish, Swedish, and other northern languages which he had not learned before. A very sad thing happened while he was in Europe; his wife died and he had to complete his work alone. *Where was he to go when he returned to America?*

<sup>17</sup> He returned to America in 1836 and took up his work at Harvard. You will be interested to know about his first days in Cambridge. In hunting rooms he went to the famous Craigie<sup>+</sup> House, which had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolution.

<sup>18</sup> "I lodge students no longer," said the lady who owned the house, thinking Longfellow a new student. When he explained to her that he was the new professor, she gave him Washington's room.

<sup>19</sup> For eighteen years he was the professor of modern languages at Harvard College. He was a great favorite of the boys, who were always glad to get his opinion on any subject and listened to his advice. He married again, and the famous Washington room in the Craigie House became the nursery. In "The Children's Hour," he describes them:

<sup>20</sup>       I hear in the chamber above me  
           The patter of little feet,  
       The sound of a door that is opened,  
           And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
       Descending the broad hall stair,  
   Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,\*  
       And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;  
       Yet I know in their merry eyes  
   They are plotting and planning together  
       To take me by surprise.

---

+ Craigie <sup>17</sup> (krāg' ē).

\* Allegra <sup>20</sup> (āl lā' grā).

<sup>21</sup> During these eighteen years of college duties at Harvard Longfellow had been writing beautiful poems. Among them are "The Psalm of Life," "Excelsior,"<sup>+</sup> "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Day is Done," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs," the last about an heirloom in the family. His two long poems, "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha,"<sup>\*</sup> were also written while he was at Harvard. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes considered "Excelsior" the finest of the short poems.

<sup>22</sup> Longfellow himself told the following incident about his poem, "The Psalm of Life." "I was riding in London," he said, "when a laborer approached the carriage, and asked, 'Are you the writer of the Psalm of Life?' — 'I am.' — 'Will you allow me to shake hands with you?' We clasped hands warmly. The carriage passed on, and I saw him no more; but I remember that as one of the most gratifying compliments I ever received because it was so sincere."

<sup>23</sup> Longfellow now resigned from Harvard College and gave all of his time to writing poetry. Since Elder Brewster and John Alden were among his ancestors, we find him putting them into a thrilling poetical tale of early Plymouth days. This is "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which you will enjoy reading. He also wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn," a fine collection of stories.

<sup>24</sup> In 1861, at the beginning of our Civil War, a terrible accident happened in the Longfellow home. Mrs. Longfellow's dress caught on fire, and she was burned to death. *What might a person do to forget sorrow?*

<sup>25</sup> Professor Longfellow grieved intensely and tried to forget his sorrow by throwing himself into work.

+ **Excelsior** <sup>21</sup> (ěk sěl' sī ōr).

\* **Hiawatha** <sup>21</sup> (hī' á wô' thá).

Later he re-visited Europe, and there had many honors given to him on account of his poems. Upon his return Cambridge welcomed him with open arms, and for ten years his kindly face with its crown of white hair was a favorite sight of the children. *How could they show their love for Longfellow?*

<sup>26</sup> No poet ever had so many friends among children. On his seventy-second birthday his boy and girl friends gave him an arm-chair made from the horse-chestnut tree under which the village smithy had stood. Do you remember how Longfellow described it? — Around the seat of the chair in raised letters are the following words:

<sup>27</sup>       And children coming home from school  
          Look in at the open door:  
          They love to see the flaming forge,  
          And hear the bellows roar,  
          And catch the burning sparks that fly  
          Like chaff from a threshing floor.

<sup>28</sup> On his last birthday, February 27, 1882, the children throughout the country had exercises in the schools to honor "their poet." During his last illness, when the Cambridge children passed his house, they would speak in whispers so as not to disturb him. *How would people show their sorrow when he died?*

<sup>29</sup> When Longfellow died the flags in Cambridge were put at half mast. Hundreds of people stood out in the cold before his house, with the snow falling softly upon them, watching sorrowfully as the funeral party passed down the steps. The whole country mourned, and when news of his death reached Europe foreign newspapers printed editorials about his life and work.

<sup>30</sup> Read the following lines from "The Psalm of Life" and you will see why the working-man loved Longfellow:

31

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac<sup>o</sup> of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime;  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints in the sands of time.

<sup>32</sup> Longfellow understood how people felt. He has poems that console us when sorrow comes, poems that exult with us in times of joy, and poems that tell splendid stories of this and other countries. *If people like poems, what do they often do with them?*

<sup>33</sup> Longfellow was the beloved poet, the poet that best touched the hearts of the people. Nearly forty of his poems have been set to music and are sung as well as read. He has written poems that we like to learn by heart, because they inspire us to do the best we can. Although he is a great story-teller in verse, yet it is as the poet of home that he is best remembered. He said:

<sup>34</sup> Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
 Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
 For those that wander they know not where  
 Are full of trouble and full of care;  
 To stay at home is best.

<sup>35</sup> He is the Home Poet, because he is best loved by all the family. He has a message for boys and girls as well as for their fathers and mothers.

<sup>36</sup> *Which of his poems do you like the best?*

auburn <sup>8</sup> (ô' būrn), reddish-brown  
 bivouac <sup>31</sup> (biv' wăk), a night's encampment

Bowdoin <sup>7</sup> (bô' d'n), a college in Maine

Cervantes <sup>15</sup> (sēr vān' tēz), a Spanish

writer

cocked hat, <sup>2</sup> a three-cornered hat

crier <sup>3</sup> (krī' ēr), an officer of olden times who called out public news

translation <sup>12</sup> (trāns lā' shŭn), a book put into another language



1. Outline on the board: (a) Date and place of birth, (b) Education, (c) Life-work, (d) Travels, (e) Chief writings, (f) Why best remembered, and (g) Date of death.
2. Read the story of his life (Riverside Reader IV).
3. Read aloud "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," or "Paul Revere's Ride" (Riverside Readers IV and VI).
4. Recite section 22 as an anecdote.
5. Arrange a Longfellow program. (Manual.)

### THE READING CLUB

1. Find out which poem, story, and book in the Reading Club list for Eastern authors (Manual) the class like the best.
2. Copy on the board the names of the twelve pupils who have read the most selections in this list.
3. Read "A Literary Journey Through the South" in the Fourth Reader.

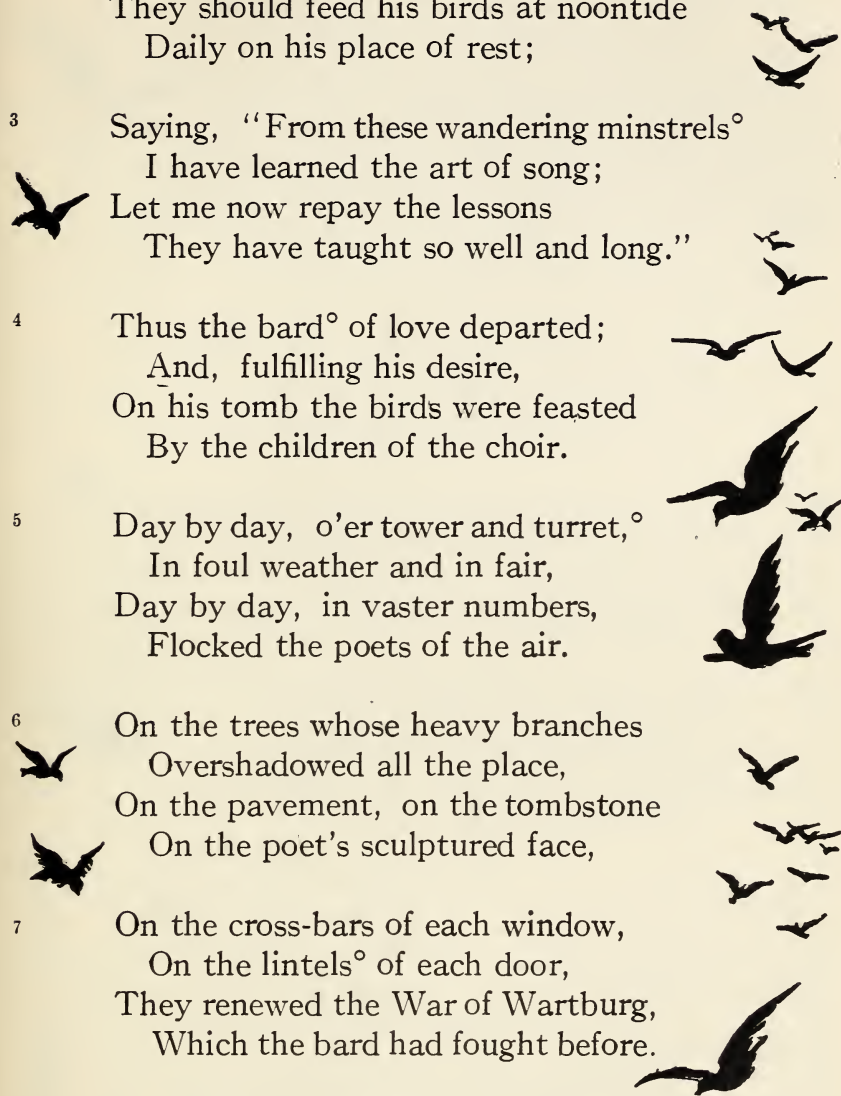
### WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID°

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Seven hundred years ago men often roamed through the countries of Europe singing songs to the knights and ladies of the castles. They were sometimes called Minnesingers, a word which means "singers of love songs." Often the wandering musicians met and tried to out-sing each other. Walter von der Vogelweid (or Walter of the Bird-meadow) was one of the greatest of these Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He won a victory in the singing contest at Wartburg Castle, which has become known as "The War of Wartburg."

While your teacher reads the poem aloud, picture the scenes at the ancient cathedral:

- 1 **V**OGELWEID the Minnesinger,°  
 When he left this world of ours,  
 Laid his body in the cloister,°  
 Under Wurtzburg's minster° towers.

- 2 And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest°:  
They should feed his birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest;
- 3 Saying, "From these wandering minstrels°  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."
- 4 Thus the bard° of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.
- 5 Day by day, o'er tower and turret,°  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.
- 6 On the trees whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone  
On the poet's sculptured face,
- 7 On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintels° of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.
- 8 There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds° on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.
- 

9 Till at length the portly° abbot°  
 Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
 Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
 For our fasting brotherhood."

10 Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
 From the walls and woodland nests,  
 When the minster bells rang noontide,  
 Gathered the unwelcome guests.

11 Then in vain, with cries discordant,°  
 Clamorous° round the Gothic° spire,  
 Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
 For the children of the choir.

12 Time has long effaced° the inscriptions  
 On the cloister's funeral stones,  
 And tradition° only tells us  
 Where repose the poet's bones.

13 But around the vast cathedral,  
 By sweet echoes multiplied,  
 Still the birds repeat the legend,°  
 And the name of Vogelweid.

**abbot** <sup>9</sup> (ăb' ŭt), head of an abbey,  
 where monks live

**bard** <sup>4</sup> (bărd), poet, minstrel

**behest** <sup>2</sup> (bē hēst'), command

**clamorous** <sup>11</sup> (klăm' ēr ŭs), noisy

**cloister** <sup>1</sup> (klois' tēr), home of monks

**discordant** <sup>11</sup> (dīs kôr' dănt), harsh

**efface** <sup>12</sup> (ē fās'), rub out

**Gothic** <sup>11</sup> (gôth' ĭk), style of build-  
 ing developed in northern France  
 and spreading through western  
 Europe from the 12th to the 15th  
 century; many famous cathedrals

**laud** <sup>8</sup> (lôd), praise

**legend** <sup>13</sup> (lēj' ěnd), a story handed  
 down from the past

**lintel** <sup>7</sup> (lĭn' tĕl), horizontal wood  
 over a doorway

**Minnesinger** <sup>1</sup> (mĭn' ē sĭng' ēr)

**minster** <sup>1</sup> (mĭn' stēr), church or  
 monastery

**minstrel** <sup>3</sup> (mĭn' strĕl), a wandering  
 singer with a harp

**portly** <sup>9</sup> (pôrt' lĭ), fat

**tradition** <sup>12</sup> (tră dĭsh' ŭn), belief  
 handed down orally

**turret** <sup>5</sup> (tŭr' ět), a little tower

**Vogelweid** (fô' gĕl vid)

1. What agreement was made between Walter and the monks?  
 2. Did the abbot do right to stop feeding the birds? Why? 3. Explain "bard of love," <sup>4</sup> "poets of the air," <sup>5</sup> and "on the poet's sculptured face." <sup>6</sup> 4. How could the birds "renew the War of Wartburg" <sup>7</sup>?

5. How can we help the birds in winter? 6. How do the birds repay us for our care of them? 7. Print a list of all the birds that you know by sight. When the birds return in the spring, mark the date.

8. Read aloud George Cooper's "Bob White" or Emerson's "Forbearance" (Riverside Readers IV and VIII). 9. Conversation and discussion: (a) The care of pigeons, canaries, or any other pet birds; (b) How to make bird shelters in winter. 10. Memorize the poem. 11. Have an exhibit of bird boxes for Bird Day.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Some families have lived in the same house all their lives, and their fathers and grandfathers had lived there before them. Such old homes are often filled with treasured furniture, handed down from father to son. There's the big grandfather's clock, for instance, standing so solemnly half-way up the stairs or in the hall below.

If that old clock could speak, what stories it would tell you about joyous weddings, solemn funerals, and merry children trooping back for Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays! As you listen to the poem, try to see all these beautiful family pictures for yourself.



SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.<sup>o</sup>  
 Across its antique<sup>o</sup> portico<sup>o</sup>  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
 "Forever — never!"  
 Never — forever!"





Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —  
     “Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!”

<sup>3</sup> By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —  
     “Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!”

<sup>4</sup> Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude<sup>o</sup>  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe, —  
     “Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!”

<sup>5</sup> In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared;  
 The stranger feasted at his board;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never ceased, —  
     “Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!”



There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
 O precious hours! O golden prime,<sup>o</sup>  
 And affluence<sup>o</sup> of love and time!  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,<sup>o</sup> —

“Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

7 From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud<sup>o</sup> of snow;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —

“Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

8 All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead;  
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 “Ah! when shall they all meet again?”  
 As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply, —

“Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

9 Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear, —  
 Forever there, but never here!  
 The horologe<sup>o</sup> of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,<sup>o</sup> —

“Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

**affluence** <sup>6</sup> (ăf' lōō ěns), riches

**antique** <sup>1</sup> (ăn tēk'), old

**country-seat**,<sup>1</sup> a fine dwelling in the country

**horologe** <sup>9</sup> (hōr' ô lōj), clock

**incessantly** <sup>9</sup> (in sēs' ănť lĩ), without

stopping

**portico** <sup>1</sup> (pōr' tĩ kō), porch

**prime** <sup>6</sup> (prīm), best time

**shroud**,<sup>7</sup> a covering for the dead

**told** <sup>6</sup> (tōld), rang solemnly

**vicissitude** <sup>4</sup> (vĩ sīs' ĩ tūd), change

1. Read aloud the lines that picture the house, without and within. Which expressions describe the old clock? 2. What does the clock's ticking suggest to the poet? Read the stanzas to bring out the refrain.

3. Give the chief thought of each stanza. 4. Explain "crosses himself," <sup>2</sup> "swift vicissitude," <sup>4</sup> "free-hearted Hospitality," <sup>5</sup> and "horologe of Eternity." <sup>9</sup>

5. What events are most important in a family's history? Why?

6. What piece of furniture does your family prize most? Why?

7. Why should you like to visit the home described in this poem?

8. How can boys and girls help to make home-life pleasant?

9. Read aloud "The Children's Hour" and Riley's "Old Aunt Mary's" (Riverside Readers IV and V), or Payne's "Home, Sweet Home." 10. Oral or written composition: (a) The Prettiest Clock I ever Saw; (b) The Oldest House in Our Town.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Rain, rain, go away!

Come again another day!

That is what girls and boys have often wished when a downpour spoiled a picnic!

But listen to what the Poet says about rain. — He pictures it as a misty figure called Aquarius, striding through the clouds and scattering showers on the earth below. He sees the raindrops form a rainbow opposite the setting sun. Like the seer — See-er of visions — he follows this wonderful journey of the rain down to earth where it is absorbed by springs and lakes and ocean, and then is drawn up again by the sun's rays into the clouds, later to fall to the earth once more as welcome rain.

This succession from heaven to earth, and back again, makes the Poet think of birth and death. From heaven the baby soul comes, on earth it lives, and back to heaven it goes at death. Like the raindrop it has made the "perpetual round of strange mysterious change." You had not dreamed that there was so much to think of in a little fall of rain? One thing the Poet teaches you is to look beyond things to their real meanings.

Now, try to see the pictures, as your teacher reads:

1      **H**ow beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!



2      How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

3      The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.



4 From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted° noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic° fleets,  
Till the treacherous° pool  
Engulfs° them in its whirling  
And turbulent° ocean.

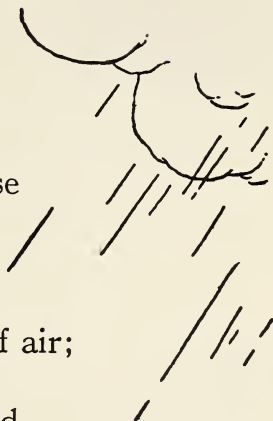


5 In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny° and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain,  
How welcome is the rain!

6 In the furrowed° land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered° head,  
With their dilated° nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous° eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

7 Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,

The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant° rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.



These and far more than these  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius° old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And from each ample° fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

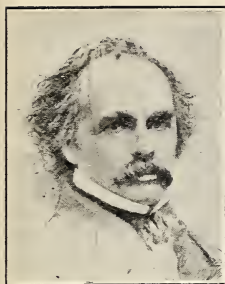
He can behold  
Things manifold°  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung or said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms° and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

- 10 Thus the Seer,  
 With vision° clear,  
 Sees forms appear and disappear,  
 In the perpetual° round of strange  
 Mysterious change,  
 From birth to death, from death to birth,  
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
 Till glimpses more sublime°  
 Of things, unseen before,  
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
 The Universe, as an immeasurable° wheel  
 Turning forevermore  
 In the rapid and gushing river of Time.

**ample** <sup>8</sup> (äm' p'l), full, large  
**Aquarius** <sup>8</sup> (ä kwä' ri ūs), an imaginary person for Water  
**chasm** <sup>9</sup> (kăz'm), deep opening  
**dilated** <sup>6</sup> (dī lāt' ěd), extended  
**encumbered** <sup>6</sup> (ĕn kŭm' bĕrd), loaded  
**engulf** <sup>4</sup> (ĕn gŭlf'), swallow up  
**furrowed** <sup>6</sup> (fŭr' ōd), ploughed  
**immeasurable** <sup>10</sup> (ī mĕzh' ūr ä. b'l), cannot be measured  
**incessant** <sup>7</sup> (in sĕs' änt), without stopping

**lustrous** <sup>6</sup> (lŭs' trŭs), shining  
**manifold** <sup>9</sup> (măn' ĭ fōld), many  
**mimic** <sup>4</sup> (mĭm' ĭk), imitation  
**perpetual** <sup>10</sup> (pĕr pĕt' ū äł), everlasting  
**sublime** <sup>10</sup> (sŭb lĭm'), lofty, noble  
**tawny** <sup>5</sup> (tō' nĭ), yellowish-brown  
**treacherous** <sup>4</sup> (trĕch' ĕr ūs), tricky  
**turbulent** <sup>4</sup> (tŭr' bŭ lĕnt), restless  
**vision** <sup>10</sup> (vĭzh' ūn), power to see  
**wonted** <sup>4</sup> (wŭnt' ěd), usual

1. Describe the pictures that the poet makes of the rainfall. 2. Read aloud the parts of the poem to which the introduction refers.
3. Explain "twisted brooks,"<sup>3</sup> "mimic fleets,"<sup>4</sup> "yoke-encumbered head,"<sup>6</sup> "fenceless fields of air,"<sup>8</sup> "bridge of colors seven."<sup>9</sup>
4. How does "bridge of colors seven" remind you of Sir Isaac Newton, on page 281? 5. Which line in the poem could be applied to aviators?
6. Tell three occasions on which rain is not welcome. Why?
7. Tell three occasions on which rain is most welcome. Why? 8. How is rain formed? 9. How is a rainbow formed?
10. Read aloud Riley's "A Sudden Shower" and Aldrich's "Before the Rain" (Riverside Readers V and VI). 11. Bring to class a picture to illustrate a line of the poem. 12. Oral or written composition: (a) Make up the Autobiography of a Raindrop, or (b) Tell what you like to do most on a rainy day.



NATHANIEL  
HAWTHORNE

THE STORY-TELLER  
AND NOVELIST



Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

<sup>1</sup> **I**N Salem there is a boy whom we wish you to meet. He was born in a small frame house on an elm-shaded street of Salem, in Massachusetts, on the Fourth of July, 1804. His father and grandfather had been sea captains, and his father had died on a voyage. His mother grieved so much that the little boy had a hard time of it. Often he was very, very lonely. When he was nine years old he was struck on the foot by a ball at school and so badly hurt that he had to be kept at home. He did not really get well until he was twelve years old. He missed the life of the school so much that he turned eagerly to books, and read and read and read — wonderful books that opened new worlds for him. This boy was Nathaniel Hawthorne.

<sup>2</sup> Hawthorne turned out to be our greatest American novelist. The accident, after all, may have helped to make him what he later became, for it led him to books. *What would be the best thing to make such a boy strong and well?*

<sup>3</sup> When he was fourteen years old, his mother thought that it was only fair for her son to have a chance at a



real boy's life outdoors, so she took Nathaniel to Maine to visit his uncle, Robert Manning, at a little village near Lake Sebago.<sup>+</sup> The big house right in the woods was called "Manning's Folly" by the village folk, because they thought Robert Manning crazy to build such a mansion in a wilderness.

<sup>4</sup> Of the two years spent there Hawthorne himself says: "I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed." On long summer days he roamed with gun in hand through the dense woods, and on moonlit winter nights he skated on Lake Sebago. After these two glorious years young Hawthorne went back to Salem to prepare for Bowdoin\* College. *Where was the college? How would he travel to it? Whom would he meet there?*

<sup>5</sup> In 1821, when Hawthorne was a boy of seventeen, he started for college, being older than most of the boys because he had been out of school. The old stagecoach, which traveled at the rate of ten miles an hour, drew up in front of the inn at Salem and took on its passengers. Imagine that ride from Salem, Massachusetts, to Brunswick, Maine, where Bowdoin College is located. For the last part of the ride the four horses had drawn the coach up with a flourish at the inn in Portland and taken on a number of boys, all on their way to Brunswick. Among these were Henry W. Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, and Horatio Bridge. Sitting in a corner was Hawthorne, a slender lad with dark expressive eyes and a mass of brown hair.

<sup>6</sup> Happy college days these boys were to have, little dreaming that one of them would later be our greatest novelist, another an admiral of the Navy, another our most beloved poet, and the fourth a president of the

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+ Sebago <sup>3</sup> (sê bā' gō).

\* Bowdoin <sup>4</sup> (bō' d'n).

United States. Admiral Bridge, in speaking later of their life at Bowdoin, said:

<sup>7</sup> "We were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin;<sup>+</sup> or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling\* in the summer twilight; or catching trout in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest."

<sup>8</sup> At college Hawthorne was nicknamed "Hath" by the boys. He had a reputation for great physical courage. He was manly, cool, self-reliant, and brave; yet also gentle and unselfish. There were two literary societies, the Peucinian<sup>†</sup> and the Athenæan.<sup>‡</sup> Longfellow belonged to the former, and Hawthorne the latter. "Hath" was a great walker, and took many long "hikes" over the hills beyond Brunswick to "Paradise Spring" and other places in the dense pine woods.

<sup>9</sup> One great thing that college did for Hawthorne — as it does for many a girl or boy — was to help him to find out what he wanted to do when he was grown up. Like Longfellow, he wanted to write for a living. Everybody in the college knew that he was especially fine in Latin and English Composition, and was a great reader. *What do you think Hawthorne decided to do? Did he have any one to advise him as Longfellow did?*

<sup>10</sup> There was a long hard road ahead for the young man who wished to become an author in those days, because there were few magazines and the writers were

<sup>+</sup> Androscoggin <sup>7</sup> (ăn' drös kög' in).

\* bat-fowling, catching birds by night by holding a torch and beating their roosts, when the dazed birds fly to the light and are caught.

<sup>†</sup> Peucinian (pû sîn' i ăn).

<sup>‡</sup> Athenæan (ăth' â nē' ăn).

not paid as they should be for their work. Young Hawthorne knew this, but nevertheless he felt that he would succeed. After graduation he went back to Salem, to the old house on the elm-shaded street where his mother and sisters lived. There for twelve long years he wrote stories, tearing many up because he felt that they were not good enough, and sending others out to newspapers for a mere pittance.<sup>o</sup> It was perseverance alone that kept him struggling for success in his chosen field.

<sup>11</sup> In 1837 he published a volume of stories called "Twice-Told Tales" which first drew attention to him as a coming man of letters. Often in these lonely struggling years he wrote all day and at night took long walks through the sleeping streets of Salem. During these years, and all his life, he kept a diary, or journal, in which he wrote down each day the interesting things that he had seen or thought of. If any girl or boy has the desire to write, there is no better way to train it than by Hawthorne's method of keeping a journal, for by doing this one learns to observe life keenly.

<sup>12</sup> Hawthorne wished to marry and have a home of his own, but to do this he had to earn more money. He therefore secured a position in the Custom House<sup>o</sup> at Boston, and for two years was employed there, saving every cent he could and working on his stories at night. At the end of the two years he went into the country to Brook Farm where a number of people were trying to live cheaply and simply by each one's doing part of the farm labor. During this year at Brook Farm he wrote the stories about New England history, which are collected together in "Grandfather's Chair."

<sup>13</sup> The next year he married and took his bride to Concord, twenty miles from Boston. There they lived

in a quaint old house called the Manse, which had belonged to Emerson. While living in this house Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse," a collection of stories, among which you will find the famous "Great Stone Face." This was a happy life, here in Concord. Hawthorne saw a good deal of the naturalist Henry Thoreau,<sup>9</sup> who lived at a camp which he named Walden. With him he spent many pleasant days boating on the Concord River and fishing in its silent pools.

<sup>14</sup> While living in Concord, he published a second volume of "Twice-Told Tales." This has in it two stories which you will like, "Snow Image" and "The Great Carbuncle."<sup>10</sup> Thus you see that Hawthorne was making a success of writing stories. *What would he want to write next?*

<sup>15</sup> It was hard to make ends meet with the money that he got from his writings; so again he secured a position, this time as surveyor<sup>o</sup> of the port of Salem. Four years later when a new President was elected, he lost the position through politics. Sad and discouraged he came home, but was met at the door by a cheery wife. "Oh, then you can write your book!" she said, and showed him money she had saved. Like a good manager, she had been laying aside money from the household expenses for a long time, just waiting for a chance like this.

<sup>16</sup> The next three years are the most important in Hawthorne's life, for they made him a great novelist. The family moved to a little red cottage in Lenox, and Hawthorne wrote steadily day after day. In less than a year "The Scarlet Letter," his first and greatest novel, was published; then, in the next year, "The House of the Seven Gables." During these years he also wrote books for boys and girls. In the "Wonder Book" you will find



tales of the Gorgon's head, the three golden apples, and the chimera°; in "Tanglewood Tales," stories about the Golden Fleece, the minotaur,° and the dragon's teeth. If you have not read these, you will enjoy them.

<sup>17</sup> Then such a splendid thing happened. Through Frank Pierce, his old college chum, Hawthorne got a position that sent him abroad for seven years. *What kind of position demanded residence in a foreign country?*

<sup>18</sup> When Franklin Pierce became President of the United States he had the power to appoint persons as consuls° to foreign countries. He remembered his boyhood friend and asked Hawthorne to serve as consul at Liverpool, England. So, for seven years Hawthorne and his family were in Europe. While there he wrote a novel about Roman life, entitled "The Marble Faun."

<sup>19</sup> Just before the Civil War broke out, the Hawthornes returned to Concord and made their home in The Wayside, the house in which Louisa May Alcott had lived as a girl. Here, behind the house, Hawthorne had a study built in a big pine tree, with steps leading up to it and a floor large enough to hold his writing-table and a chair. He was not in the best of health, and it was hoped that this outdoor life would make him strong. But in spite of this his health failed. Then again one of his good boyhood friends stepped in and tried to help him. *Who do you think it was?*

<sup>20</sup> Thinking that the pure mountain air would prove beneficial, ex-President Pierce took his old friend up to the hills in the hope of making him better. But, here in the hills Hawthorne passed away, in 1864. At his funeral in Concord one of the most famous groups of poets ever assembled stood about his grave, for with bowed heads Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Whittier paid honor to their dead friend.

<sup>21</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne is remembered as our first and greatest novelist. He had a wonderful imagination. He seemed to be able to look right into the hearts of men and women and to write what he saw. A born story-teller he was, too — one that you will want to know better when you begin reading him. Like a magician he has raised up before our eyes pictures of days that have long been in the past.

**carbuncle** <sup>14</sup> (kär' būŋ k'l), a precious stone

**chimera** <sup>16</sup> (kĩ mē' rā), a monster

**consul** <sup>18</sup> (kõn' sũl), an official who resides in a foreign country and looks after commercial interests of his own country

**custom house**, <sup>12</sup> a building where

duties on imports are paid

**mere pittance** <sup>10</sup> (pit' āns), a very small sum

**minotaur** <sup>16</sup> (mĩn' ô tôr), a monster

**surveyor** <sup>15</sup> (sũr vā' ěr), an officer who measures the merchandise brought into a port

**Thoreau** <sup>13</sup> (thō' rō), an author

1. Outline: (a) The date and place of birth; (b) Education; (c) Employment and life work; (d) Books and stories; (e) Why he is best remembered; and (f) Date of death. 2. Read the story of Hawthorne's life (Riverside Reader V). 3. Read "The Pine Tree Shilling" or "Benjamin West" (Riverside Reader V).

## A READING CLUB

1. Find out which story and book in the Reading Club list for Southern authors (Manual) the class like best. 2. Copy on the board the names of twelve pupils who have read the most in this list. 3. Read "The Middle West in Poetry and Fiction" in the Fourth Reader.

## THE STORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Here is the story of a great man who found out how all the stars and planets and the moon and the earth are held together around the sun. He lived over two hundred years ago.

While you read silently about his life, think of questions that you would like to ask the boy Isaac.

<sup>1</sup> ON Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

<sup>2</sup> Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity<sup>o</sup> in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or a chisel in hand.

<sup>3</sup> The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

"He'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies."

<sup>4</sup> It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and magnificently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing-rooms. Others probably thought that

little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

<sup>5</sup> Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice<sup>o</sup> him to a clock-maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial-plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

<sup>6</sup> Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks; since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

<sup>7</sup> Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour; for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death;



and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

<sup>8</sup> Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial.

<sup>9</sup> Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty<sup>o</sup> of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

<sup>10</sup> Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

<sup>11</sup> It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill, though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when

the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

<sup>12</sup> Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac; for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true, — I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how.

<sup>13</sup> He might easily have made the miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about and perform the duties of a miller. It so happened that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark-gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind.

<sup>14</sup> As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book. At night he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether

they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment<sup>o</sup> that he should be able, hereafter, to answer these questions.

<sup>15</sup> When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

<sup>16</sup> I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation,<sup>o</sup> which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits.<sup>o</sup> The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

<sup>17</sup> While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may

be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

<sup>18</sup> Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript<sup>o</sup> papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

“O Diamond, Diamond,” exclaimed he, “thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!”

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

<sup>19</sup> Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown. He was made a member of Parliament and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.



"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

<sup>20</sup> At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died,—or rather he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite<sup>o</sup> wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

**apprentice** <sup>5</sup> (ǎ prě'n' tīs), made to learn a trade

**faculty** <sup>9</sup> (făk' ūl tī), ability

**gravitation** <sup>16</sup> (grăv' i tă' shŭn), the force that makes things fall to the earth

**infinite** <sup>20</sup> (in' fi nīt), boundless

**ingenuity** <sup>2</sup> (in' jē nū' i tī), ability

to invent

**manuscript** <sup>18</sup> (măn' ū skript), something written by hand

**orbit** <sup>16</sup> (ôr' bīt), path of a heavenly body, as the moon around the earth

**presentiment** <sup>14</sup> (prě sěn' tī mēnt), a feeling beforehand

1. Which part of the selection describes his boyhood; which, his manhood? Which interests you the more? Why? 2. What different things show Isaac's ingenuity as a boy?

3. What tools can you make or use? 4. How can you find out which way a stream is moving, or where the north is? What have you observed in the heavens at night?

5. Why does an apple fall to the ground? 6. What is the nature of light? (See *spectrum*, dictionary.) 7. When do we use a telescope, and when a microscope? Which did Newton use? 8. Show that he had patience and self-control as well as inventive genius. 9. How was he rewarded? How are inventors rewarded to-day? 10. What is the difference between *invention* and *discovery* (dictionary), and which did Newton make? 11. What are the two greatest things to remember about him?

12. Memorize section 18 as a declamation on "Sir Isaac Newton and His Dog Diamond." 13. By experiment show that you can (a) lift a brick through suction by means of a piece of leather and a string, or (b) divide a ray of light into the spectrum colors by means of a mirror. 14. Describe an experiment that you can make.



BRYANT  
THE  
NATURE POET



Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question, and think out what you have to say about it.

<sup>1</sup> “**STICK** him in again!” said one young man to the other, as the seven-year-old youngster tried to wriggle out of their grasp.

<sup>2</sup> So they dipped him again into the spring. The little boy kicked hard in his efforts to get out of the cold water, but it was of no use. Orders had been given by Dr. Bryant that his young son Cullen should have a cold bath in the spring back of the house every morning late into the fall. This seems like a cruel thing to do, *so why do you suppose these orders were given?*

<sup>3</sup> Little Cullen Bryant was a very nervous, delicate child. His father, a physician, knew that cold water was the best tonic to make a person strong, and that is the reason the little boy was being toughened by these daily baths. This harsh use of cold water was one of the things that brought strength and long life to Dr. Bryant’s son, for William Cullen Bryant — that is the full name of his little boy — was born in 1794 and died in 1878. You may have heard that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt toughened himself, by exercise, from a puny<sup>o</sup> little lad to a man who could put in days of strenuous<sup>o</sup> work. Bryant did the same.

<sup>4</sup> The Bryant family lived in a little village called Cumington, in western Massachusetts. Dr. Bryant took long rides over the hills to attend the sick, and the children were often awakened at midnight by a pounding on the door, when some one came in haste for the doctor. *What are some of the things the Bryant children must have done in those days?*

<sup>5</sup> It is remarkable how quickly the Bryant children learned to read, for they had no teacher but their mother. Austin, the eldest boy, began reading the Bible before the end of his third year and had finished it before he was five. Cullen, the one we are interested in, started to school before he was four. You can easily picture these tiny youngsters trooping off under the apple trees to the district school. Often on the way they stopped by the brook to gather spearmint or to chase a squirrel.

<sup>6</sup> There was little excitement in the village in those days. Cullen once saw a young man whipped for theft at the public whipping-post. For amusement the people gathered together for "raisings," when they put up a house or a barn for somebody, for "huskings," "apple-parings," and singing-school, and for the making of maple sugar. Then, too, the boys went fishing in the streams, and on a big squirrel hunt once a year.

<sup>7</sup> They were a happy family. An old lady who used to pass the house on winter evenings has told how she would see three or four boys stretched on the floor before the chimney-place, with their heads towards the birchwood fire, — each boy deeply absorbed in a book.

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Bryant often talked to the boys about beautiful poetry, and Cullen listened with his whole heart and formed the longing to write verses of his own. One day when the little boy was saying his prayers, he closed with

a special prayer that some day he might be able to make up verses. Each night he closed with this little wish for himself. *How could a boy like Cullen learn to do this?*

<sup>9</sup> In his ninth year he began to write poetry. He took the whole first chapter of Job in the Old Testament and tried to turn it into verse. The next year he wrote a poem describing the district school. It pleased the teacher so much that Cullen was asked to declaim it before the other scholars and some visitors. It was also printed in the country newspaper. Cullen kept on trying. He showed his father what he wrote and listened carefully to the criticisms. That is the only way to improve in doing a thing of this kind.

<sup>10</sup> From his tenth to his sixteenth year young Bryant wrote between thirty and forty different poems of all kinds, each getting a little better through practice. When he was thirteen years old, a poem of his, entitled "The Embargo,<sup>o</sup> or Sketches of the Times, a Satire,<sup>o</sup> by a Youth of Thirteen," was printed in Boston. It made fun of certain political events.

<sup>11</sup> *What other things would these Bryant boys enjoy doing with poetry?*

<sup>12</sup> When Cullen and his brothers began reading the "Iliad," they made wooden shields, swords, and spears, and took old hats for helmets; then in the barn they declaimed the wonderful lines and acted out the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans. These boys were great nature-lovers, too, and knew the wild flowers and the little animals as they did their friends. They explored brooks, hunted nuts, and did many things that country boys like to do. In the summer Cullen worked on his grandfather's farm, where he hoed corn, raked hay, and dug potatoes. *Would it be well to keep a boy like Cullen Bryant always digging potatoes?*



<sup>13</sup> The perseverance shown by Cullen in sticking to his studies and his love for verse-making made the father resolve to send his son to college. One hundred years ago there were neither preparatory schools nor high schools to prepare boys for college, so they had to learn their Latin and Greek in the homes of the ministers, who had made a special study of these ancient languages. Cullen left home to study with two different ministers, one an uncle. Later he entered Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts, as a sophomore. This was in 1810, when he was sixteen years old.

<sup>14</sup> At college young Bryant made a record for himself. He was learning to think carefully before he spoke on a subject, and thus to form sensible opinions. How this ability to form opinions well brought him into one of the most influential positions in the country, you shall hear about later. Bryant felt that it would be well for him to transfer to Yale College, because it was better established, so he got a letter of transfer and came home, his father having approved of the change.

<sup>15</sup> Back in Cummington for the summer, he had a glorious time with his brothers. Roaming the hills, they shouted verses to one another or recited the poems that they loved the best. Poetry was a very fine thing to these boys. They loved to memorize whole pages of it and to declaim it together.

<sup>16</sup> Then a disappointment came to Cullen, — the first big disappointment of his life. You will be glad to know that he took it like a man. *Can you guess what the disappointment was? What had he wanted to do?*

<sup>17</sup> Dr. Bryant found that he could not afford to send his son to college as he had planned. Cullen did not grumble, but he did do a lot of very serious thinking. One thing that he began puzzling over a good deal was

death and nature, and it was not long before this seventeen-year-old boy began to write out his ideas of death. It seemed to him that death was a wonderful thing. He wrote a poem about it and called it "Thanatopsis," which means in Greek "A View of Death." Then he stuck it away in a pigeon-hole in his father's desk, where it was forgotten. Two years later he left home to study law in a neighboring town.

<sup>18</sup> About this time Bryant got hold of Wordsworth's nature poems and enjoyed reading them so much that later he said that he would never in his life forget that book. *Who else that you know was influenced by a book? What effect might Wordsworth's poems have on Bryant?*

<sup>19</sup> While his son was away, Dr. Bryant discovered in his desk the poem on death, called "Thanatopsis." As he read it, tears streamed down his cheeks — it seemed too good to be true that a boy of his could write such lines! He went down to where the family were.

"Oh, read that!" he said. "It's Cullen's!"

<sup>20</sup> In the pigeon-hole with "Thanatopsis" was also a poem called "To a Waterfowl." Dr. Bryant took these two poems down to Boston and left them at the office of the "North American Review." One of the editors read the poems and was so impressed with their worth that he took them to Cambridge for the other editors to read. These men laughed at him at first, declaring that no one on this side of the Atlantic was capable of writing such verses. *Who might some people think wrote them?*

<sup>21</sup> The poems were published, and for some time many people thought that Dr. Bryant was the author of "Thanatopsis." It was finally acknowledged, however, that the poem had been written by a boy of seventeen. Critics say that this is the greatest poem ever written

by so young a person. You can see in every line of it the love those Bryant boys had for nature.

<sup>22</sup> When Bryant was twenty years old, he wrote the first poem that had ever been written about an American flower. This is "The Yellow Violet," which you will find in this book.

<sup>23</sup> William Cullen Bryant was now a man. A great loss came to him in the death of his father, but Bryant bore his sorrow manfully. A year later he married a young woman who became a real comrade during the rest of his life. He began studying seriously the political history of our country in connection with his law duties, and in 1825 moved to New York to make a career for himself. Do you remember how Bryant began to train himself at school to form opinions wisely? *For what profession would that fit him? Why?*

<sup>24</sup> New York City a hundred years ago was very different from the New York of to-day. Even though it was the largest city in the United States, it had a population then of only 150,000. The northern boundary of the city was Canal Street, which to-day is far down town. Washington Square and what is called Greenwich<sup>+</sup> Village were then outside of the city. They are now south of Eighth Street, and New York stretches out beyond One Hundred and Eightieth Street.

<sup>25</sup> In New York of these old days Bryant became connected with the "Evening Post," one of the first newspapers of the country. The habit of forming opinions after studying all of the facts soon brought him into editorial work on the newspaper, and for over fifty years he was the most powerful newspaper man in New York City, and indeed in the country. He made the "Evening Post," the finest newspaper of its day. It is

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+ Greenwich <sup>24</sup> (grin' ij).

said that he put up on the wall of his office a list of words that were not to be used in the paper by the reporters, and thus set a high standard of good English.

<sup>26</sup> Bryant became a power in politics, too. He helped to make the Republican party, and on one occasion when Lincoln was to deliver an address, he presided over the meeting. Lincoln afterwards said of him: "It was worth the journey to the East just to see such a man." Bryant was a firm friend of Lincoln's, and through the support of his paper helped to make him President. When the body of Lincoln lay in state in New York after the assassination,<sup>o</sup> Bryant wrote out of the fullness of his heart a poem in which he praised the great work of the dead President. *What feeling did Bryant have in common with Whittier?*

<sup>27</sup> William Cullen Bryant gradually rose to be the most prominent citizen of New York. People read his editorials at breakfast. They invited him to deliver addresses whenever great occasions arose. They watched for his letters in the "Post" during the six trips that he made to foreign lands, especially for those letters from England and France, where he met many famous literary men and women. They watched for his poems to appear, and they and their children read over and over again such old favorites as "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "The Song of Marion's Men," and "Robert o' Lincoln."

<sup>28</sup> Upon the death of his wife, like Longfellow he tried to forget his grief by translating a great poem into our language. He put into English the "Iliad," which he and his brothers had loved so well in boyhood and had declaimed in the old barn.

<sup>29</sup> Bryant has been called "The American Wordsworth," because his poems, like Wordsworth's, led



people to observe nature more closely and to love the great outdoors. Bryant made himself a poet through his own efforts. He had a talent for writing, but if he had not stuck to his studies, practiced writing verses, and had the perseverance to get into good health, his talents would have been of little worth.

<sup>30</sup> And Bryant was the foremost citizen of America. He was poet, public speaker, and editor, all in one. How well the delicate little boy of the Massachusetts hills repaid his father's care and training! On his eightieth birthday admiring friends presented him with a magnificent silver vase, on which were pictured all the native birds and flowers which he had described in his poetry. When he was eighty-four years old he delivered an address in Central Park in honor of a great Italian statesman. The occasion proved too much for him, however, and he became ill. After a short sickness he died in 1878, mourned by the entire country. Throughout New York City flags were lowered at half mast in honor of the death of a fearless editor and a great poet.

**assassination** <sup>26</sup> (ă săs' ī nā' shŭn), a treacherous murder

**embargo** <sup>10</sup> (ēm bär' gō), prohibition upon commerce

**puny** <sup>3</sup> (pū' nī), small and feeble

**satire** <sup>10</sup> (săt' īr), a literary composition that makes fun of something

**strenuous** <sup>3</sup> (strĕn' ū ŭs), energetic

1. Outline: (a) When and where Bryant was born, (b) Where he was educated, (c) What his life work was, (d) His chief poems, (e) Why he is best remembered, and (f) When and where he died.

2. Read aloud "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "The Song of Marion's Men," and "Robert o' Lincoln." (Riverside Readers V and VII). 3. Read the story of Bryant (Riverside Reader VII).

4. Conversation and discussion: Review of the four great writers, — (a) boyhood, (b) education, (c) travels, (d) domestic life, (e) careers, (f) chief works, or (g) which you like the best. (Manual.)

5. Arrange a program of great American writers. (Manual.)

## A READING CLUB

1. Find out which story and book in the Reading Club list for writers of the Middle West (Manual) the class like best. 2. Copy on the board the names of the twelve pupils who have read the most in this list. 3. Read "The Far West in Books and Stories" in the Fourth Reader.

## THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

When winter is nearly over, we long for spring to come. In rambling through the country we give a shout of joy when we find the first pussy-willows budding by a stream or run across the first wild flower. The yellow violet often comes before its blue-eyed sister, so the poet loves to talk of it as a real friend bringing in the spring.

As your teacher reads the poem aloud, see how many different things Bryant says about it. Tell which you like the best.

1



WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

2

Ere russet° fields their green resume,°  
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin° air.

3

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mold,°  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.



4      Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
        Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
        Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
        And streaked with jet° thy glowing lip.



5      Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
        And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
        Unapt° the passing view to meet,  
        When loftier flowers are flaunting° nigh.°



6      Oft, in the sunless April day,  
        Thy early smile has stayed my walk;  
        But midst the gorgeous° blooms of May,  
        I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

7      So they, who climb to wealth, forget  
        The friends in darker fortunes tried.  
        I copied them — but I regret  
        That I should ape° the ways of pride.

8      And when again the genial° hour  
        Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
        I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
        That made the woods of April bright.



ape<sup>7</sup> (āp), to imitate  
 flaunt<sup>5</sup> (flänt), make a show  
 genial<sup>8</sup> (jē' nī al), kindly  
 gorgeous<sup>6</sup> (gôr' jŭs), beautiful on  
     account of colors  
 jet<sup>4</sup> (jět), shining black

mold<sup>3</sup> (mōld), soft earth  
 nigh<sup>5</sup> (nī), near  
 resume<sup>2</sup> (rē zūm'), take again  
 russet<sup>2</sup> (rŭs' ět), reddish-brown  
 unapt<sup>5</sup> (ŭn äpt'), not likely  
 virgin<sup>2</sup> (vŭr' jĭn), pure

1. Which kinds of violets can be found where you live? How does the yellow violet differ from the common violet? 2. When and where does it first appear? 3. What words does the poet use to describe it? Which make the prettiest picture?

4. Substitute more common meanings for the words *beechen*,<sup>1</sup> *bell*,<sup>1</sup> *russet*,<sup>2</sup> *flaunting*,<sup>5</sup> and *genial*<sup>8</sup> in reading the poem. Which sound the better — those or the ones Bryant used? Why?

5. What does the poet imagine spring to be? 6. Read aloud the stanza that you like the best, and tell the class why you chose it.

7. What are "the painted tribes of light"?<sup>8</sup> What about flowers suggests the word *painted*? What would be their *light*?

8. How should we treat wild flowers? Give examples of some things we should not do.

9. Memorize the poem for a May Day program. (Manual.)

10. Draw and color the yellow violet. 11. Conversation and discussion: Tell what you saw on your first spring walk this year.

## THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Every one of you who enjoys outdoor sports, "hikes," or walks in the country will like this poem. You have seen for yourself how alive nature is — so alive that the poet calls it "Mother Nature." He thinks of the flowers, the birds, the buzzing insects, the trees, the little animals, — indeed of all things outdoors — as Mother Nature's children, happy as the day is long. No boy or girl could be sad when these are so happy in their play.

Listen, while your teacher reads:

<sup>1</sup> **I**s this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our Mother Nature laughs around;  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

<sup>2</sup> There are notes of joy from the hang-bird<sup>o</sup> and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,  
And the wilding<sup>o</sup> bee hums merrily by.



<sup>3</sup> The clouds are at play in the azure° space,  
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,°  
 And here they stretch to the frolic° chase,  
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

<sup>4</sup> There's a dance of leaves in that aspen° bower,  
 There's a titter° of winds in that beechen° tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

<sup>5</sup> And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,°  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles;  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

**aspen** <sup>4</sup> (ăs' pĕn), a tree with leaves  
 that flutter easily

**azure** <sup>3</sup> (ăzh' ūr), bright blue

**beechen** <sup>4</sup> (bĕch' 'n), same as beech;  
 a tree

**frolic** <sup>3</sup> (fröl' ik), full of fun

**wilding** <sup>2</sup> (wīl' dīng), wild

**hang-bird**,<sup>2</sup> another name for Balti-  
 more Oriole, because its nest  
 hangs from the tree

**ray**,<sup>5</sup> beam of light

**titter**,<sup>4</sup> laughter, giggle

**vale**,<sup>3</sup> a poet's word for valley

1. How can a boy or a girl be "cloudy" <sup>1</sup>? 2. How many different things does Bryant mention as being glad or joyful? What does he say each does? Write the expressions on the blackboard.

3. Pick out lines that make pictures for you and tell the class what you see. 4. Does the poem refer to spring, summer, or autumn? Quote to prove your point.

5. Which other birds, flowers, and insects might Bryant have spoken of as glad? 6. Read aloud "The Song Sparrow" and "The Yellow Violet." Then tell how this poem is like them, and how it is different.

7. Who can memorize the poem first? 8. Read aloud Riley's "A Song" and Aldrich's "Marjorie's Almanac" (Riverside Readers IV and V). 9. Recite from memory "We thank thee," in the Fourth Reader. 10. Conversation and discussion: When do you think Mother Nature is most beautiful, — in spring, summer, autumn, or winter? Describe an outdoor scene to prove your point.

# GLOSSARY, OR LITTLE DICTIONARY

Below are given the words in this book that you may find hard to pronounce or define. In looking for a word run your finger down the list until you come to the right combination of letters. If two meanings are given, choose the one that suits.

**a-bash'** (á bãsh'), put to shame  
**ab'ject** (ăb'jěkt), poor  
**ab-sorb'ent** (ăb sôrb'ěnt), something that soaks up the poison  
**a-byss'** (á bîs'), bottomless gulf or hole  
**a-chieve'** (á chěv'), gain  
**a-chieve'ment** (á chěv'měnt), a thing done  
**ad-here'** (ăd hēr'), stick to  
**ad-join'** (ă join'), come next to  
**ad'mi-ra'tion** (ăd'mî rā'shŭn), liking  
**af-fec'tion** (ă fěk'shŭn), love  
**af-flic'tion** (ă flik'shŭn), trouble  
**ag'ile** (ăj'îl), lively  
**a-lert'** (á lûrt'), wide awake  
**al-ter'nate** (ăl tûr'năt), one following the other one, by turns  
**al'um** (ăl'ŭm), a substance that is used in dressing leather; puckers the lips  
**am'ple** (ăm'p'l), large, plentiful, enough  
**and'i'ron** (ănd'î'ûrn), a support to hold the log in a fire-place  
**an'ec-dote'** (ăn'ěk dōt'), a short story, especially about a well known person  
**an'gle** (ăn'g'l), point where two lines meet  
**an'i-mat'ed** (ăn'î măt'ěd), gave life to  
**an-tic'i-pate** (ăn tîs'î păt), get before one really has  
**an-tic'i-pa'tion** (ăn tîs'î pā'shŭn), hope  
**ap-par'ent-ly** (ă pâr'ěnt lî), clearly  
**a-quat'ic** (á kwăt'ik), living in water  
**ar-rest'** (ă rěst'), catch

**as-pire'** (ăs pîr'), desire  
**as-sur'ance** (ă shôor'ăns), feeling sure  
**as-ton'ish-ment** (ăs tôn'ish měnt), great surprise, amazement  
**at'mos-phere** (ăt'mŭs fēr), air  
**at-tain'ment** (ă tăn'měnt), knowledge  
**at'ti-tu'di-nize** (ăt'î tû'dî nîz), pose for effect  
**au'di-ble** (ô'dî b'l), heard  
**av'a-lanche** (ăv'ă lănch), a mass of snow, earth, or rock falling down a precipice  
**bach'e-lor** (băch'ě lěr), unmarried man  
**baf'fle** (băf'l), get ahead of  
**bale'ful** (băl'fŭl), ugly  
**ban'ish** (băn'ish), drive out  
**bawled** (bôld), bellowed like a cow  
**bea'con** (bē'k'n), mark erected to guide sailors  
**bel'low** (běl'ō), cry of cattle  
**be-trayed'** (bē trād'), gave away a secret  
**be-wil'dered** (bē wil'děrd), confused  
**be-witched'** (bē wîcht'), charmed, turned into something else  
**bil'liards** (bîl'yărdz), an indoor game  
**blanched** (blăncht), whitened  
**blast** (blást), stream of air; a violent sound  
**blinked** (blînk't), winked  
**blown** (blŏn), out of breath  
**blue'bird'** (blŏ'bûrd'), a small blue song bird

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.    âte,    senâte,    câre,    âm,    ârm,    âsk,    finăîl,    sofă;     
 êve,    êvent,    ênd,    fêrn,    recênt;       ice,    îll;       ôld,    ôbey,    ôrb,    ôdd,    sôft;  
 ūse,    ūnite,    ūp,    circŭs,    tŭrn,    nature,    meni;       fôod,    fôot;       out;    oil;  
 chair;    go;    sing,    înk;    then,    thin;       zh = z in azure;    n = nasal.

**blue'jay** (blōō'jā), a blue-colored bird with a crest

**bog** (böğ), swamp; marsh

**boul'der** (böl'dēr), a large round stone, worn round by running water

**bow'sprit** (bō'sprīt), a spar projecting forward from the stem of a vessel

**bri'er rose'** (brī'ēr rōz'), a wild rose

**bril'lian-cy** (brīl'yǎn sī), great brightness

**but'ter-nut'** (būt'ēr nūt'), nut of a certain American walnut tree

**ca'ble** (kā'b'l), a strong rope

**cack'ling** (kāk'ling), cry of a hen

**cam-paign'** (kām pān'), speech making for votes in an election

**car'go** (kär'gō), load of freight

**cat'a-ract** (kāt'á rǎkt), large waterfall

**cau'tion** (kō'shǔn), a warning

**cautious-ly** (kō'shǔs lī), as if giving a warning

**chal'enge** (chǎl'ējnj), to invite to a contest; also an invitation to hold a contest

**chant'ing** (chǎnt'ing), reciting together

**charged** (chǎrjd), made a dash at

**chasm** (kǎz'm), a deep opening

**christ'en** (krīs'n), to name

**chuck'le** (chūk'li), a laugh

**claim'ant** (klām'ǎnt), one who asserts a right

**clam'or-ous** (klām'ēr ūs), noisy

**clamp** (klāmp), to fasten

**cleft** (klēft), an opening

**cliff** (klif), a high, steep face of rock

**clip** (klip), cut

**clue** (klōō), that which guides one in finding out something

**clump** (klūmp), group

**code of laws** (kōd), set of rules

**coiled** (koild), curled up

**com'for-ta-ble** (kūm'fēr tā b'l), at ease

**com-mit'tee** (kō mīt'ē), several people appointed to attend to a matter of business

**com-mo'tion** (kō mō'shǔn), excitement

**com'pli-ment'** (kōm'pli mēnt'), something nice said about somebody

**com'pre-hend'** (kōm'prē hēnd'), understand

**con-clud'ed** (kōn klōōd'ēd), decided

**con-gen'ial** (kōn jēn'yǎl), agreeable; liking the same things

**con-jec'ture** (kōn jēk'tūr), guess

**con'scious-ness** (kōn'shǔs nēs), knowing what is going on about you

**con-sid'er-a-ble** (kōn sīd'ēr á b'l), a good deal of

**con-sid'er-ing** (kōn sīd'ēr ing), thinking

**con stel-la'tion** (kōn'stē lǎ'shǔn), group of stars

**con'sul-ta'tion** (kōn'sūl tǎ'shǔn), discussion

**con-temp'tu-ous-ly** (kōn tēmp'tū ūs lī), meanly, in an ugly way

**Con'ti-nen'tal Con'gress** (kōn'tī nēn'tǎl kōn'grēs), great Congress during Revolutionary War

**con-tin'u-ous** (kōn tīn'ū ūs), constant, unbroken

**con-trive'** (kōn trīv'), make up; manage

**con-vul'sion** (kōn vūl'shǔn), fit; here, of laughter

**cor'o-na'tion** (kōr'ō nǎ'shǔn), crowning a king or queen

**couch'ant** (kouch'ǎnt), lying down

**cov'et** (kūv'ēt), wish for

**crag** (krǎg), a steep, rugged cliff or projecting rock

**cran'ny** (krǎn'i), small opening

**cred'it** (krēd'it), believe

**crest** (krēst), top

**crest'fall'en** (krēst'fōl'n), beaten; dejected

**cre-vasse'** (krē vās'), a deep hole

**crevice** (krěv'ís), a narrow opening resulting from a split or crack  
**crit'i-cal** (krít'í kǎl), important  
**cul'pa-ble** (kúl'pá b'l), deserving blame  
**cul'prit** (kúl'prít), one at fault; a guilty person  
**cur'rent** (kūr'ěnt), a stream of water flowing rapidly  
**cur'vet** (kūr'vět), leap  
**cyl'in-der** (síl'in děr), an immense, wide, hollow tube

**dash'er** (dǎsh'ěr), board across the front of a carriage  
**daze** (dāz), being stunned  
**dead'ly** (děd'li), bringing death  
**de-cree'** (dě krě'), to command  
**de-fi'ance** (dě fí'ǎns), anger; challenge  
**deft'ly** (děft'li), skillfully  
**del'i-ca-cy** (děl'í ká sǐ), something very good to eat  
**del'i-cate** (děl'í kât), tender  
**de-li'cious** (dě lish'ús), pleasing to taste, smell, or other senses  
**del'uge** (děl'ŭj), flood  
**de-lu'sion** (dě lū'zhǔn), false belief  
**de-pres'sion** (dě přesh'ŭn), something hollowed out  
**de-rid'ing** (dě ríd'ing), making fun of  
**de-sign'** (dě zín'), plan  
**de-scry'** (dě skrí'), discover by the eye  
**de-sert'ed** (dě zŭrt'ěd), left alone  
**de-sist'** (dě zíst'), stop  
**de-spair'** (dě spār'), loss of hope  
**des'tined** (děs'tind), made by fate  
**de-tached'** (dě tácht'), separated  
**de-vised'** (dě vizd'), planned, thought out  
**dif'fi-dence** (dif'í děns), modesty, lack of conceit  
**di-min'ished** (dī mǐn'isht), made smaller  
**dire** (dír), fearful  
**dis-closed'** (dīs klōzd'), showed

**dis-course'** (dīs kōrs'), to speak  
**dis-dain'ful-ly** (dīs dān'fōol'í), scornfully  
**dis-heart'ened** (dīs hār't'nd), without heart, sorry  
**dis-lodge'** (dīs lōj'), drive out  
**dis-mayed'** (dīs mād'), frightened  
**dis-perse'** (dīs pŭrs'), scatter  
**dis-played'** (dīs plād'), showed  
**dis-posed' of** (dīs pōzd'), settled  
**ditch** (dích), a trench  
**di-verged'** (dī vŭrjd'), turned off another way  
**dock'slip'** (dōk'slip'), space for vessels to lie in between wharves or in a dock  
**dol'ly bar** (dōl'í bār), a tool with a cupped head for holding against the made head of a rivet while the other end is being headed  
**dol'phin** (dōl'fín), a large ocean fish, often called *porpoise*, that leaps out of water as if in play  
**don'key en'gine** (dōnj'kī ěn'jín), a small engine used to help out  
**down** (doun), soft, tiny feathers  
**draw'ing-room'** (drō'ing-rōom'), reception room or parlor  
**du'bi-ous** (dū'bī ŭs), doubtful; with doubts of its worth  
**eb'on-y** (ěb'ŭn'í), a black wood  
**ec-cen'tric** (ěk sěn'trík), queer  
**ed'dy-ing** (ěd'í ing), moving round and round  
**e-lapsed'** (ě lǎpst'), passed away  
**e-lat'ed** (ě lāt'd), made very happy  
**elf** (ělf), brownie, goblin  
**e-lon'gat-ed** (ě lōn'gāt'ěd), stretched out  
**e-lude'** (ě lūd'), get away from  
**em'blem** (ěm'blēm), sign  
**e-mer'gen-cy** (ě mŭr'jěn sǐ), necessity  
**en-coun'tered** (ěn koun'těrd), met



en-sued' (ĕn sūd'), followed  
 ep'och (ĕp'ōk), important time  
 e-rup'tion (ĕ rūp'shŭn), breaking out  
 es-tate' (ĕs tāt'), big farm  
 eu'lo-gy (ū'lō jī), praise  
 ex-ert' (ĕg zŭrt'), put forth  
 ex-hil'a-rat'ing (ĕg zĭl'ā rāt'ing), cheer-  
 ing  
 ex-panse' (ĕks pāns'), stretch, wide  
 extent  
 ex-pect' (ĕks pĕkt'), look forward to  
 ex-pen'di-ture (ĕks pĕn'dī tŭr), giving  
 out  
 ex'pert (ĕks'pŭrt), skillful  
 ex'quis-ite (ĕks'kwī zīt), beautiful  
 ex-ult' (ĕg zŭlt'), rejoice

fal'low (fāl'ō), untilled  
 fal'tered (fōl'tĕrd), said brokenly  
 fas-tid'i-ous (fās tĭd'ī ūs), dainty  
 fa'tal (fā'tāl), causing death  
 fee'ble (fē'b'l), weak  
 fe-ro'cious (fē rō'shŭs), fierce  
 fer'vent-ly (fŭr'vent lī), with feeling  
 fidg'et (fĭj'ĕt), move restlessly  
 fi'nal-ly (fī'nāl ī), at last  
 fis'sure (fĭsh'tŭr), a narrow opening  
 flange (flānj), a rim or edge on the  
 iron girder  
 flap (flāp), beat, strike  
 flaw (flō), fault  
 flinch (flĭnch), draw back  
 flir-ta'tion (flĕr tāt'shŭn), playing at  
 love  
 for'eign (fŏr'in), outside of one's own  
 country  
 fore-run'ner (fŏr rŭn'ĕr), an ancestor  
 four'score' (fŏr'skŏr'), 4 × 20, or 80  
 forge (fŏrj), a furnace where metal  
 is wrought by heating and hammer-  
 ing  
 forth'with' (fŏrth'wĭth'), at once  
 frag'ile (frāj'īl), delicate, weak

fra-ter'ni-ty (frā tŭr'nī tī), club  
 freak (frĕk), somebody queer; differ-  
 ent from other persons  
 fret (frĕt), fuss  
 froth'y (frŏth'ī), full of foam  
 fruit'less (frŏot'lĕs), nothing coming  
 of it  
 fu'ri-ous (fŭ'rī ūs), very angry

ga'ble-room (gā'b'l), garret room  
 gait (gāt), walk  
 galled (gôld), worn  
 gasped (gāspt), caught his breath  
 ge'nial (jĕ'nī āl), kindly  
 gen'try (jĕn'trī), people of education  
 in England, just below the nobility  
 gird'er (gŭr'dĕr), a horizontal beam to  
 span an opening  
 gleam (glĕm), shine  
 glist'ened (glĭs'nd), shone  
 golf (gŏlf), an outdoor game  
 grat'i-fy'ing (grāt'ī fĭ'ing), pleasing  
 grav'i-ty (grāv'ī tī), seriousness  
 graz'ing (grāz'ing), land with grass  
 for cattle; also, eating grass  
 grim'y (grĭm'ī), dirty  
 grist (grĭst), grinding grain  
 grouse (grous), a game bird  
 gu'ber-na-to'ri-al (gŭ'bĕr nā tŏ'rī āl), of  
 the governor  
 gur'gled (gŭr'g'ld), made a soft noise

han'ker-ing (hān'kĕr ing), wishing for  
 haw'thorn (hŏ'thŏrn), shrub or tree  
 with shining leaves, fragrant flowers,  
 and small red fruits called *haws*  
 heaved (hĕvd), lifted  
 heir'loom' (ā'r'lŏom'), something handed  
 down in a family  
 he-ro'i-cal-ly (hĕ rŏ'ī kāl lī), bravely  
 her'on (hĕr'ŭn), a long-legged wading  
 bird  
 hid'e-ous (hĭd'ĕ ūs), very ugly

**hold** (hōld), interior of a ship below the lower deck, where goods are stored  
**honk** (hōŋk), to cry, as a wild goose  
**hood** (hōōd), kind of cap  
**hop'per** (hōp'ēr), a funnel-shaped part of a machine into which grain is poured  
**hor'ri-ble** (hōr'ī b'l), dreadful

**im'age** (īm'āj), likeness  
**im-me'di-ate-ly** (ī mē'dī āt lī), at once  
**im-par'tial-ly** (īm pār'shāl ī), fairly  
**im-pres'sive-ly** (īm prēs'iv lī), forcefully  
**im-pro-pri-e-ty** (īm'prō pri'ē tī), an unsuitable thing  
**im-pro-vised'** (īm'prō vīzd'), made without preparation  
**im-pu'ri-ty** (īm pū'rī tī), something that makes the substance impure or not the same throughout  
**in-cal'cu-la-ble** (īn kāl'kū lá b'l), very great  
**in-cred'i-ble** (īn krēd'ī b'l), hard to believe  
**in-cred'i-bly** (īn krēd'ī blī), hardly believable  
**in-duced'** (īn dūst'), led  
**in'fer-ence** (īn'fēr ēns), conclusion  
**in-gen'ious** (īn jēn'yūs), clever  
**in'of-fen'sive** (īn'ō fēn'siv), harmless  
**in-spect'** (īn spēkt'), view carefully  
**in'stant-ly** (īn'stānt lī), at once  
**in-stinc'tive-ly** (īn stīŋk'tīv lī), naturally  
**in-tense'ly** (īn tēns'lī), very much  
**in-ter-vene'** (īn'tēr vēn'), come between  
**in'ti-mat'ing** (īn'tī māt'ing), hinting  
**in-tru'sion** (īn trōō'zhŋn), forcing one's self in  
**in-volv'ing** (īn vōlv'ing), including  
**ir're-sis'ti-ble** (īr'ē zīs'tī b'l), cannot be overcome

**is'sue** (īsh'ū), pass out

**jeer'ing-ly** (jēr'ing'lī), with scorn  
**jus'ti-fi-ca'tion** (jūs'tī fī kā'shŋn), a defense of something, showing that it was all right

**jut'ting** (jūt'ing), sticking out

**kelp** (kēlp), seaweed

**kin** (kīn), relative

**land'mark'** (lānd'mārk'), something that serves as a guide

**lar'der** (lār'dēr), place where food is kept

**lei'sure** (lē'zhūr), free time

**le'ver** (lē'vēr), a part of an automobile

**li'chen** (lī'kēn), little plants somewhat like moss

**lime** (līm), a white substance found in whitewash

**list'less** (list'lēs), without energy; tired

**loll'ing** (lōl'ing), hanging out

**loom** (lōōm), a machine for weaving yarn into a fabric

**lu'mi-nous** (lū'mī nūs), shining

**lung'ing** (lūŋ'ing), leaping

**lurk** (lûrk), lie hidden

**lus'ti-ly** (lūs'tī lī), heartily

**ma-neu'ver** (mā nōō'vēr), a trick

**mag'net** (māg'nēt), a piece of iron or steel that strongly attracts iron; therefore, anything that draws something else to it

**man'gled** (māŋ'g'ld), cut by repeated strokes

**mauled** (mōld), handled roughly

**maze** (māz), confused network

**mea'ger** (mē'gēr), thin

**men'ac-ing** (mēn'ās ing), threatening

**mi-nute'** (mī nūt'), very small

**mis-trust'** (mīs trūst'), want of faith

**mold** (môld), a cavity from which something takes its form by being poured into it and hardening

**mol'ten** (môl't'n), melted

**mul'ti-col-ored** (mûl'ti kûl êrd), having many colors

**mul'ti-tu'di-nous** (mûl'ti tû'di nûs), many

**nar'row-ly** (nâr'ô li), closely

**neg'li-gence** (nêg'lî jêns), neglect

**nude** (nûd), bare

**o-be'di-ent** (ô bē'di ênt), doing what he is told to do

**ob-served'** (ôb zûrvd'), noticed

**oc-cult'** (ô kult'), hidden

**of-fense'** (ô fêns'), a wrong act

**on'er-ous** (ôn'êr ũs), burdensome

**o'pal** (ô'pâl), a precious stone

**o'ri-ole** (ô'rî ôl), a bird, black and orange in color

**pal'i-sade'** (pâl'i sād'), a line of cliffs, particularly along the Hudson River

**pall** (pôl), covering

**par'al-lel I beam** (pâr'ă lēl i bēm), an immense iron girder used as part of the framework of a sky scraper

**parched** (pârcht), dried with heat

**pas'sion** (pâsh'ŭn), great liking for

**pa-thet'ic** (pâ thēt'ik), sad

**pen'al-ty** (pēn'ăl ti), punishment

**pen'du-lum** (pēn'du lŭm), part of clock that swings to and fro

**per-ceived'** (pēr sēvd'), saw

**per'ma-nent** (pûr'mă nênt), fixed

**per-plexed'** (pēr plēkst'), puzzled

**pi'ous** (pi'ŭs), good

**plume** (plôm), smooth his feathers

**poised** (poizd), balanced

**pol-lut'ed** (pô lût'êd), made impure

**pot'ter-y** (pôt'êr i), earthenware vessels

**pounce** (pouns), to jump

**preened** (prēnd), dressed feathers

**pre-ferred'** (prê fûrd'), liked better

**press** (prēs), compel to go

**pre-tend'** (prê tēnd'), acted as if they were doing something else

**pre'vi-ous to this** (prē' vî ũs), before this

**prob'a-bly** (prôb' â bli), likely

**pro-claimed'** (prô klāmd'), made known

**pro-cured'** (prô kûrd'), got

**pro-por'tion** (prô pôr'shŭn), size of several things used together

**pros-pect'ing** (prôs pêkt'ing), hunting

**pro-spect'ive** (prô spêk'tiv), relating to the future

**prov'i-dent** (prôv'î dēnt), thrifty

**prow'ess** (prou'ês), bravely

**prowler** (proul'êr), one who moves slyly

**puck'er-ing** (pûk'êr ing), wrinkling

**rac-coon'** (ră kōon'), a small gray animal

**rapt** (răpt), delighted

**rau'cous** (rô'kŭs), harsh

**ra-vine'** (râ vên'), a hollow place worn away by running water; a gorge

**realm** (rēlm), kingdom

**reck'less-ness** (rêk'lês nês), carelessness

**rec'og-nized** (rêk'ôg nîzd), knew again

**re-gained'** (rê gānd'), got back

**re-gret'** (rê grêt'), feel sorry

**re-li'a-ble** (rê li'â b'l), doing what he says he will do

**reef** (rêf), ridge of rocks near surface of water

**re-luc'tant-ly** (rê lûk'tănt li), unwillingly

**re-nown'** (rê noun'), fame

**re-proach'ful-ly** (rê prôch'fôôl li), blaming him

re-pulsed' (rě pŭlst'), driven away  
res'o-lu'tion (rěz'ô lŭ'shŭn), expression  
of opinion of a public assembly,  
adopted by vote

re-spond'ed (rě spŏnd'ěd), answered  
rev-er-en'tial (rěv'ēr ěn'shăl), very re-  
spectful

rev'er-ent-ly' (rěv'ēr ěnt lĭ), deeply re-  
spectful

riv'et (rĭv'ět), a headed pin or bolt of  
metal, used to unite two or more  
pieces by passing it through them and  
putting a head on the plain end to  
hold it tight

rod (rôd), 5½ yards, or 16½ feet

ro-man'tic (rô măn'tik), fanciful

rush'es (rŭsh'ēs), grass-like plants of  
larger size, like bulrushes

sar-cas'tic-al-ly (săr kăs'tik ăl lĭ), say-  
ing it in a "smarty" way

sat'is-fac'tion (săt'is făk'shŭn), con-  
tentment, pleasure

sat'is-fac'to-ry (săt'is făk'tô rĭ), good

sa'vor-y (să'vēr ĭ), smelling good

scoured (skourd), searched through

scru'ti-nized (skrôo'tĭ nĭzd), looked at  
closely

sculp'tor (skŭlp'tēr), one who cuts fig-  
ures out of stone, wood, metal, etc.

se-clud'ed (sē klôod'ěd), hidden from  
sight

seep (sēp), drip through

sen'ior (sēn'yēr), older person

sen'si-ble (sēn'sĭ b'l), with common  
sense

sen'tenced (sēn'tĕnst), punished

sep'a-rate (sēp'ă răt), each taken alone

set'ting (sĕt'ĭng), eggs sat on by a hen  
to bring out chickens

shal'low (shăl'ô), not deep

ship'wright' (shĭp'rĭt'), a builder or re-  
pairer of ships

shriv'eled (shrĭv'ld), dried up

sil'hou-ette' (sĭl'ôô ět'), an outline fig-  
ure filled in with black

sin'ew (sĭn'ŭ), part of a muscle

ski (skē), snowshoe

sleek (slēk), smooth

slug'gish (slŭg'ĭsh), slow

sod'dy (sôd'ĭ), grassy

soph'o-more (sôf'ô môr), student in  
second year of a four-year course

sought (sôt), looked for

source (sôrs), where something comes  
from

sov'er-eign (sôv'ēr ĭn), ruling

spec'i-men (spĕs'ĭ mĕn), sample

spell'bound (spĕl'bound), as if charmed

spurt (spŭrt), make a dash

stan'dard (stăn'dárd), sign of a coun-  
try; a flag

strew (strôo), scattered

strut (strŭt), walk too proudly

stub'ble-fields (stŭb'l'fĕldz), fields  
with stumps of grain

stu'por (stŭ'pôr), a sort of faint

snare (snâr), a trap

sub-lime' (sŭb lĭm'), very fine

sub'se-quent-ly (sŭb'sĕ kwĕnt lĭ), later

suc-ceed' (sŭk sĕd'), do what he tried  
to do

su-prem'a-cy (sŭ prĕm'ă sĭ), being  
first; winning out

sway'ing (swă'ĭng), moving from side  
to side

swish (swĭsh), rustling sound

sym-met'ri-cal (sĭ mĕt'rĭ kăl), even

sym-pho'ni-ous (sĭm fô'nĭ ũs), agreeing  
in sound

tal'ent (tăl'ĕnt), great ability for some-  
thing

tan'a-ger (tăn'ă jĕr), a scarlet bird

taunt (tănt; or tŏnt), sneer

taut (tôt), tight

ŭse, ŭnite, ŭp, circŭs, târn, natŭre, meniĭ;  
chair; go; sing, ĭnk; then, thin;

fôod, fŏot; out; oil;  
zh = z in azure; n = nasal.



- ten'pen-ny nails (tĕn'pĕn ĭ), certain size of nails
- ter'race (tĕr'ās), earth rising in stages, each higher than one below
- ter'ror (tĕr'ēr), great fear
- the'o-ry (thĕ'ō rĭ), general principle; laws of something; how something works
- thor'ough-ly (thŭr'ō lĭ), completely
- thrush (thrŭsh), a brown bird, a sweet singer
- tim'or-ous (tĭm'ēr ūs), afraid
- tongs (tŏngz), a two-legged instrument for holding or gripping something
- tor'ment (tôr'mĕnt), torture
- tra-di'tion (trā dish'ŭn), story handed down
- trait (trāt), the way people or animals act; a characteristic
- trans-fer' (trāns fŭr'), move to another place
- trans-formed' (trāns fôrmd'), changed
- trans-lat'ing (trāns lāt'ing), putting into another language
- trans-par'ent (trāns pâr'ĕnt), clear
- tread (trĕd), part of an automobile
- treb'le (trĕb'l), high voice
- tre-men'dous (trĕ mĕn'dŭs), marvelously great
- tres'pass (trĕs'pās), to enter a place without permission
- tusk (tŭsk), a great tooth of an animal
- twinge (twĭnj), sudden pain; a hurt
- un-bear'able (ŭn bâr'ā b'l), hard to bear
- un-ceas'ing (ŭn sĕs'ing), endless
- un-com'mon-ly (ŭn kŏm'ŭn lĭ), unusually
- un-con'scious-ly (ŭn kŏn'shŭs lĭ), without knowing
- un-doubt'ed-ly (ŭn dout'ĕd lĭ), without doubt
- un-er'ring-ly (ŭn ĕr'ing lĭ), without fail
- un-gain'ly (ŭn gān'lĭ), awkward
- u'ni-son (ū'nĭ sŭn), all together
- un-per-ceived' (ŭn pĕr sĕvd'), unseen
- un-ru'ly (ŭn rŭol'i), not obeying
- un-wit'ing-ly (ŭn wit'ing lĭ), without knowing
- up-hol'ster-y (ŭp hŏl'stēr ĭ), furniture or interior fittings, as hangings, etc.
- up'roar' (ŭp'rŏr'), noisy confusion, tumult
- ver'nal (vŭr'nāl), of spring
- ves'tige (vĕs'tij), trace
- vi'brate (vĭ'brāt), move to and fro
- vi-cin'i-ty (vĭ sĭn'ĭ tĭ), neighborhood
- vi'cious-ly (vĭsh'ŭs lĭ), wickedly; crossly
- vis'i-ble (vĭz'ĭ b'l), to be seen
- vol-ca'no (vŏl kā'nŏ), a mountain peak from which melted rock comes at times
- vol'un-teered' (vŏl'ŭn tĕrd'), offered himself for service
- wea'zel (wĕz'l), a small animal that preys on fowls
- wel'ded (wĕl'dĕd), beaten into shape
- well'-bred' (wĕl' brĕd'), with good manners
- whim'per-ing (hwĭm'pĕr ing), crying
- wick'et-gate (wĭk'ĕt), a small gate in a large one
- wince (wĭns), draw back
- wit'ness (wĭt'nĕs), one who swears that something took place
- won'drous-ly (wŭn'drŭs lĭ), wonderfully
- wrig'gled (rĭg'ld), squirmed; twisted
- writh'ing (rĭth'ing), twisting violently
- wrought (rŏt), worked

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.    āte,    senāte,    cāre,    ām,    ārm,    āsk,    fināl,    sofā;  
 ēve, ēvent, ēnd, fĕrn, recĕnt;    ĭce, ĭll;    ōld, ōbey, ōrb, ōdd, sŏft;  
 ūse, ūnite, ūp, circŭs, tŭrn, nature, menŭ;    fŏod, fŏot;    out;    oil;  
 chair;    go;    sing, ĭnk;    thĕn, thĭn;    zh = z in azure;    n = nasal.



## A GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

### Sounds of A

ā as in pāle  
 ă as in senāte  
 â as in câre  
 ǎ as in ǎm  
 ǻ as in ǻccount  
 ä as in ärm  
 å as in åsk  
 ǻ as in sofǻ

### Sounds of E

ē as in ēve  
 ĕ as in ĕvent  
 ě as in ěnd  
 ě as in recĕnt  
 ĕ as in makĕr

### Sounds of I

ī as in īce  
 ĭ as in ĭll

### Sounds of O

ō as in ōld  
 ȝ as in ȝbey  
 ô as in ôrb  
 ȝ as in ȝdd  
 ȝ as in sȝft  
 ȝ as in cȝnnect

### Sounds of U

ū as in ūse  
 ŭ as in ŭnite  
 û as in ûrn  
 ŭ as in ŭp  
 ů as in circŭs  
 ü as in menü

### Other sounds of vowels

ōō as in fōōd  
 ȝȝ as in fȝȝt  
 ou as in out  
 oi as in oil

### Sounds of consonants

ch as in chair  
 g as in go  
 ng as in sing  
 ŋ as in inŋk  
 th as in thin  
 tu as in nature  
 du as in verdure  
 n makes the  
 preceding  
 vowel nasal  
 zh as in azure

## A GUIDE TO WORD FORMATION

(The prefixes *circum*, *contra*, *contro*, *counter*, *in*, *un*, *post*, *re*, *semi*, *sub*, and *trans*, the stems *auto*, *graph*, *graphy*, *phon*, *phony*, *scribe*, *script*, and *tele*, and the suffix *less* are given in the Fourth Reader. The teacher should review them.)

	Meaning	Example
cracy, crat.....	power.....	democrat
cred.....	believe.....	credulous
demo.....	people.....	democracy
dia.....	through.....	diameter
dict.....	word, speak.....	contradict
duc, duct.....	lead.....	conduct
fer.....	bear.....	transfer
ge, geo.....	earth.....	geography
lingu.....	tongue.....	linguist
log, logy.....	word, study of.....	geology
magn.....	large.....	magnitude
mater, matr.....	mother.....	maternal
meter, metr.....	measure.....	diameter
mult.....	many.....	multitude
nav.....	ship.....	navigate
nomy.....	law, science of.....	astronomy
pater, patr.....	father.....	paternal
phil.....	love.....	philosopher
port.....	carry.....	transport
scope, scopy.....	sight.....	telescope
sophy.....	wisdom.....	philosophy
the, theo.....	God.....	theology

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